Miss America

TEEN-LIFE

DEC.-JAN.

10¢

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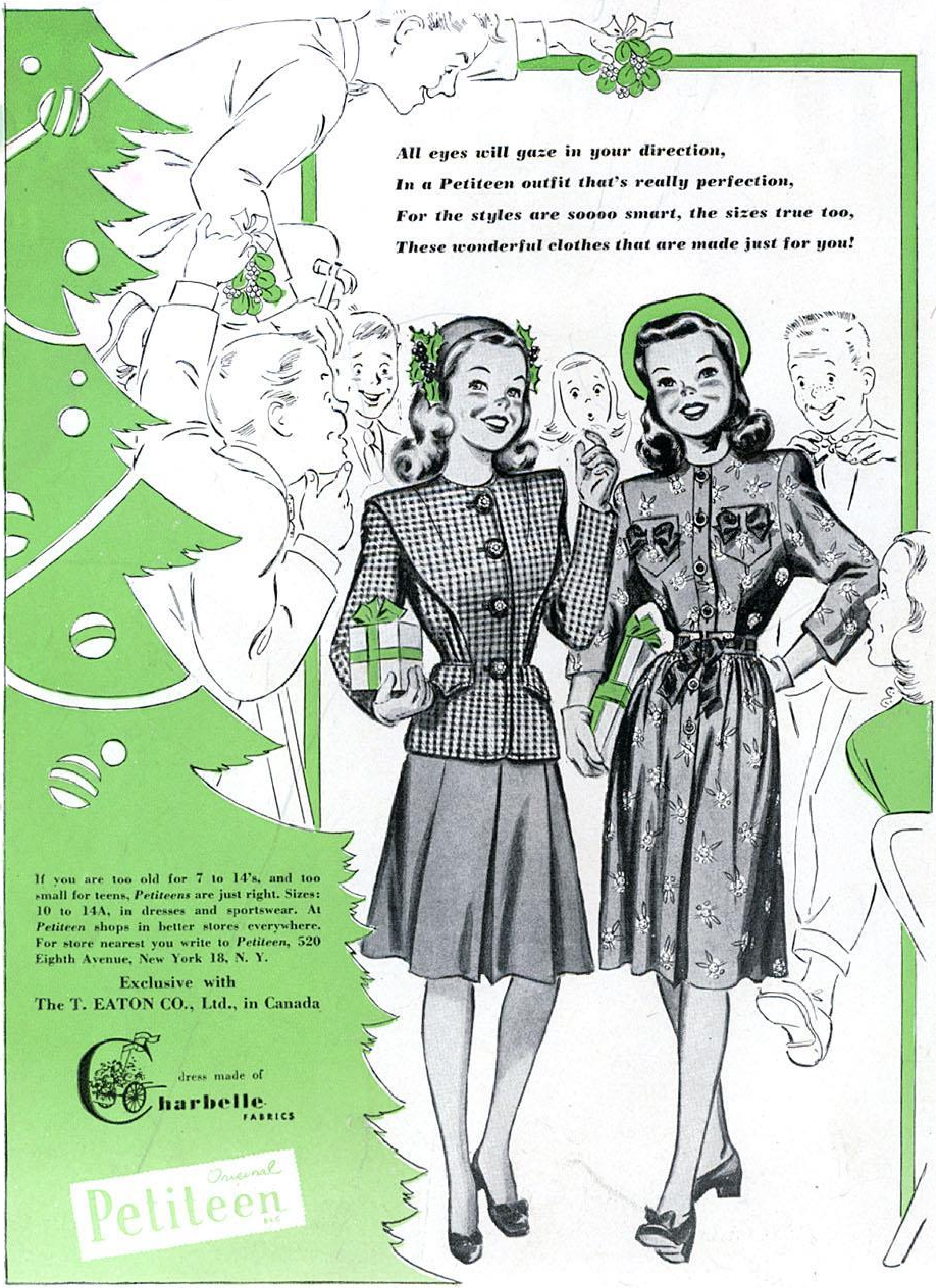
TEEN-AGE MAGAZINE

FASHIONS for YOU * FICTION * MOVIES * CHARM HINTS



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HOLLYWOOD'S *Younger Set*

By May Mann

Wishing on a star? May can tell you all about your favorites . . .

OH HAPPY DAY! When Arlene Frances of the Blind Date radio show telephoned asking Yours Truly to invite one of my favorite movie star teen-agers to accompany me and chaperone the broadcast's dinner dancing party at the Biltmore Bowl—I immediately called up Gloria Jean!

"A blind date?" queried Gloria Jean. Her question immediately gave me an idea, so I quickly replied, "Yes—one for you!"

Then I called up Eric Sinclair (who is Vicky Allen Dunford's of "Dear Betty Ann"—Dreamboat), and asked him if he'd like a blind date. Eric decided to rely on my judgment, and was he thrilled when his blind date turned out to be beautiful Gloria Jean!

Gloria Jean wore a print dress with the flowers sequined; one from her recent personal appearance tour, and we joined radio starlets Barbara Eiler, Lonnie Harper and Virginia Keith and their soldier dates.

The sponsor of the show said we were the youngest chaperones the show had ever had. But Gloria and I tried to keep a respectful eye trained to live up to our duties.

Later, on the way out to Gloria Jean's house, we planned a picnic. Eric Sinclair says his mom makes out-of-this-world apple pies. Gloria Jean's mom took prizes at county fairs back in Scranton, Pennsylvania, for her cakes. So we are all going to get our moms to make something special for the picnic, and we're inviting a load of kids to join us.

Eric said he was going to invite cute Vicky Allen Dunford. Will (*Continued on page* 46)

In The Merry Life of May came this delightful party of Hollywood's young wonders and serviceman guests. Front row, left to right: Barbara Eiler, Lonnie Harper, May Mann, Gloria Jean, Virginia Keith. Back row: Terry Toler of Cincinnati, Ohio, Harry Mills of Toronto, Ohio, Eric Sinclair and Bill Bowman of Detroit, Michigan.

Gloria Jean and Eric Sinclair, typical young Hollywood pair, do some Saturday night dancing—just like "you and your fella."

A Bonnie Lassie SWEATER

WINSOME WINNER

Soft, warm 100% virgin wool pullover from Bonnie Lassie's teen collection . . . in a blaze of autumn colors. Sizes 10-16, 34-40.

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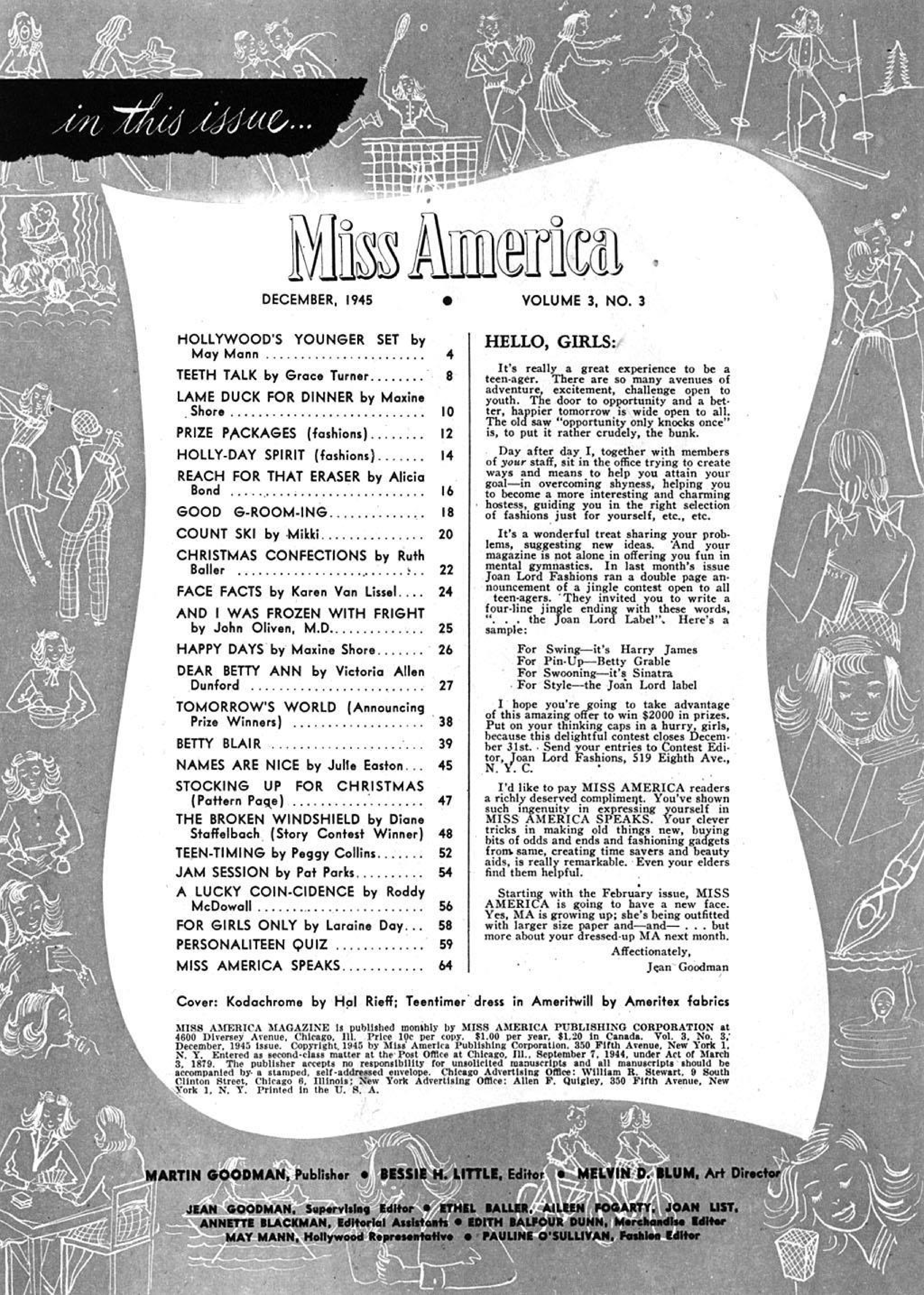

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Miss America

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HELLO, GIRLS:

It's really a great experience to be a teen-ager. There are so many avenues of adventure, excitement, challenge open to youth. The door to opportunity and a better, happier tomorrow is wide open to all. The old saw "opportunity only knocks once" is, to put it rather crudely, the bunk.

Day after day I, together with members of *your* staff, sit in the office trying to create ways and means to help you attain your goal—in overcoming shyness, helping you to become a more interesting and charming hostess, guiding you in the right selection of fashions just for yourself, etc., etc.

It's a wonderful treat sharing your problems, suggesting new ideas. And your magazine is not alone in offering you fun in mental gymnastics. In last month's issue Joan Lord Fashions ran a double page announcement of a jingle contest open to all teen-agers. They invited you to write a four-line jingle ending with these words, ". . . the Joan Lord Label". Here's a sample:

For Swing—it's Harry James
For Pin-Up—Betty Grable
For Swooning—it's Sinatra
For Style—the Joan Lord label

I hope you're going to take advantage of this amazing offer to win $2000 in prizes. Put on your thinking caps in a hurry, girls, because this delightful contest closes December 31st. Send your entries to Contest Editor, Joan Lord Fashions, 519 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C.

I'd like to pay MISS AMERICA readers a richly deserved compliment. You've shown such ingenuity in expressing yourself in MISS AMERICA SPEAKS. Your clever tricks in making old things new, buying bits of odds and ends and fashioning gadgets from same, creating time savers and beauty aids, is really remarkable. Even your elders find them helpful.

Starting with the February issue, MISS AMERICA is going to have a new face. Yes, MA is growing up; she's being outfitted with larger size paper and—and— . . . but more about your dressed-up MA next month.

Affectionately,
Jean Goodman

Cover: Kodachrome by Hal Rieff; Teentimer dress in Ameritwill by Ameritex fabrics

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"There are smiles that make us happy, there are smiles that make us blue . . ." A few timely tips to keep your "homegrowns" tops . . .

By Grace Turner

TEETH TALK . . .

PRETTY shining teeth will turn a Plain Jane into an alluring young thing. They'll outshine irregular features, a snub nose or a skin that's just so-so. On the other hand, that striking peaches-and-cream teen-ager misses the beauty prize, because she shows a mouthful of neglect every time she parts her young lips. But believe me, if you have an infectious smile and a row of lovely pearls in your mouth, you're a beauty! Haven't you heard people say: "What beautiful teeth she has?" They're one asset nobody ever overlooks or forgets—and there's no difference of opinion about them. Some people prefer blondes and others brunettes—everybody goes for a girl with lovely teeth.

But good teeth don't just happen. They depend on the care you give them. If you didn't start coddling them when practically a baby, you'd better start now. So many people are amazingly careless. Experts made studies and discovered that in America fifty percent of us never go to the dentist until we get a violent toothache or meet up with some other mouth disaster. The same thing showed up when the boys were examined in the draft. At least half of them had deplorable teeth.

Another twenty-five percent of us, the experts add, mean to go to the dentist regularly, but somehow we don't get around to doing it. That includes many charming people who know better, too. I suspect a good many Miss Americas belong in this shame-faced line-up.

So here is some important advice about what you ought to be doing—and why. It comes straight to you from a number of tip-top dentists.

First, did you know that during the teens your teeth decay rather rapidly? Teen-agers should see the dentist at least three times a year—sometimes more often than that. Your own personal denist will tell you how often he wants you to report—and be sure that you do it. Don't pave the way to poor teeth and an ugly mouth by good intentions you never carry out. Later when you're an entirely mature person physically, the rate of decay should slow down so you won't have to climb into the

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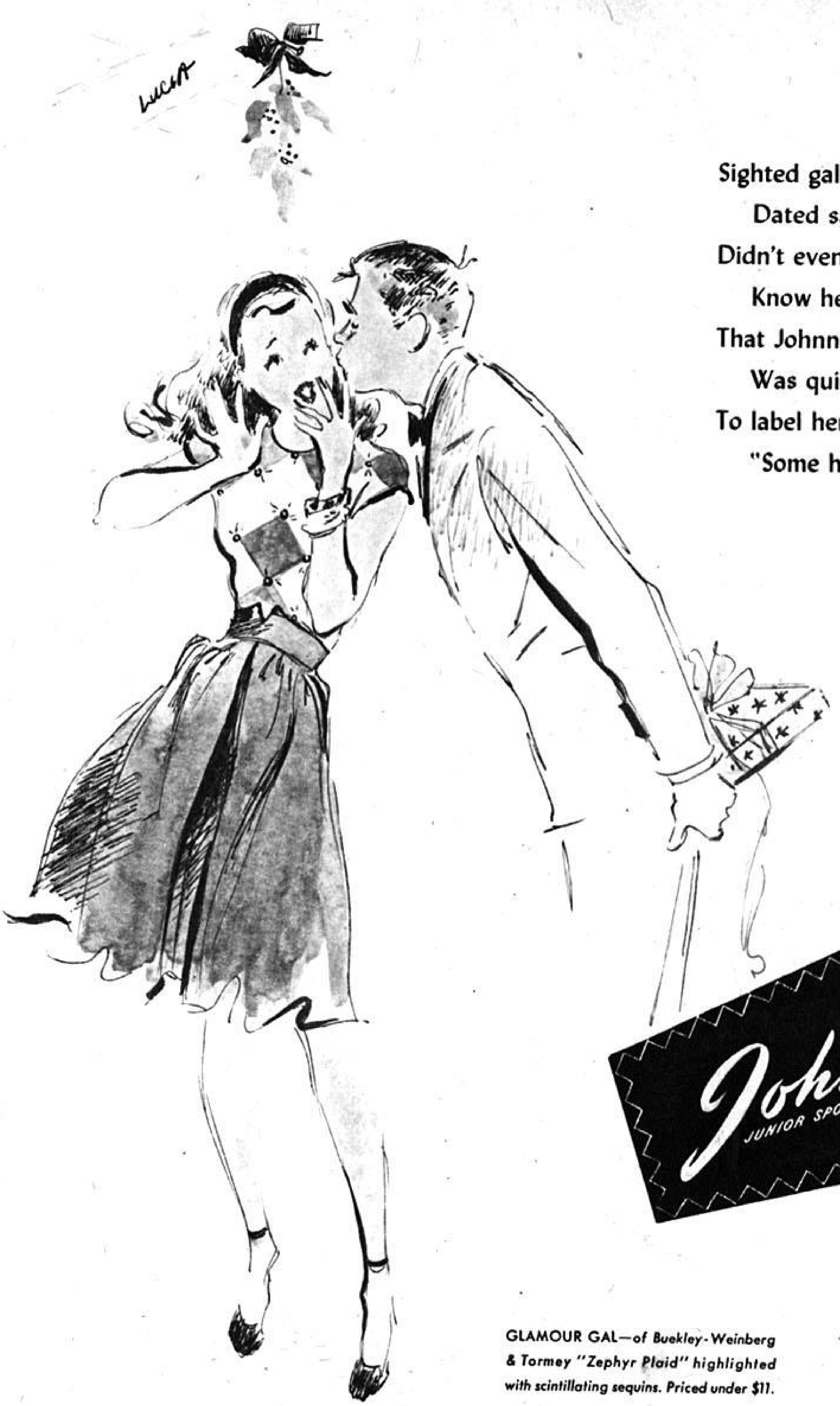

Sighted gal,
Dated same;
Didn't even
Know her name;
That Johnnye frock
Was quite suffish
To label her
"Some holi-dish"!

Johnnye
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GLAMOUR GAL—*of Buekley-Weinberg & Tormey "Zephyr Plaid" highlighted with scintillating sequins. Priced under $11.*

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Lame Duck for Dinner

He was tall, he was dark, he was—but the situation took away Josie's appetite . . .

by Maxine Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

THE moment I galloped into the living room and dumped my books, I felt a premonition.

My only mother was sitting by the window, letter in hand. Apparently she hadn't even heard me come in, which was surprising because, as my father often remarks, I always enter complete with sound effects.

Well, that was the first bleak hint that all was not well with our happy household again. No glad light in the maternal orbs for darling daughter, Josie.

Since at my age a girl's destiny is pretty well tangled up with her mother's, I wandered closer in real concern.

"What's cooking?" I asked. Had I but guessed!

She turned, but her gaze went right on through me. "Mother's lame duck look," my father calls it. That's the expression she gets on her face when someone needs help. A wide-open misty look.

Let me explain. My mother, Mrs. Joseph Davies, is probably the most sympathetic person in the world. No tramp, peddler, or magazine salesman is ever turned away from our door. Naturally our doorbell is a-jangle all day long, while every drawer in the house is just like Fibber McGee's hall closet.

Mother never ignores a call, whether it's Cousin Lottie who needs a few months' home nursing, or a casual acquaintance whose love life has jammed. Either she goes to the lame duck—or the lame duck comes to us. Father and I can't decide which is worse. Hard as it is to do without mother, it's sometimes worse putting up with the lame ducks.

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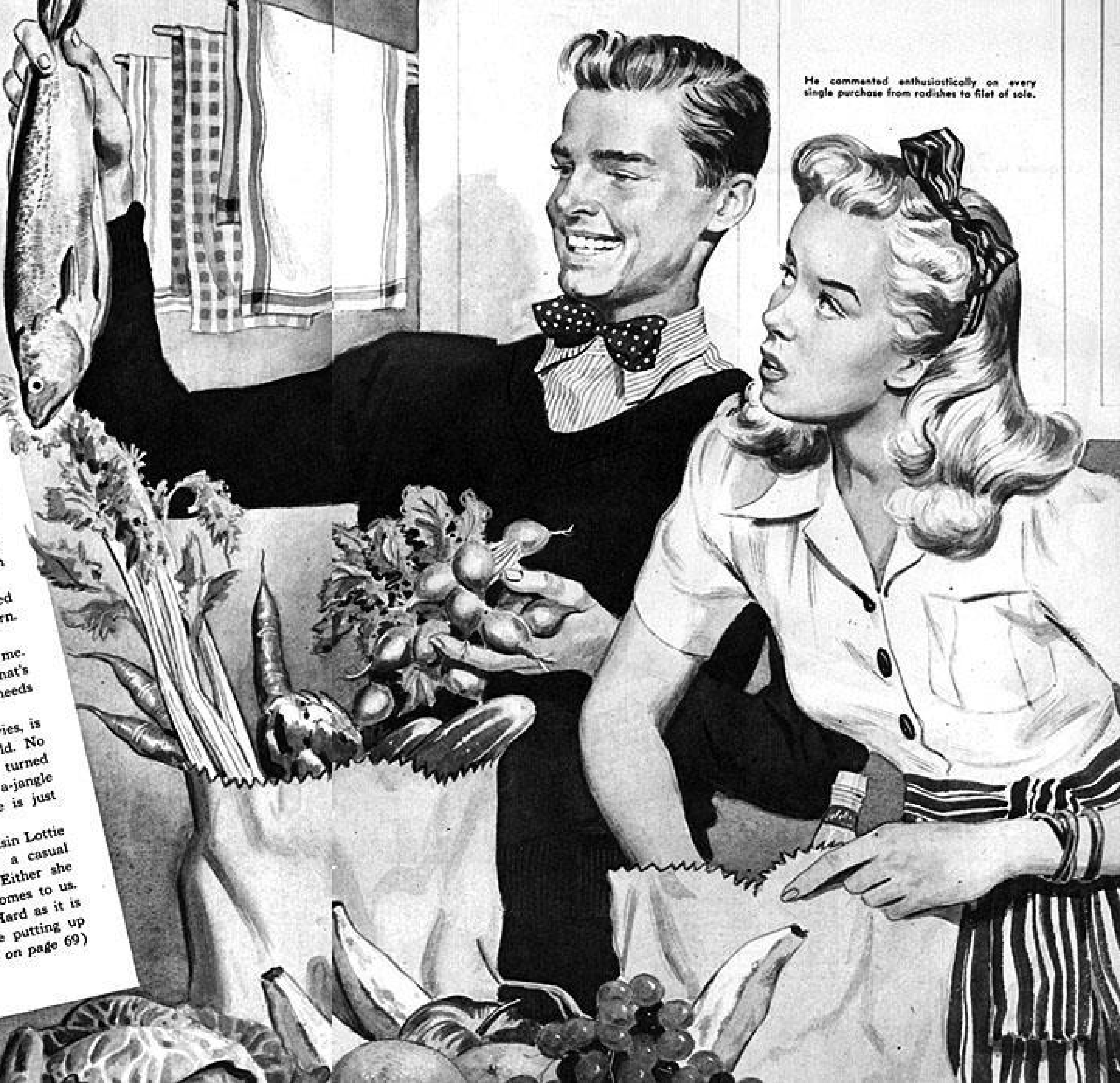
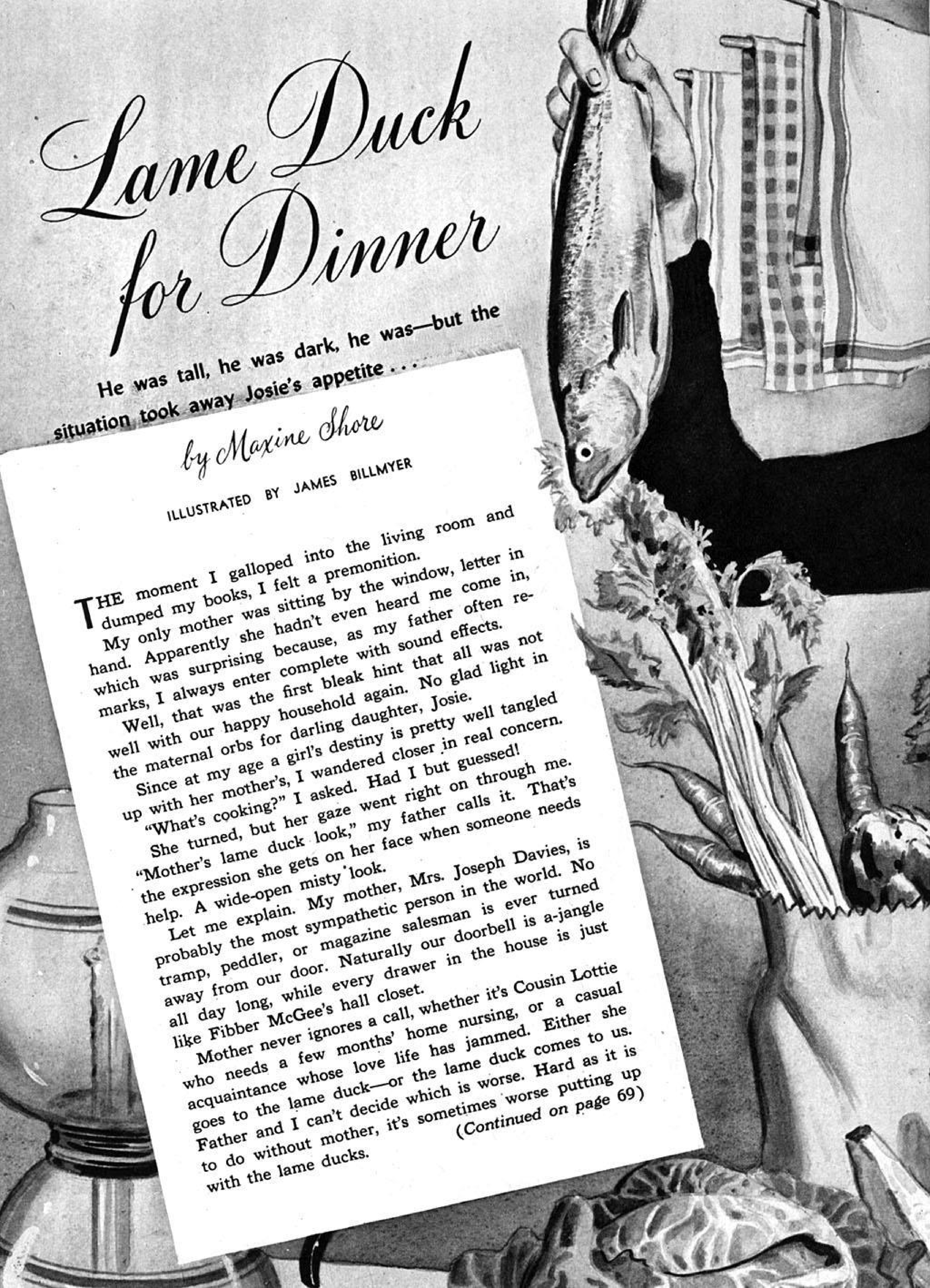


He commented enthusiastically on every single purchase from radishes to filet of sole.



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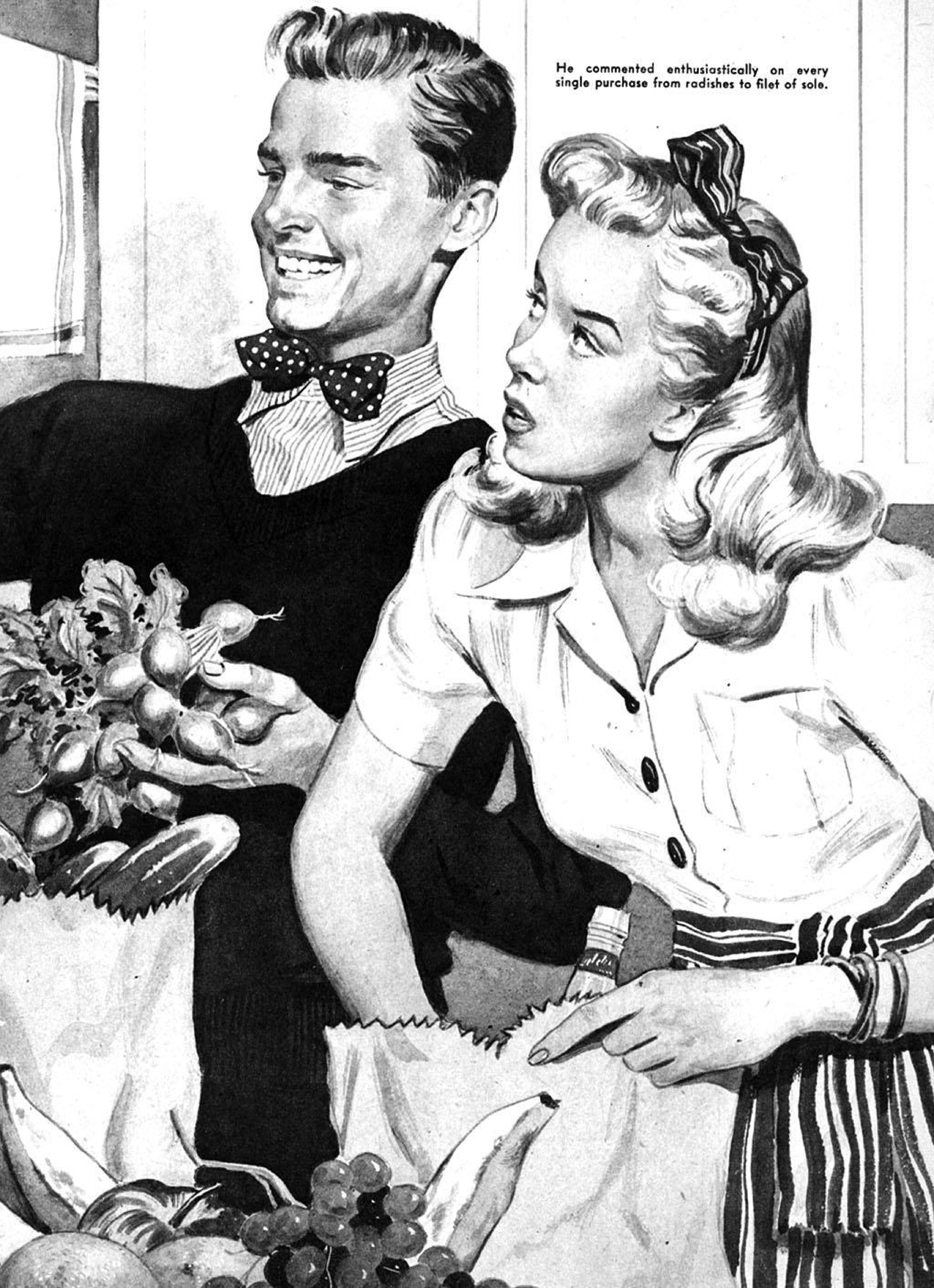
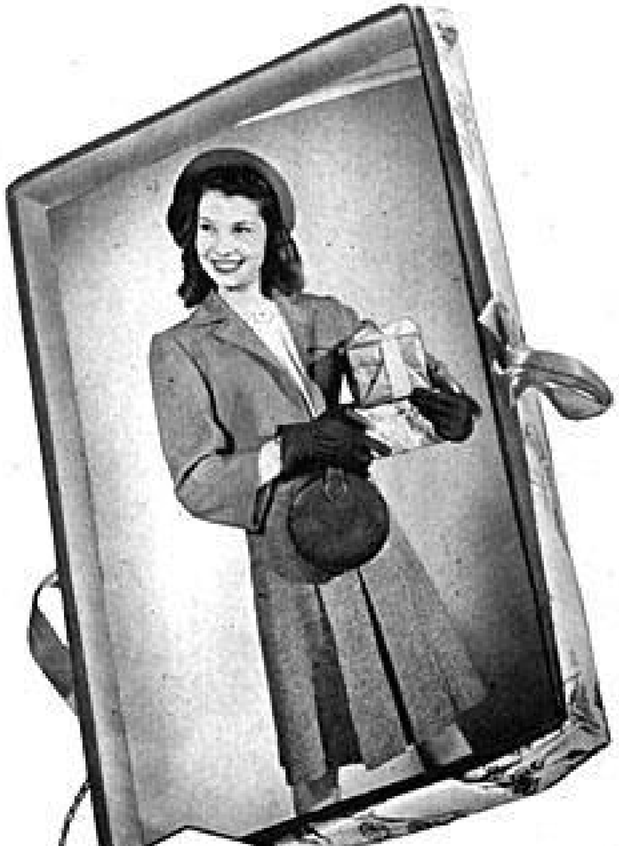
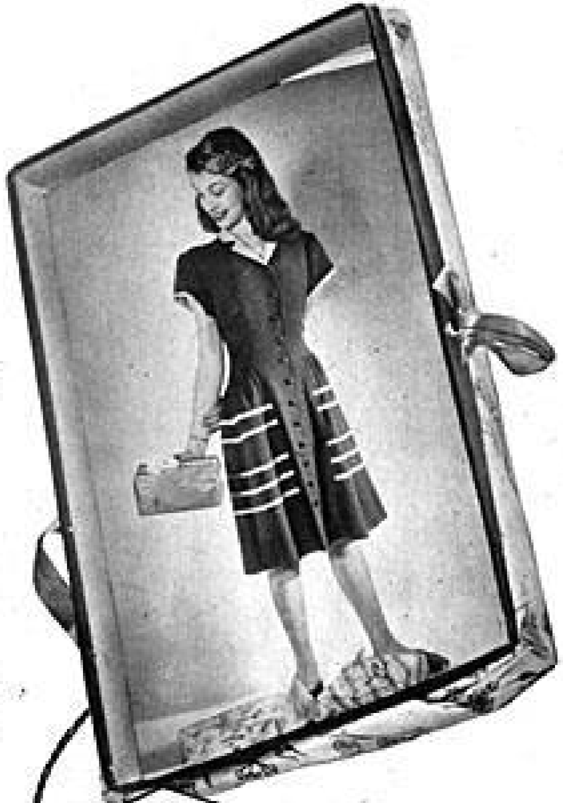


PRIZE PACKAGES...

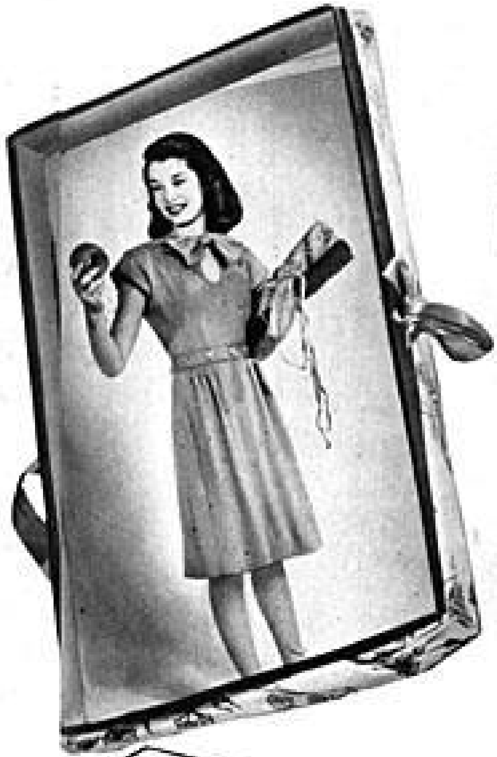
Christmas is a sing-out time, a dress-up time. Here are some of the clothes that will be worn with the very nicest Christmas trees and wreaths . . .



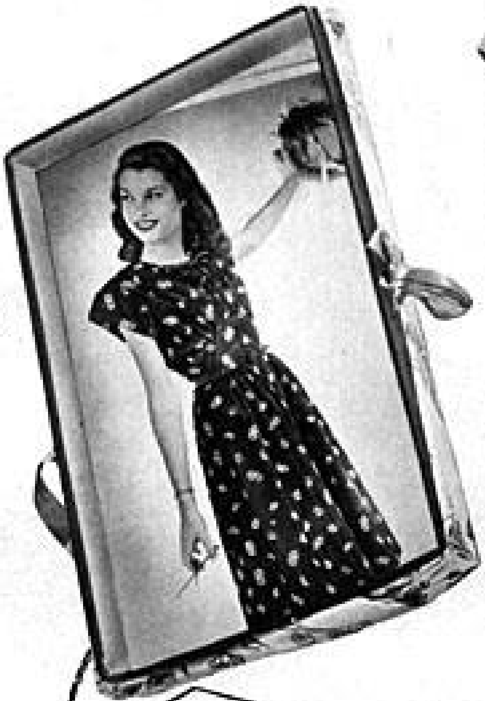
Derby Sportswear's 100% wool suit, Black checked pleated skirt, red bolero. Sizes 10-16. About $18. Betmar stitched felt cloche (about $5.). Belt Modes crushed cape bag (about $5. plus tax). Dept. stores.



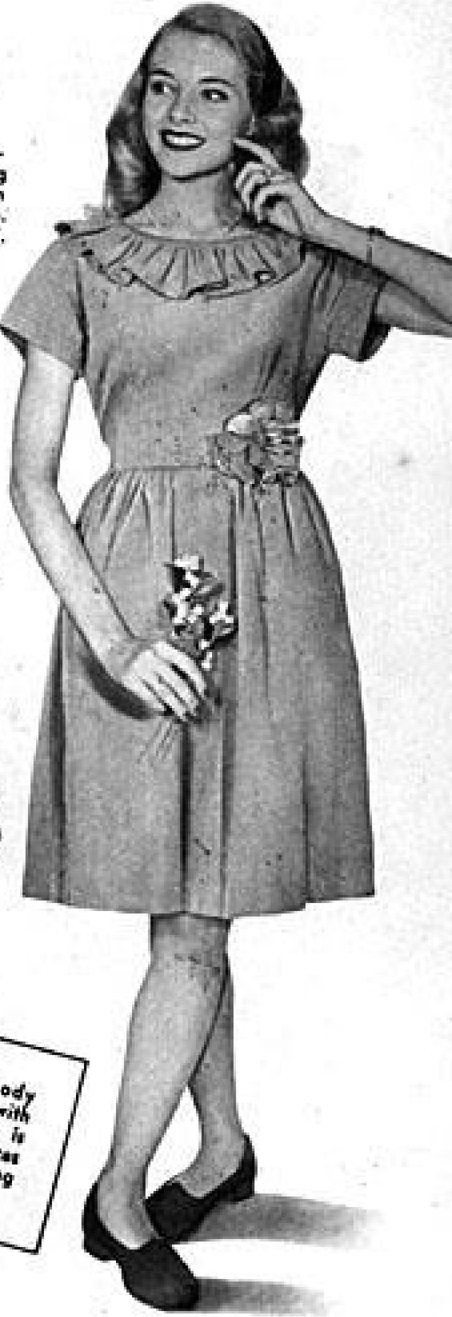
A Junior First eyecatching frock. In black or brown alpaca with contrasting trim. Billowy skirt, front buttons, perky cap sleeves. In sub-junior sizes, 7-15. About $11. At R. H. Macy, New York.



Juniorette gathers fluffy 100% wool Worcester fabric into a subtly simple dress with cap sleeves, bow and keyhole neck, and jeweled belt. Sizes 10-16, in blue, aqua and maize. About $13. at leading Dept. stores.



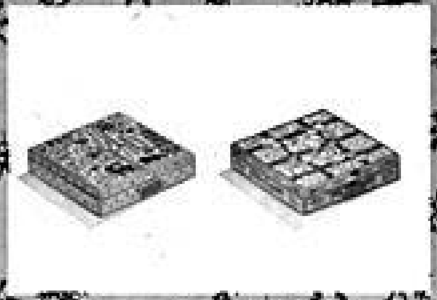
Special date dilly by Goody Frocks. Swishing black taffeta with petit-point design. The cut is simple, the fabric dramatic. Sizes 10-16. About $8.95 at leading Dept. stores.



Corduroy cutie by Bargenicht Bros. Oh-so-young-and-gay neckline and great big rosy-posy blooming on the bodice. Teen sizes 10-16 in blue, shocking and aqua. About $9. at Lord and Taylor, N. Y.

Coro pearly flowers for neck and wrist. Pink, white, red or blue, on black velvet. $2, leading stores.

Volupte silver-plated compacts with colorful designs. $1.50 each. Sold at all leading Dept. stores.



Teenbag by Frilo. Broadcloth in black or brown, lucite mock shell frame. $7.50 at B. Altman's, N. Y.

Ben Hur double strand pearl barrette, $1, and stainless steel combs, $2, at leading Dept. stores.

PRIZE

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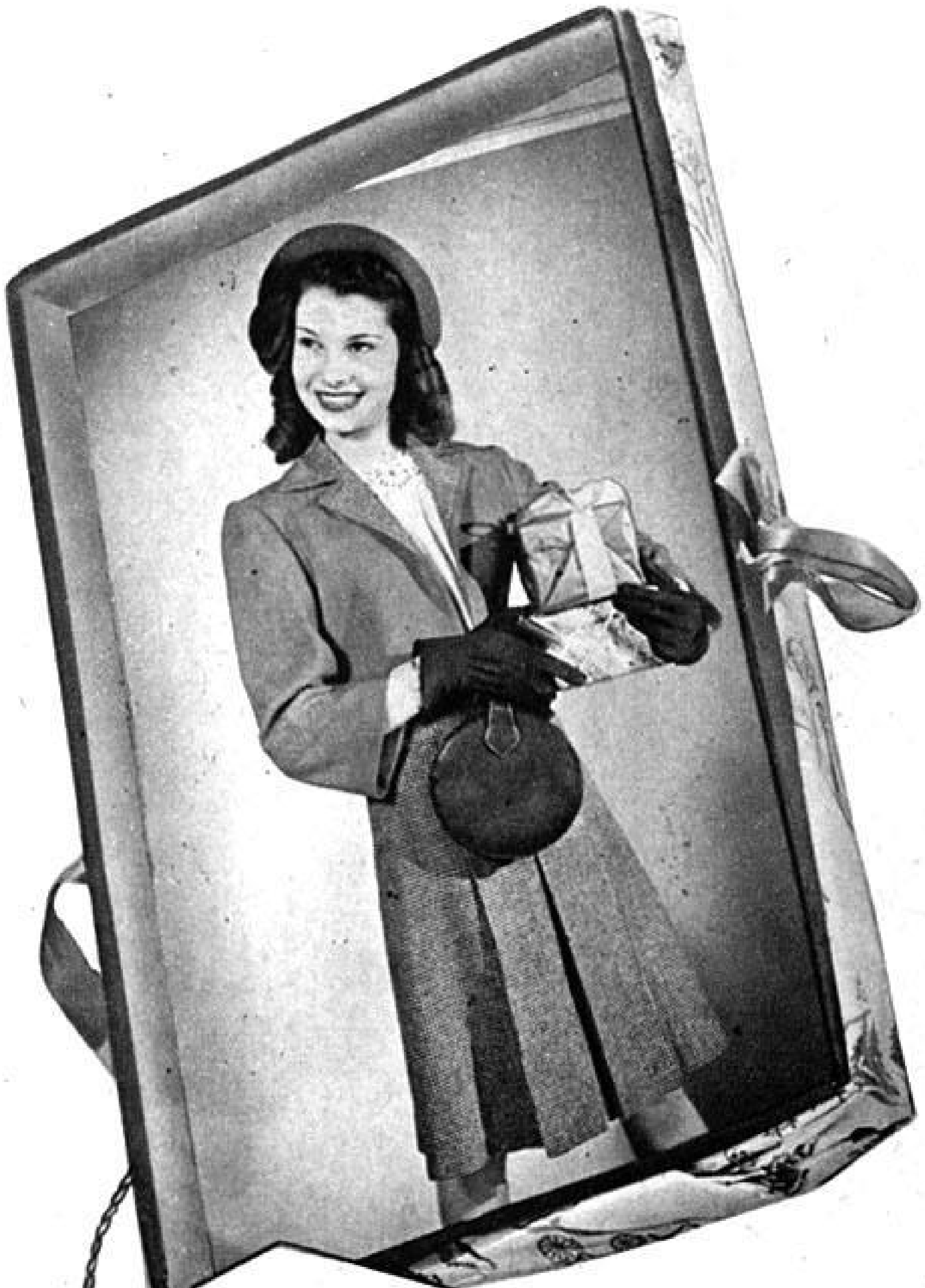

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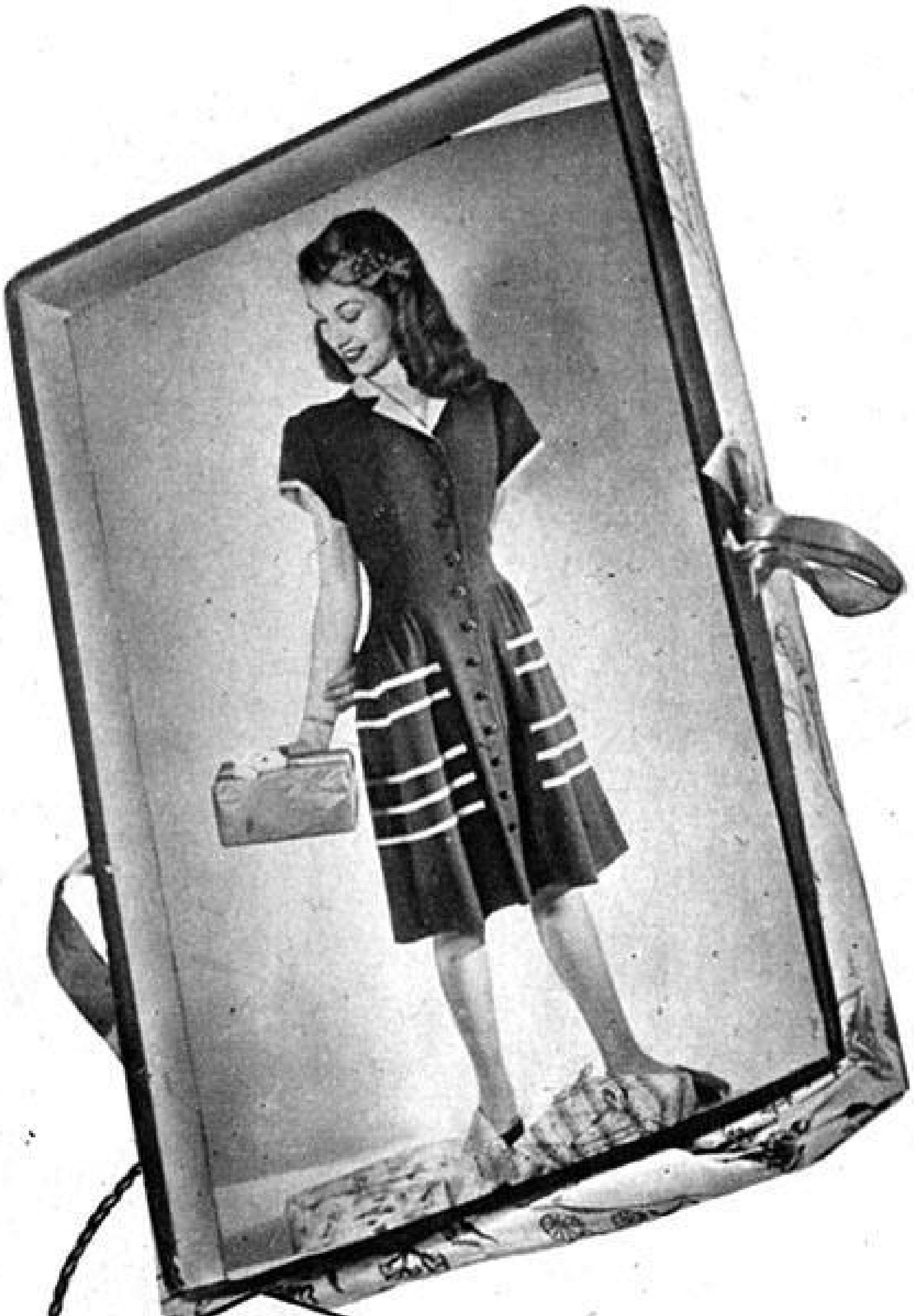

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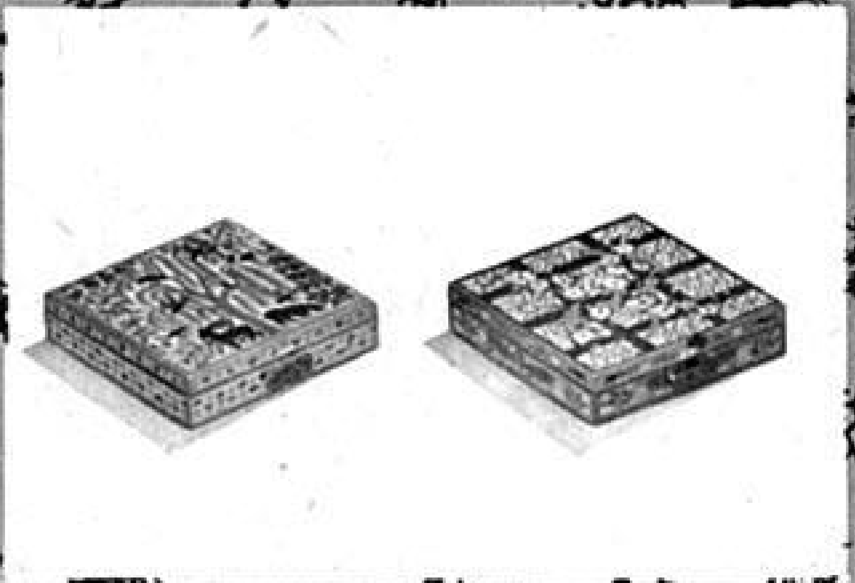

PACKAGES...

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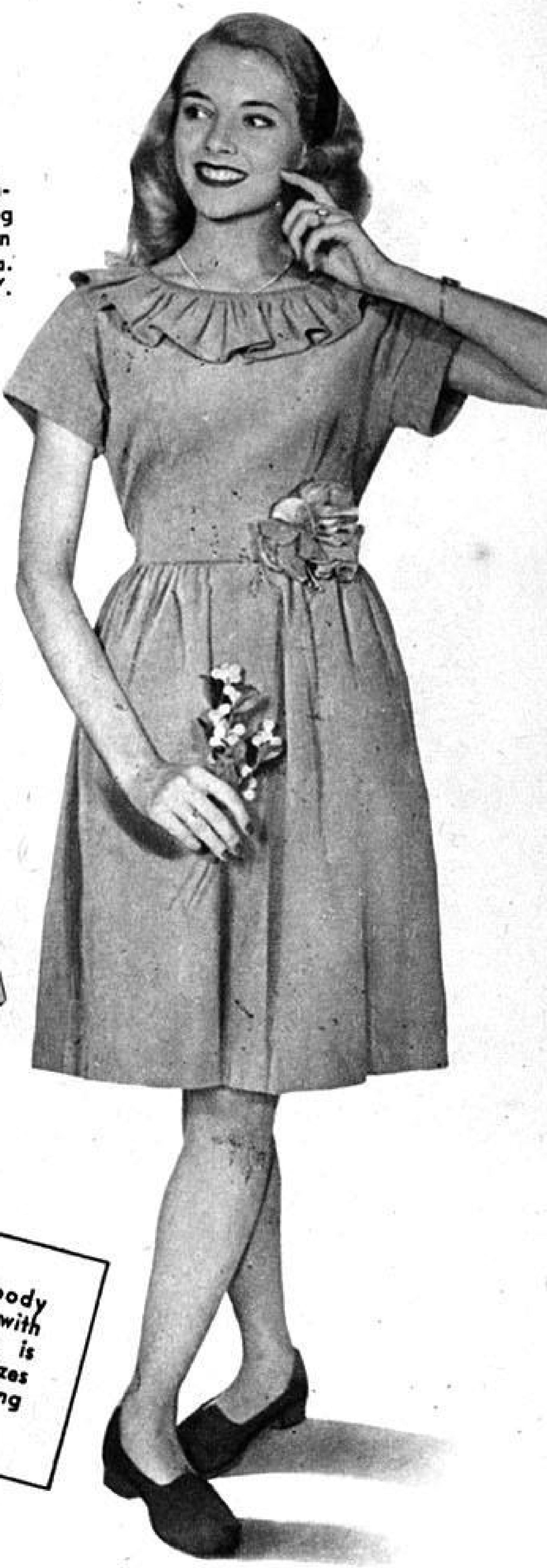

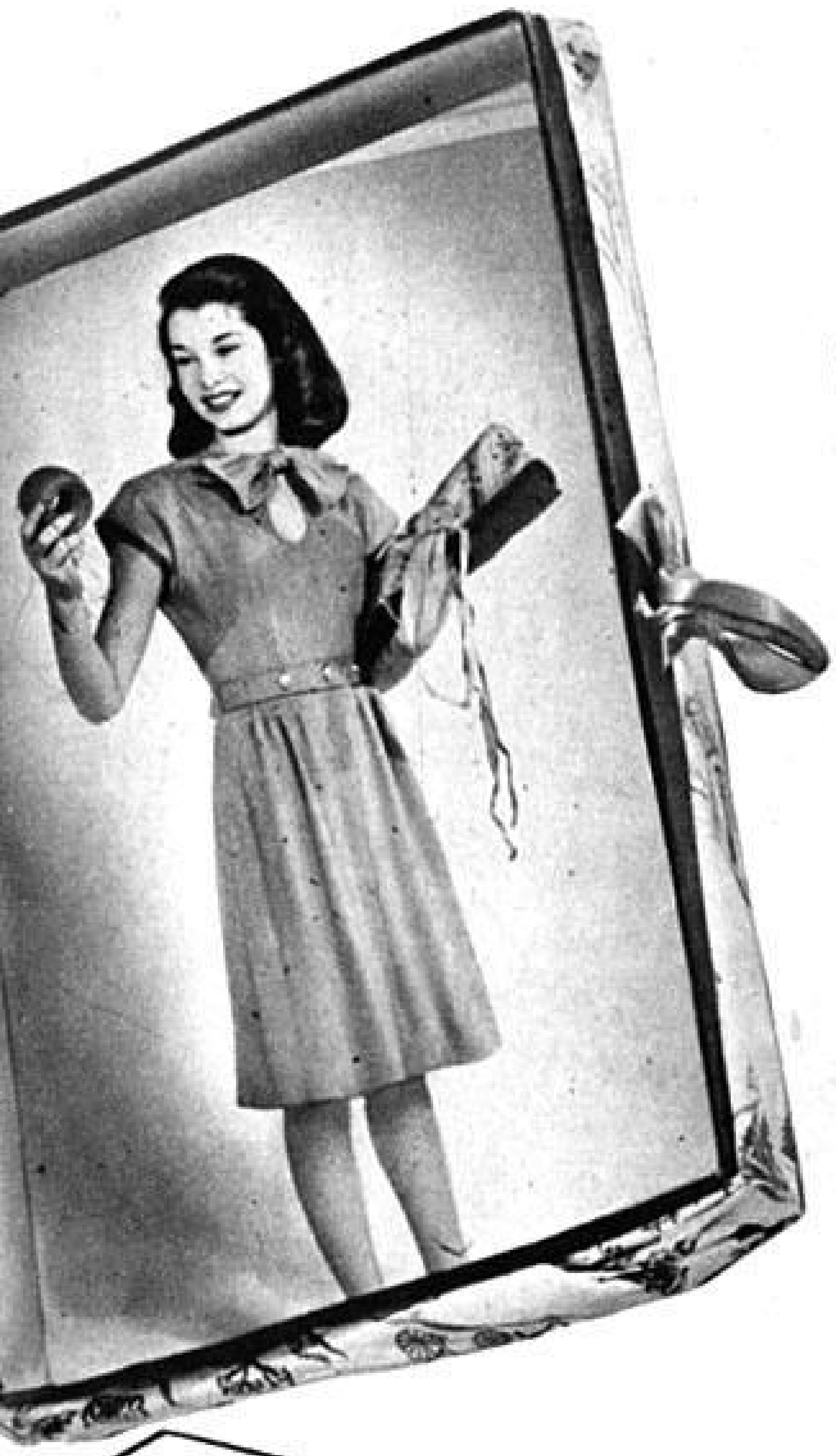

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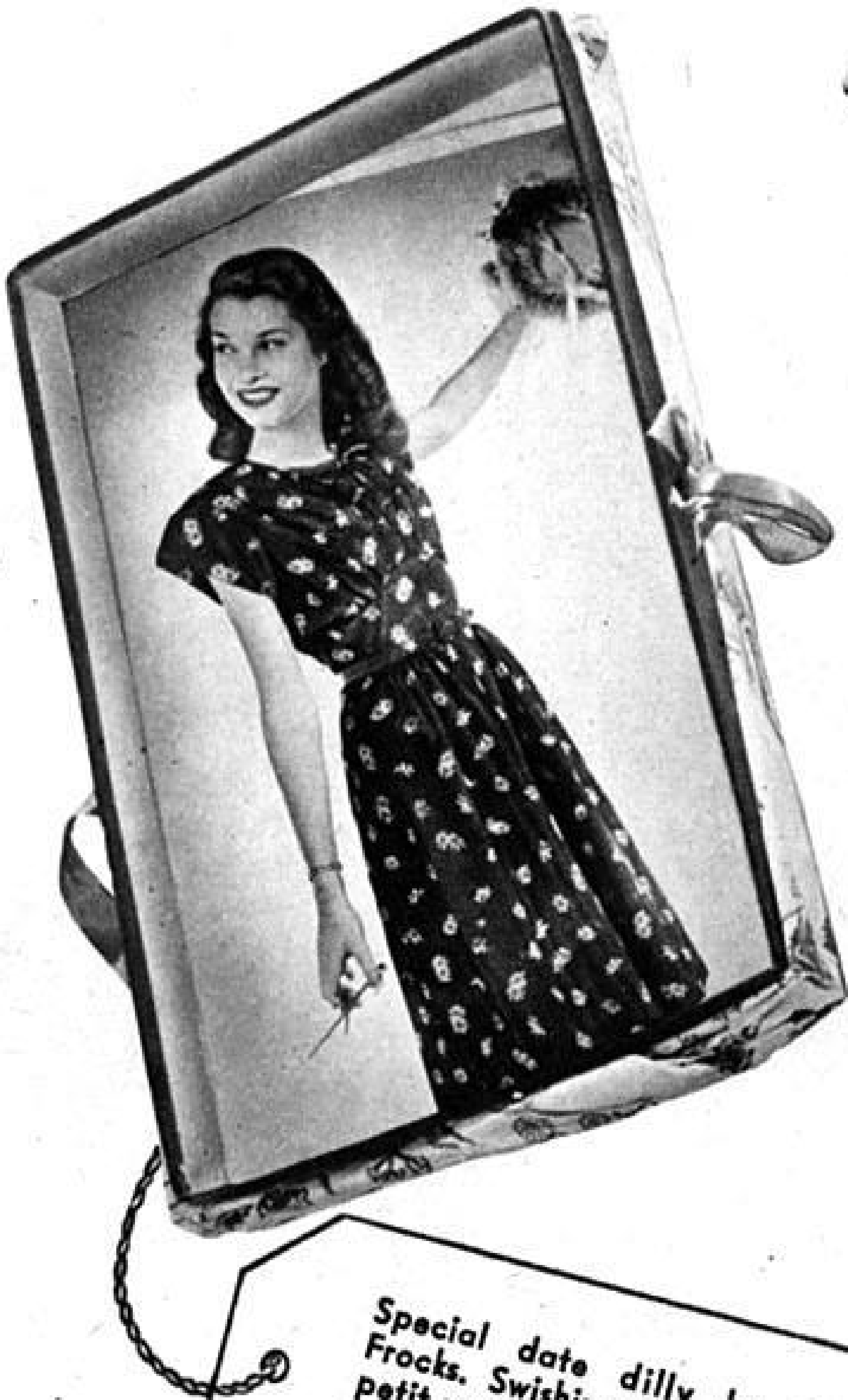

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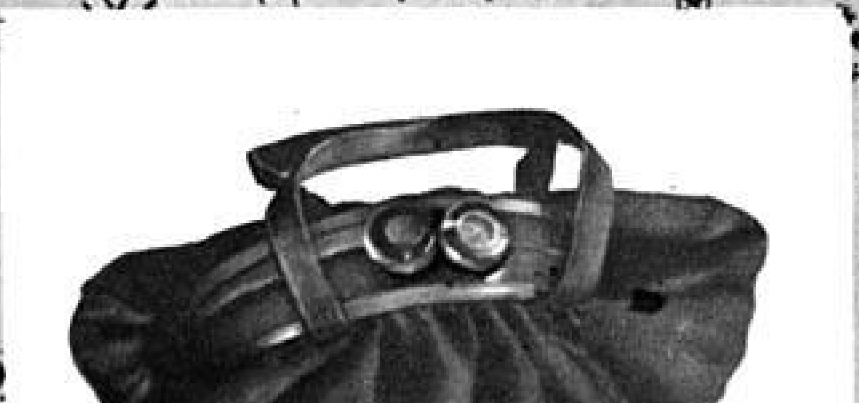

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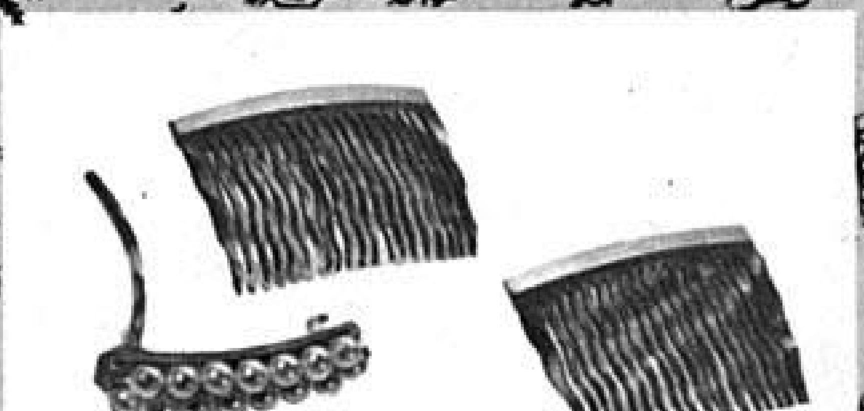

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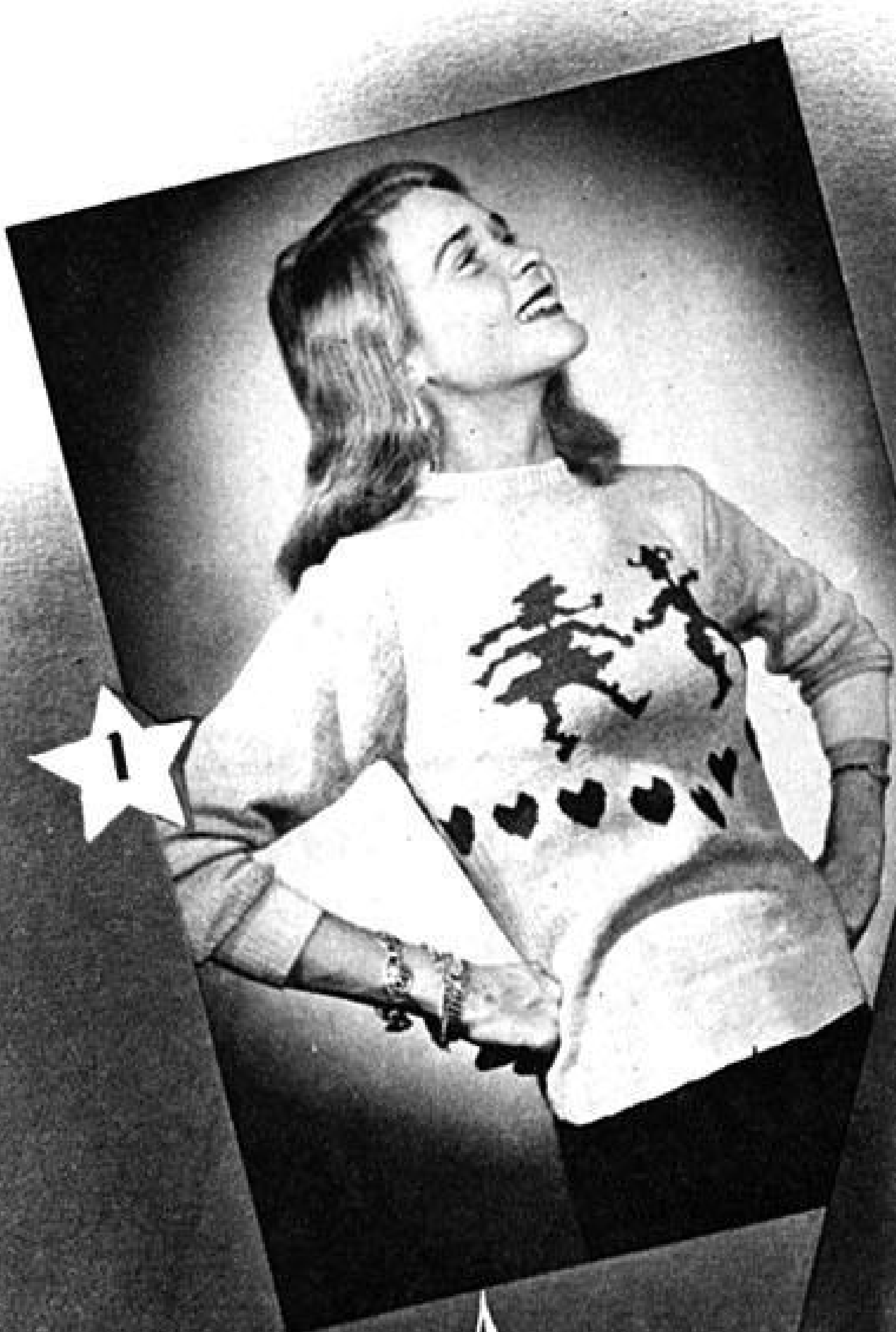

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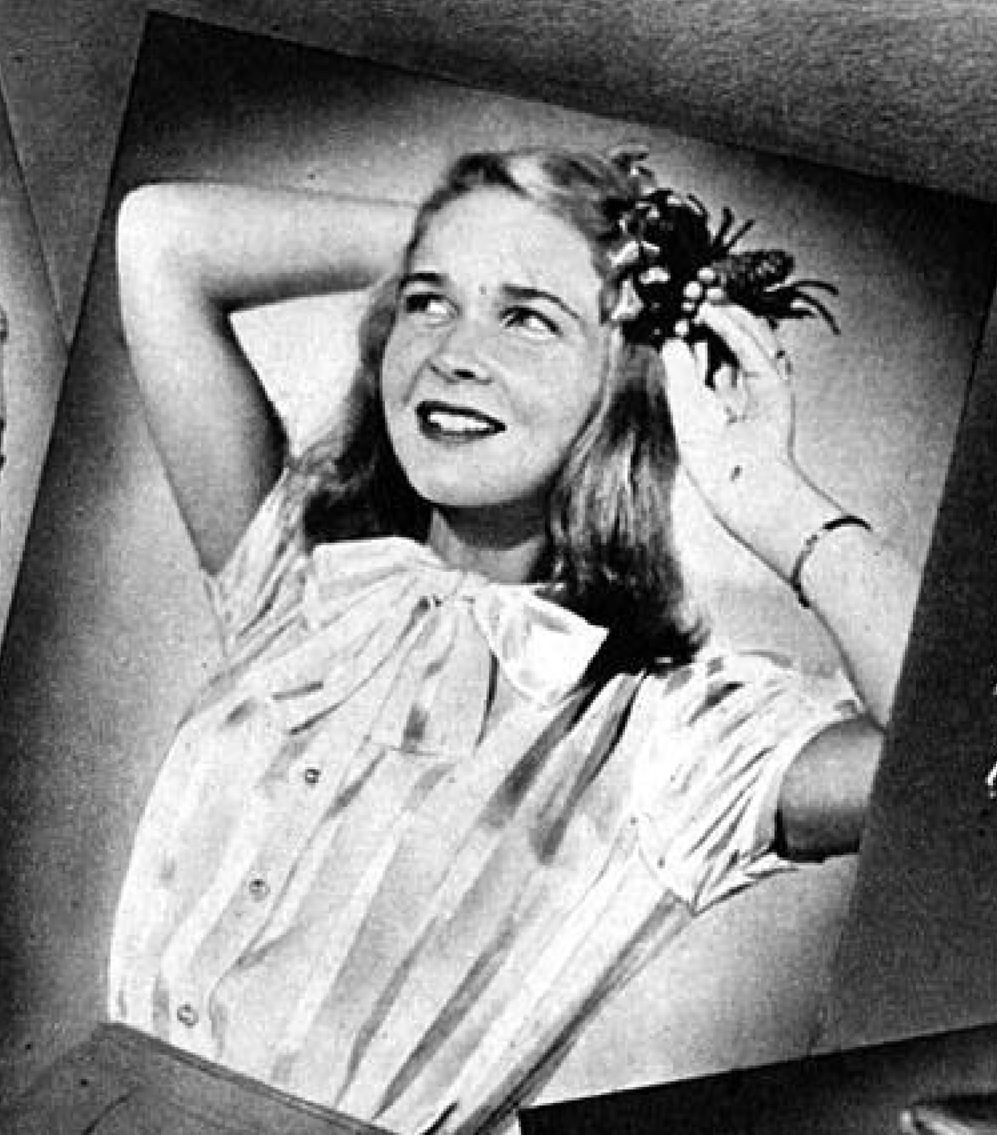

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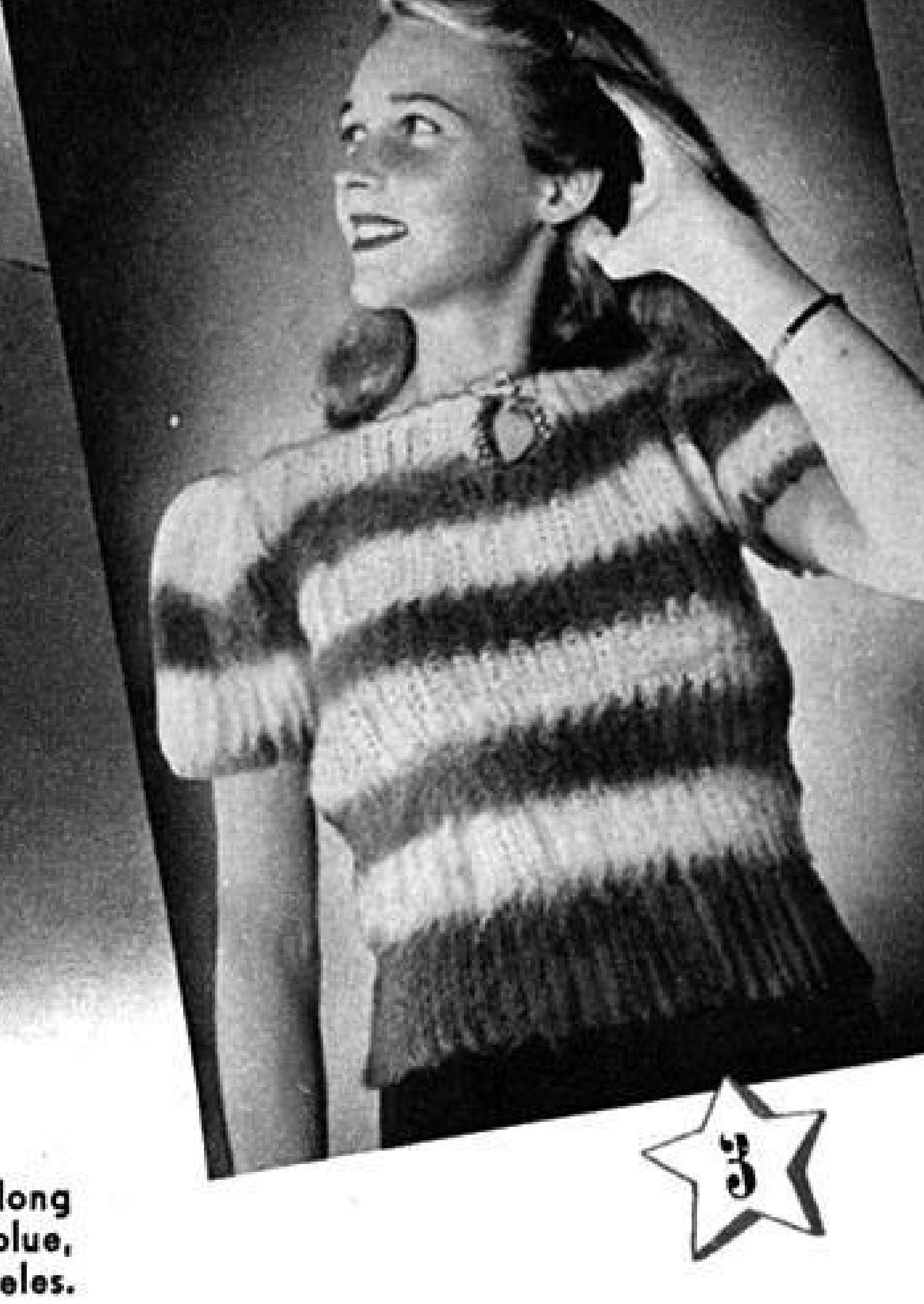


3

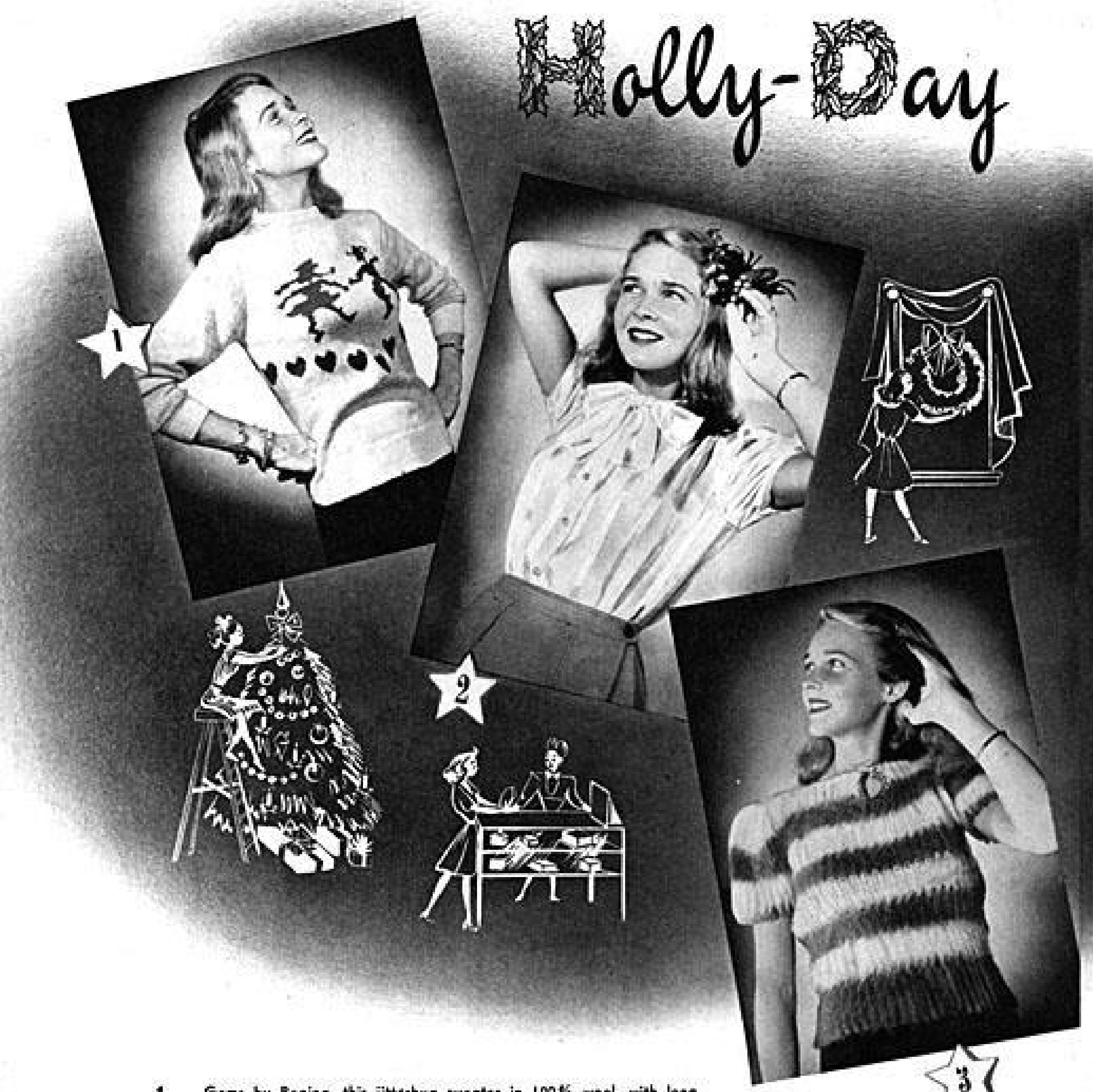
1 Gems by Regina, this jitterbug sweater in 100% wool, with long sleeves and heartwarming hearts. In combinations of maize, blue, red, lime, white. All sizes. $7.95. Bullock's, Los Angeles.

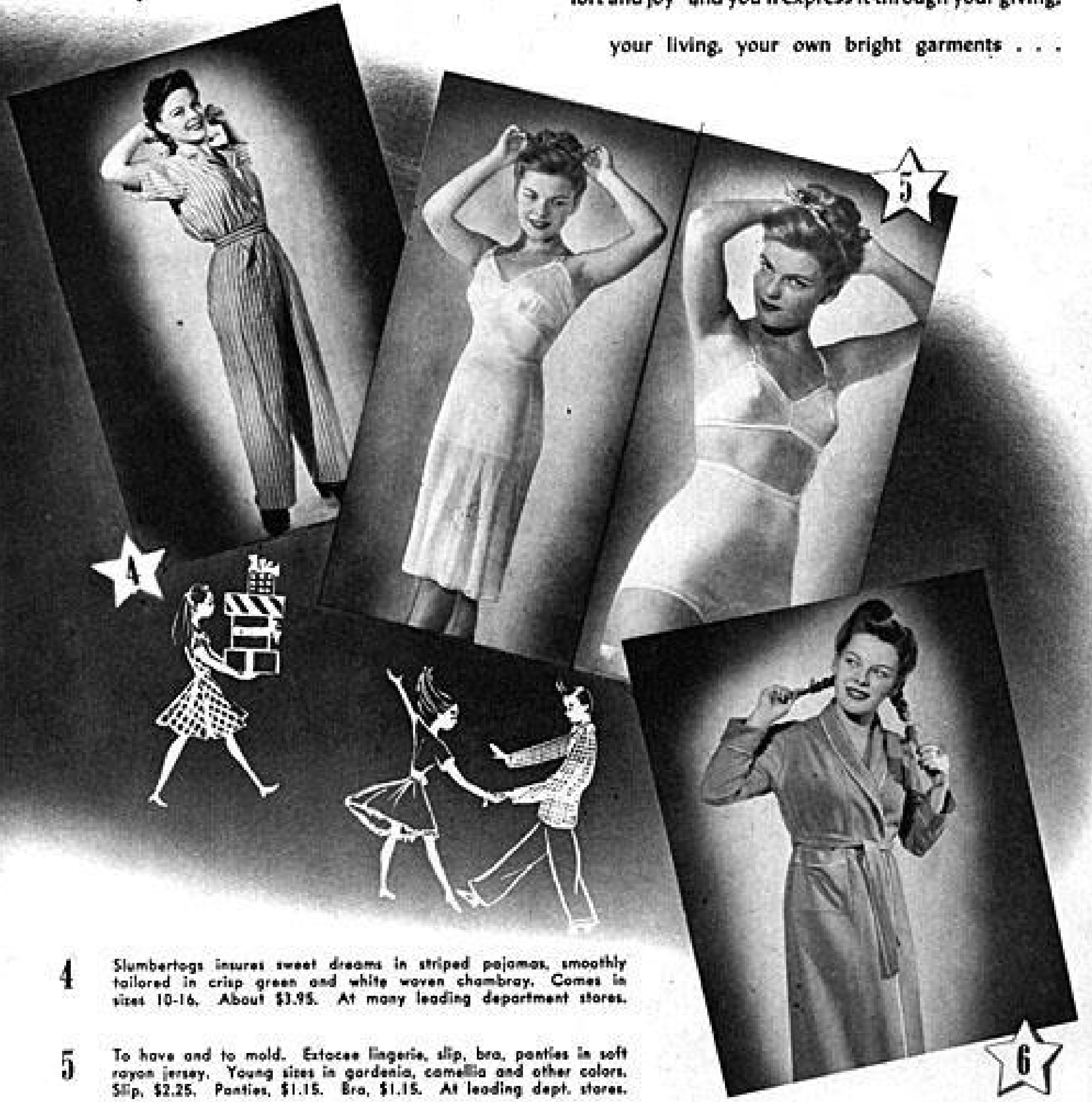
2 Lacher makes you a blouse for that angelic look. Rayon ninon, satin striped, with short sleeves, sugar loaf buttons, soft bow neck. About $3.95. Sizes 10-16. Marshall Field & Company, Chicago.

3 100% wool mock angora is one of these striped, short sleeved, Gems by Regina. Hand detailing for nicety's sake. Yummy colors. Teen sizes. About $3.98. Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila., Pa.

Holly-Day Spirit . . .

The best Christmas in long years, this Christmas of "comfort and joy" and you'll express it through your giving, your living, your own bright garments . . .





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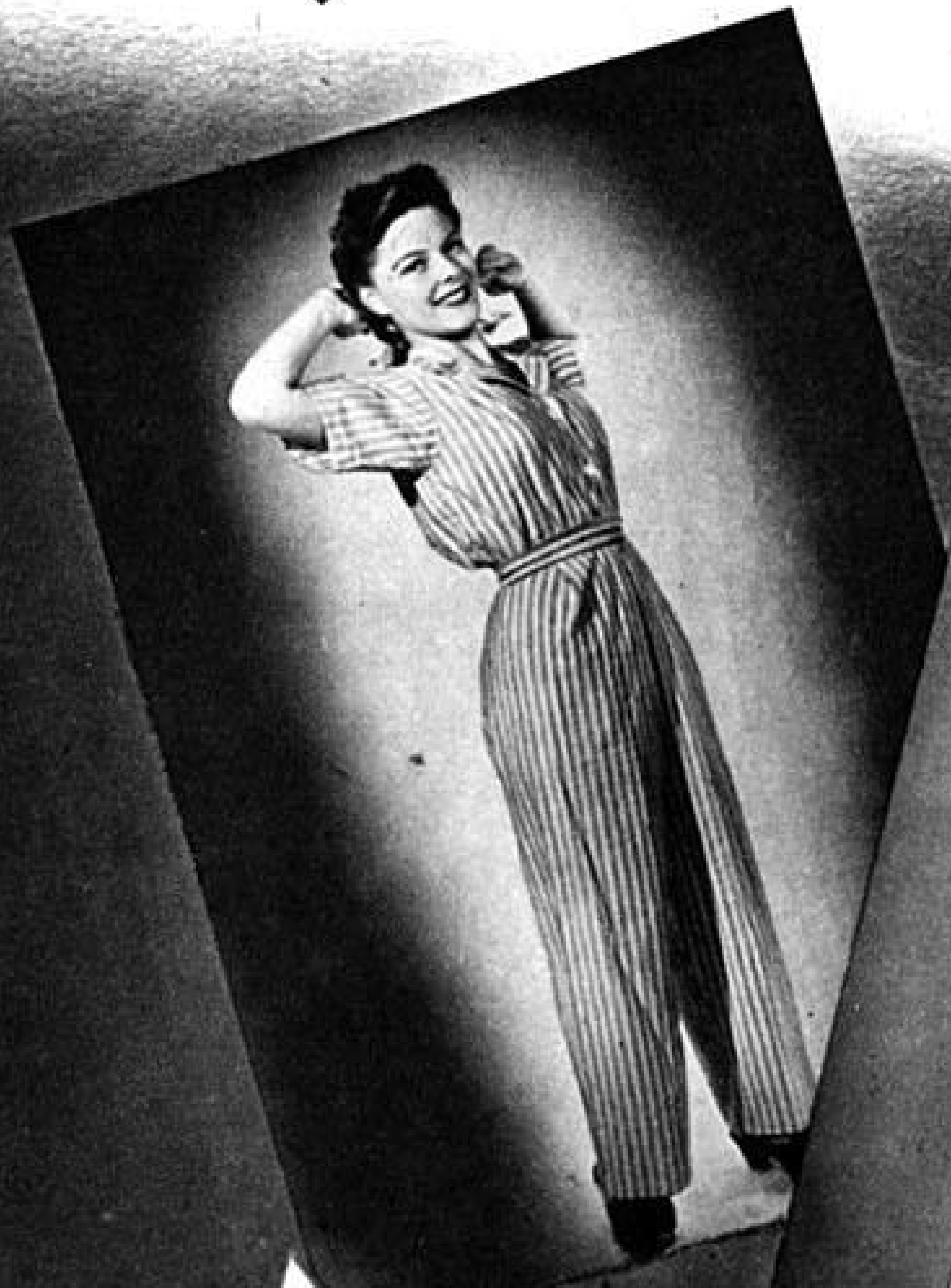
4 Slumbertogs insures sweet dreams in striped pajamas, smoothly tailored in crisp green and white woven chambray. Comes in sizes 10-16. About $3.95. At many leading department stores.

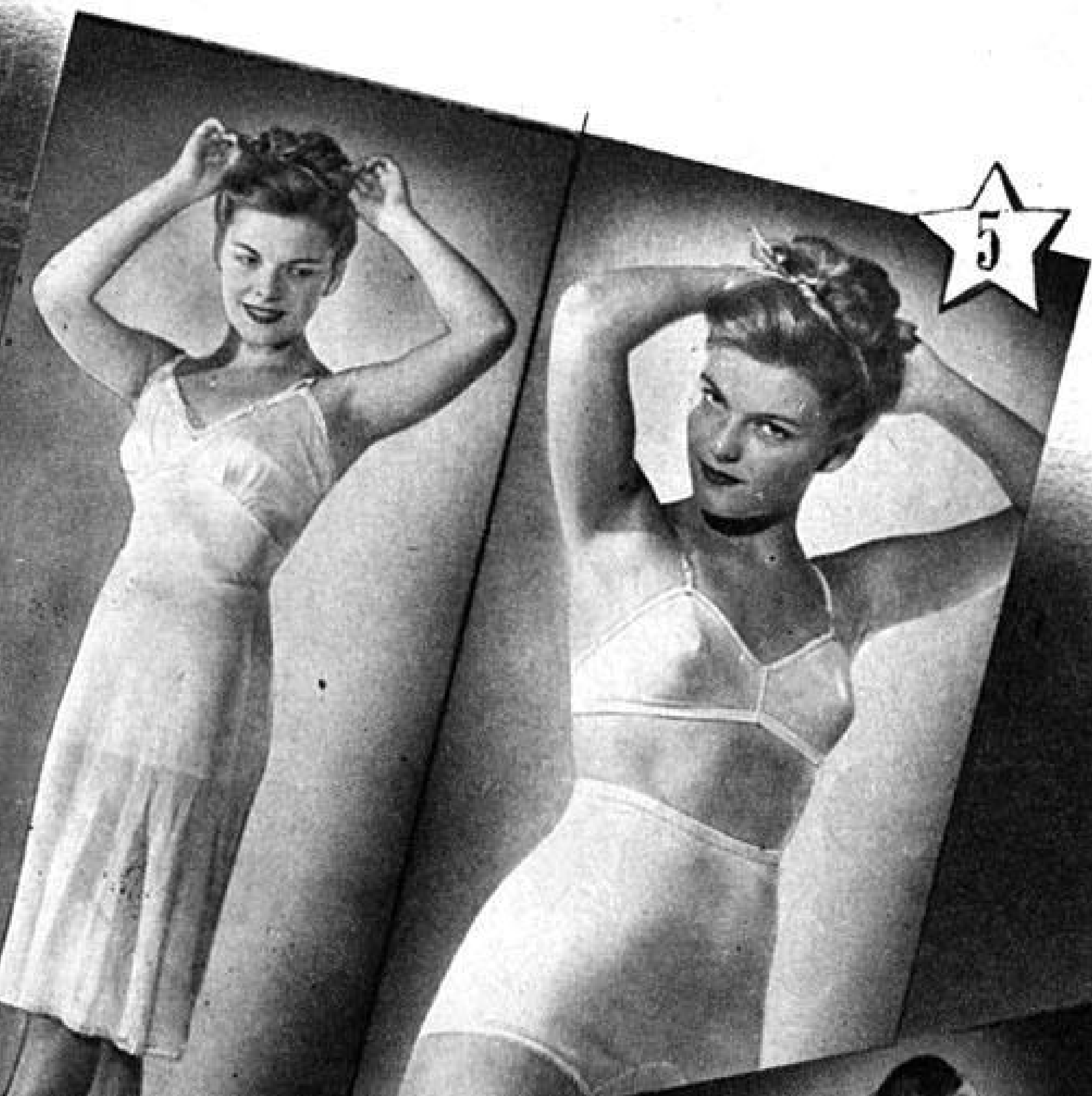
5 To have and to mold. Estocee lingerie, slip, bra, panties in soft rayon jersey. Young sizes in gardenia, camellia and other colors. Slip, $2.25. Panties, $1.15. Bra, $1.15. At leading dept. stores.

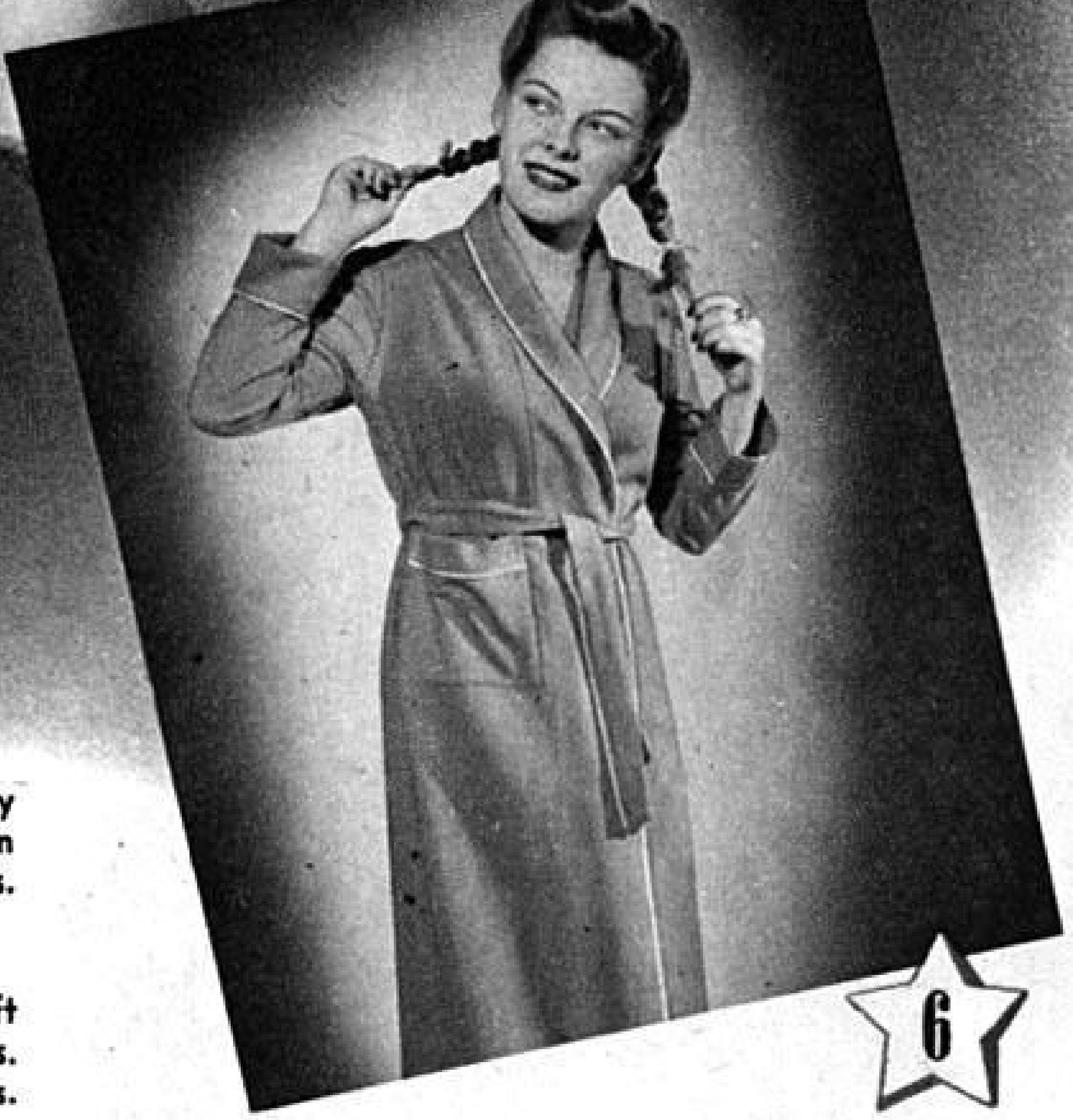
6 From Bob and Judy Togs comes a 100% wool Cohama robe with white piping. Sizes 8-16 in beige, blue, gold, aqua. Handy pocket for bob pins or what-have-you. About $12.95. Leading dept. stores.

Spirit . . .

The best Christmas in long years, this Christmas of "comfort and joy" and you'll express it through your giving, your living, your own bright garments . . .







4 Slumbertogs insures sweet dreams in striped pajamas, smoothly tailored in crisp green and white woven chambray. Comes in sizes 10-16. About $3.95. At many leading department stores.

5 To have and to mold. Extacee lingerie, slip, bra, panties in soft rayon jersey. Young sizes in gardenia, camellia and other colors. Slip, $2.25. Panties, $1.15. Bra, $1.15. At leading dept. stores.

6 From Bob and Judy Togs comes a 100% wool Cohama robe with white piping. Sizes 8-16 in beige, blue, gold, aqua. Handy pocket for bob pins or what-have-you. About $12.95. Leading dept. stores.

Read all about it... the gentle art of making allowances, (and we don't mean the money kind...)

By Alicia Bond

NONE of us are perfect—yet! We all do sad-sacky things now and then. It's part of the uncertain exciting business of growing up. Breathes there a gal with soul so dead who never to herself has said, "Oh, what a drip I am!"?

Still haunt you, don't they—those ghastly episodes? Remember . . .

You were strolling down the main drag that lovely Sunday afternoon with your first boy friend when r-r-rip, your shoulder strap gave—and there was your telltale slip not only showing but practically yelping for attention, which it certainly got!

Then there was the night you naively turned up at a party in a formal instead of a sweater and skirt like the rest of the slick-chicks. Ah, nightmare-ish moment!

Ever forget how you giggled in the middle of the joke Bob was telling instead of at the end, thus deserving and receiving his utter scorn? Or that dreadful day you had a stuffy cold and lost your temper with Janey, and said those cutting things you really didn't mean?

How the wraiths come moaning back! That terrible time you fell up the steps of the auditorium stage right in front of the whole school. The riotous hoots in your little hot ears. That awful dark-brown sickening embarrassment—ah me!

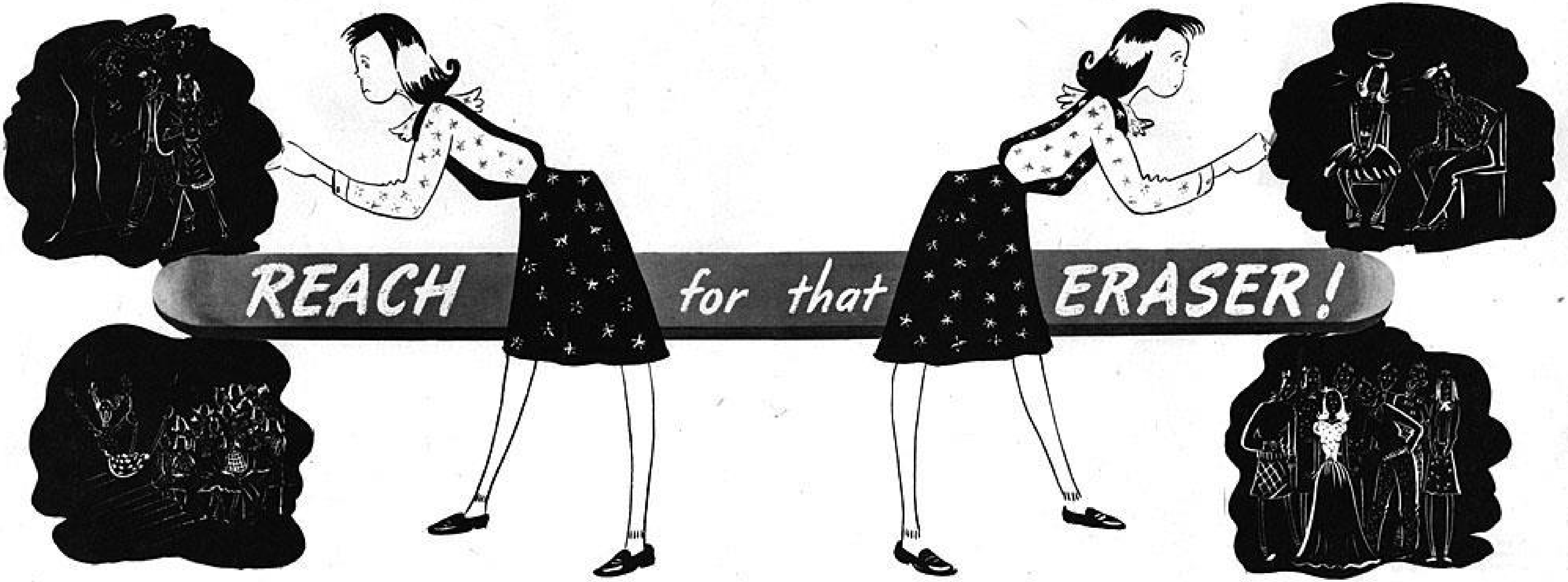
(We will now observe thirty seconds of appropriate memorial blushes, writhings, mumblings and sech.)

Why bring these things up, you ask plaintively, when all they add up to is a splitting headache? Well, maybe jerking open the closet door on those old bones is sort of unpleasant but there's a stalwart purpose in this sordid rattling, honest!

You're not perfect, you admit. Sure, you've made mistakes. Who hasn't? Some of them—well, they were just silly things that can happen to anyone. Some, maybe, were caused by carelessness, hurry, ignorance, thoughtlessness, or downright loss of self-control. Some were just blunders of the milder sort. Others seemed at the time to threaten the very fabric of your daily life.

The thing is, after they happened, you wanted to forget about them, quick like everything, didn't you? That is, after you'd suffered a reasonable length of time, told yourself gal to gal what a goon you were, made a secret vow that it should never, never happen again. You yearned for some sort of great celestial eraser so that, with one accurate stroke, you could rub out that offensive error.

In the welcome dark of your own bedroom that night you tenderly soothed and comforted yourself, (*Continued on page 66*)


REACH for that ERASER!

Read all about it... the gentle art

By Alícia Bond

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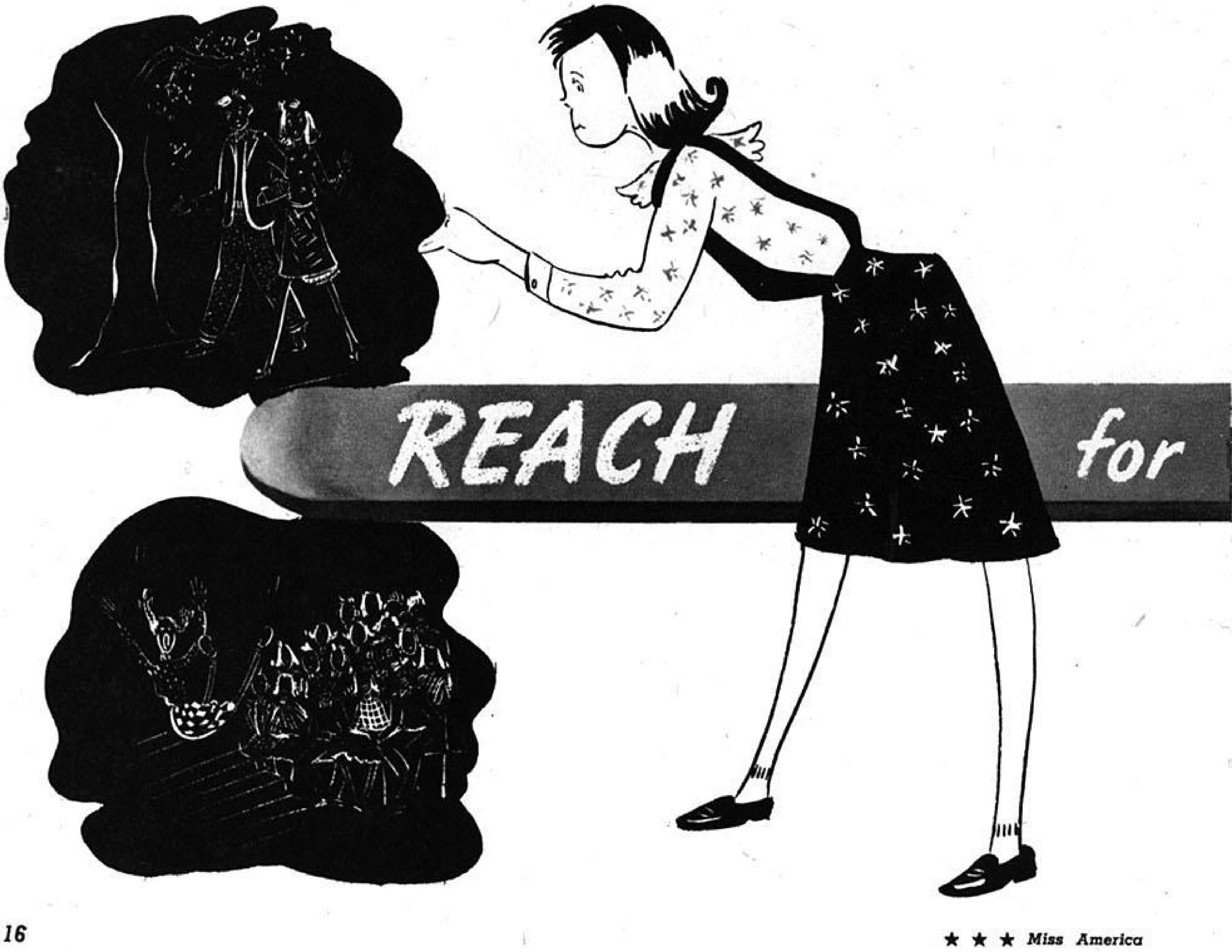

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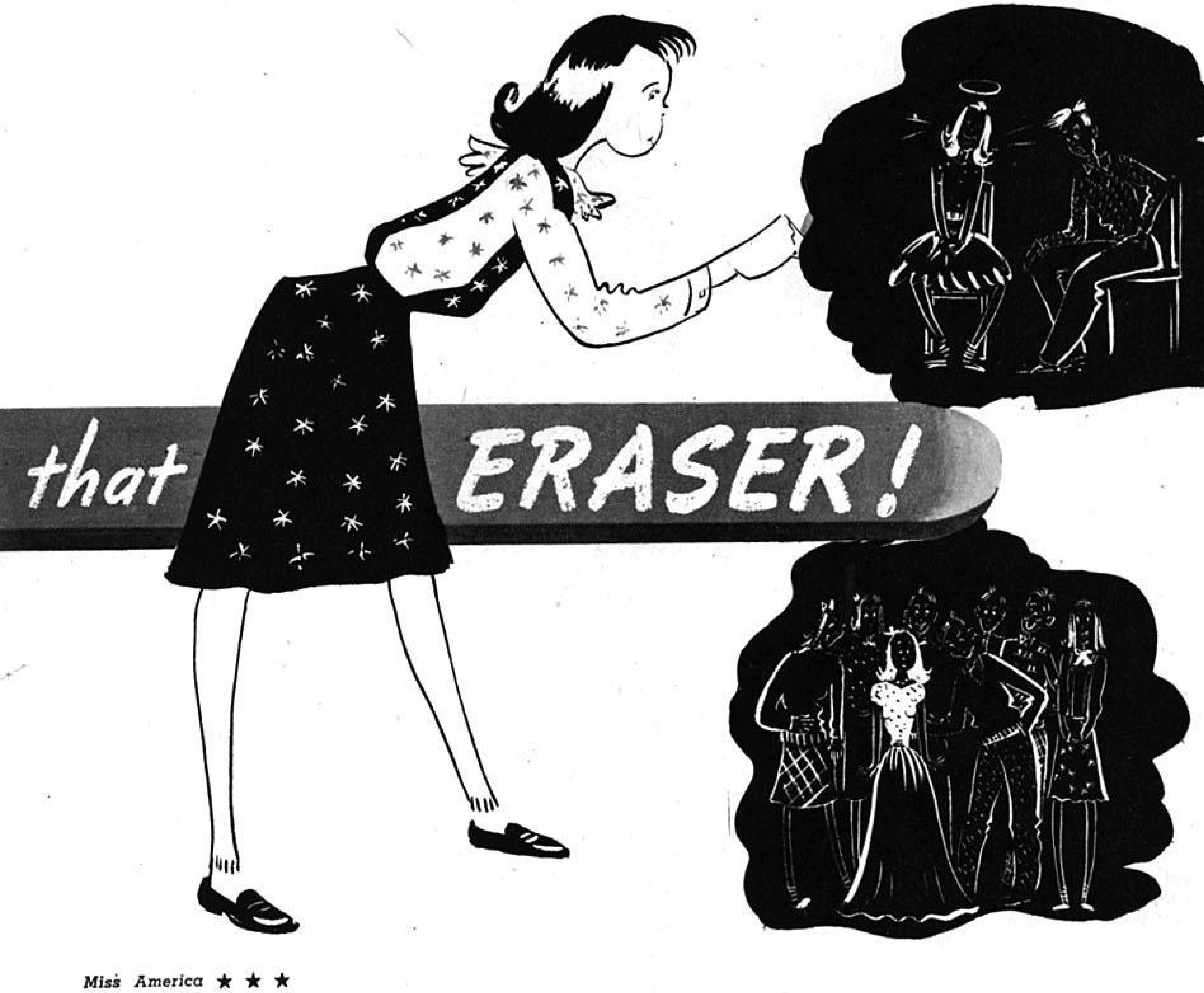
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A gal who uses her head . . . June demonstrates the "Southern mammy" style of carrying laundry, forcing perfect posture into play. And don't forget that smile!

Rub-a-dub-dub-a-dub . . . it's Junie scrubbin' the tub . . . And she's discovered the easiest way to make that bath tile smile. See how straight her back is, how high her shoulders?

Looks like K. P. but June doesn't mind, for it'll make her trim figure even trimmer. Leg muscles might protest at first, but with some practice they'll behave!

GOOD G-ROOM-ING..

"Homework" is fun . . . and figure-building, too . . . Pretty June Lockhart, M-G-M teen-ager, now starring in "Son of Lassie" shows you here how to give your rooms service with a smile . . .

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Making a clean sweep of things . . . Teen-age Junie advises here: draw elbows back, then lunge! It's great for developing chest and abdominal muscles (also for cleaning carpets!)

Bed-time story: Stay on the far side in smoothing bed wrinkles, pull abdomen in, and r-e-a-c-h!, says June. No fair shirking on hospital corners, "under cover," either!

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Here Junie goes after those tiny wisps and things which cause disorder. How does her garden grow? Much better, thank you, when it's kept trim and tidy!

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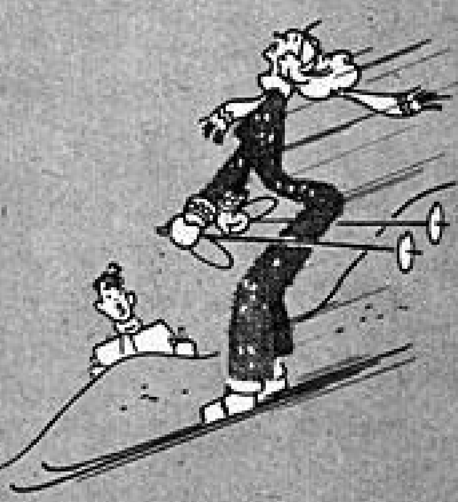
COUNT SKI...

By Mikki

THE HOT SEAT



RIDING FOR A FALL

What's your ski score? You'll laugh as you learn from this rollicking tale of the ups and downs of two would-be snow queens.

PEBBLES buried her head in the pillow. She knew it was a safe place to find it when she got up. She knew too, if she got up *now*, she'd wear a striped jumper for the rest of her life. Pebbles was fit for murder! And sister Sari was the potential victim.

It all started three years back when Brother Bill left the Dartmouth ski team to become a lieutenant in the ski troops. At that time Pebbles had little use for boys . . . in fact she had not even discovered that they weren't girls. But Sari had. Sari then was sixteen to Pebbles' thirteen. Even in those days Sari was a droolsome wench who was just a bit guy-goony.

With the man shortage, Sari went in for black marketing and soon had so many service pins on the pockets of her dirndls, that she became hip slappy.

Bill's first letters home from a snow camp on the West coast mentioned a Lieutenant Wrynowiski. He was a good egg. A Pole or a Russian who had gone thru the mill on the other side and after being wounded in combat, escaped to America via the underground. He had enlisted and been assigned to Bill's post as ski instructor. In fact he was so good, that both G.I.'s and officers affectionately called him Lieutenant Ski . . . for obvious reasons.

Bill's frequent letters mentioned more and more of Lieutenant Ski. They were buddies. Sari wasn't much interested, until the first snapshot of the two arrived. Prior to this Lt. Ski was just someone who was slightly water-logged. But to little Pebbles, he had always been a shining knight . . . a knight whose steeds were two hickory slivers, whose shining mail was a snow-white parka and his sword a gleaming Garand. Pebbles pictured him sweeping down Alaska's slopes and slaying hordes of Jap monsters in single combat. Maybe she had a keyhole in the calendar. Things certainly turned out as she had dreamed.

Sari thought Ski was a cute little skinhead with nice teeth and slightly loving-cup ears, but down in the middle of the letter which came with the picture, Bill mentioned the fact that Lt. Ski had received notice of his father's death, which left him a count or something. Sari needed a drool-cup after reading those lines.

Time has a habit of marching on, skipping the gutters, and cutting across back alleys. Sari would twitch her ears when newspaper clippings and Bill's letters from Alaska told of Lt. Ski winning a combat citation for schussing thru a Jap patrol and bringing relief to a wounded comrade. Lt. Ski climbing an unscalable escarpment to put a Jap machine gun pit out of action. Lt. Ski parachuting down to a rockstrewn wilderness, to bring out Bill with his own leg badly damaged. Ski got a medal for this. Sari however, was a paper doll. She wanted things near at hand, while little Pebbles dreamed a dream of meeting her hero, and being a fit companion for him.

Pebbles was so-called, by her folks, because she was a little bit of a thing. But they didn't know how aptly they had tagged her. When it came to determination, Peb was as sturdy as a rock. That's one of the reasons why as soon as the snow blanketed the ground, she donned a pair of hickories, and spent Sunday afternoons in the hills with Ole Jensen, the aged Norwegian handyman.

Peb learned a Christy swing while Sari was doing a Dorsey swing at the P.X. Peb took her falls in crystal snow, while big sister kept falling for air male after air male. After three years, Ole admitted that where the waxed hickories were concerned Pebbles had nothing more to learn. And then, as if in answer to her unspoken prayers a letter turned up.

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Which is the reason that Pebbles wanted to turn commando and hack her charming sister into hunks of non-rationed hamburger.

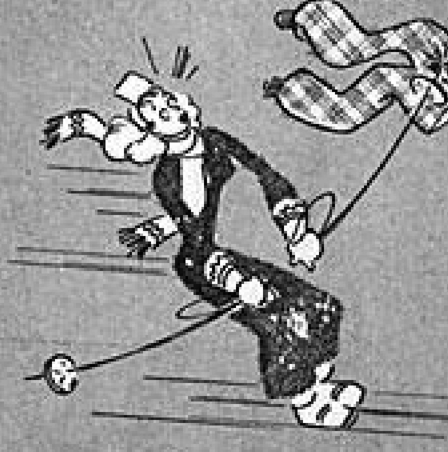
Sari insisted that Pebbles was much too young to stay away from home overnight, even under the watchful eyes of her sister and brother. This, of course, started mother worrying. Pebbles protested, but mother merely said, "Wait until dad comes home . . . he'll settle it."

It looked like the end (*Continued on page* **61**)

BABY'S BOOTIES

HIYA REPULSIVE

SECRET WEAPON



HOW PANTASTIC!

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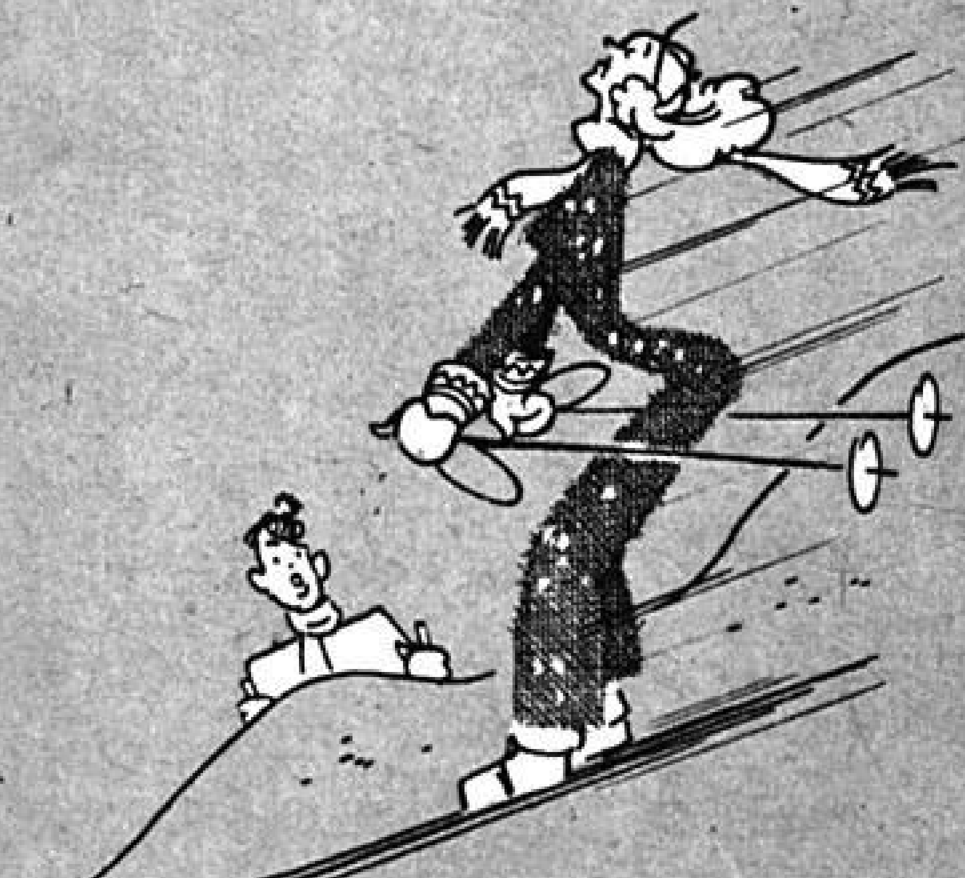

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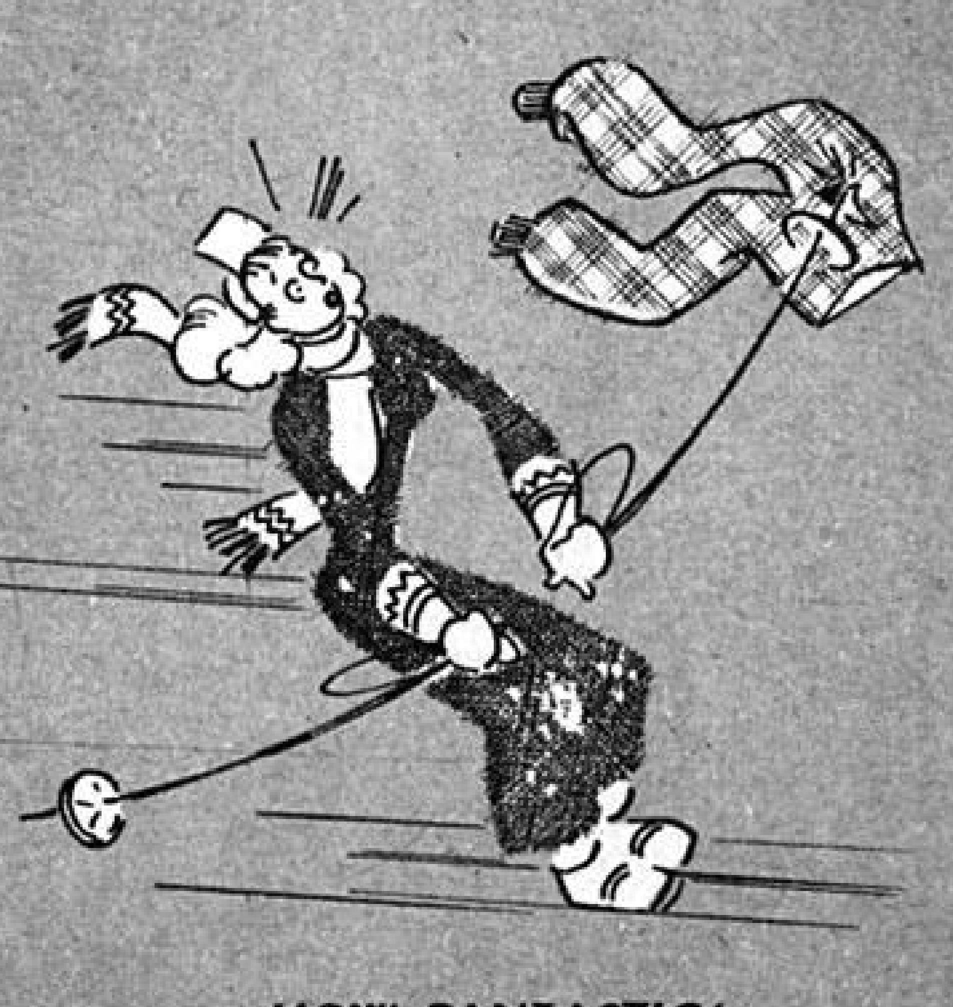


HOW PANTASTIC!

CHRISTMAS CONFECTIONS

Make this the sweetest Xmas ever by giving your friends the kind of gifts that'll make their mouths water . . . Our cooker-upper shows you how . . .

by Ruth Baller

CHRISTMASTIME is candy 'n' cooky time —and gift time, too. It's not a bit too soon to begin to make out your Christmas shopping list right now. It's quite something to be able to stretch your allowance so that everybody on your Christmas list will receive a present. How? By making candies 'n' cookies, of course! They're lots of fun to make, taste so delish, and boy, they sure are an acceptable and welcome gift—'specially these days. At the mention of home-made sweets you may say—what about the sugar shortage and rationing? Well, MISS AMERICA has discovered SWEETOSE—a new kind of corn syrup that's twice as sweet as standard syrups, easy to digest, contains a high amount of dextrose (quick-energy food). It's nutritious, delishous 'n' not rationed! So ask Mother if and when you may use her kitchen, and promise to leave it spick 'n' span. First, write out a marketing list of all the ingredients you must buy. Be sure you get Staley's Sweetose Golden Syrup for super results. If you have some left over, your mother will make good use of it in her cooking, baking, canning, preserving; in fact, wherever sweetening is needed. **BROWNIES** are a favorite with everyone, and here's a recipe that will make you famous. They're so yummy, you'd better double the recipe while you're at it.

BROWNIES

¼ cup shortening
½ cup brown sugar, tightly packed
½ cup Sweetose Golden Syrup
2 eggs
2 squares (2 ozs.) chocolate, melted
½ cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup walnuts, chopped

Cream shortening; add sugar, SWEETOSE and eggs. Beat well. Add melted chocolate, and blend. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Blend sifted dry ingredients and nuts into the creamed chocolate mixture. Pour into a greased pan (8½-inch square pan), spread batter evenly. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes. Makes 16 2-inch squares.

Here's a recipe for **REFRIGERATOR COOKIES** (the dough may be prepared and stored in the refrigerator for days 'n' days so that fresh cookies may be baked when needed). They're tops—so good they "take the cake"! They keep well, but they don't keep, if you know what I mean. They're easy to make, no fuss at all, just mix the dough according to the directions, shape in a long, round roll, wrap in waxed paper, and store in refrigerator until ready to bake.

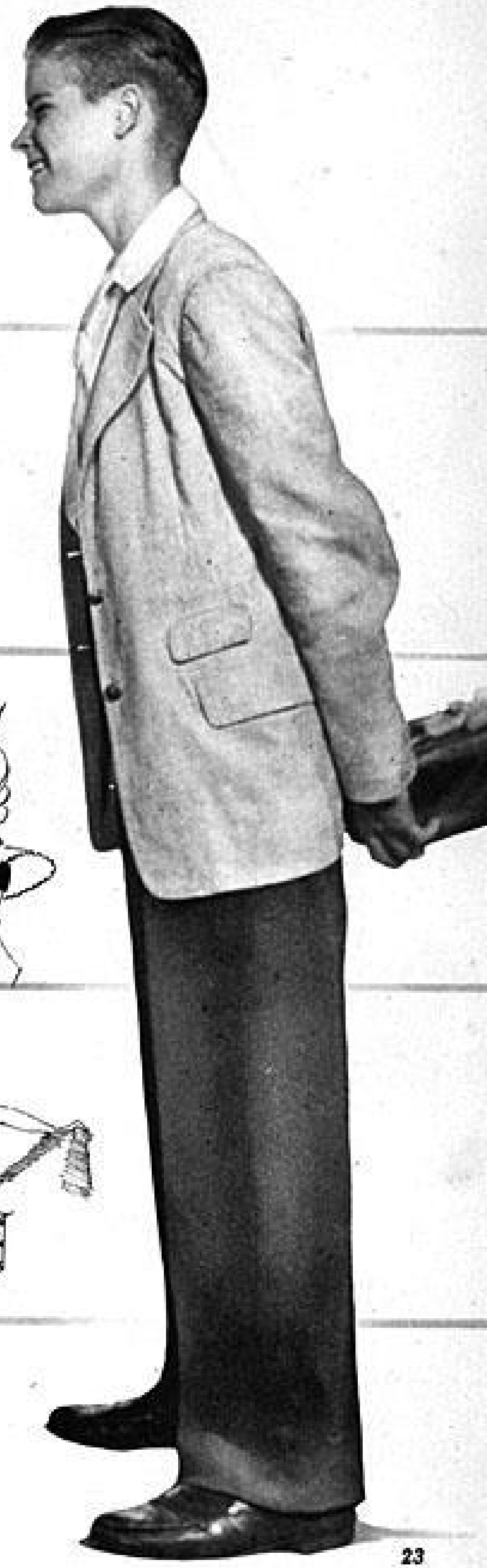
REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
⅓ cup Sweetose Crystal or Golden Syrup
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon vanilla
1¾ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening; add sugar a little at a time, creaming well after each addition. Add SWEETOSE, gradually, and continue creaming. Add about one-third of egg at a time; beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add sifted dry ingredients to creamed mixture, blending well. Shape in a roll, two inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper, cover ends so that dough will not dry out. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Slice very thin (⅛ inch), place on an ungreased baking sheet, and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for about 8-10 minutes. Makes 4 dozen 2-inch cookies.

CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

Stir in 1 square (1 oz.) melted chocolate after egg has been added. *(Continued on page 55)*



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CONFECTIONS

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CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

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"Pretty is as pretty does," said Grandma . . . And pretty does very well indeed if you know how to get that way. Here's the smart gal's method . . .

Face Facts . . .

DID you ever stand before a counter full of cold creams, vanishing creams, foundation creams, astringents, skin fresheners, powders, eye shadows and goodness-knows-what-else, wondering just what out of all the display would actually make you look prettier than you look now?

To answer that question, this is what you should do. Take off all your make-up and wash your face. No face ever looks its best except when it is perfectly clean. Now comb your hair in the most becoming style. This is so that your hair cannot possibly take away from the attractiveness of your face. Then go away from the mirror and do something else for a few minutes—something that will make you feel happy, so that your face will have the best possible expression.

Now look in the mirror again. Don't look with any particular idea in mind. Just look. Then turn away again.

What did you see? Answer quickly before you have time to think of what the right answer should be.

Did you notice an eyebrow or, maybe, the fact that there were no eyebrows? Then your eyebrows are wrong. Did you notice a long upper lip. Then your lips are wrong. Did you notice large pores or blackheads? Then your skin is wrong. It's unfortunate, but people see first what is wrong.

Be sure that you don't think you saw something you didn't see. Maybe, you know you have a prominent nose so you (*Continued on page 36*)

By Karen Van Lissel

—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"

Are you a scaredycat? Of what? Why? Dr. Oliven, your advisor on BODY AND SOUL, the man who knows what makes us "do like we do", explains it all to you . . .

by John Oliven, M.D.

EVERY time Phyllis had to get up in front of the class and give a little talk, the bottom dropped out of her courage. Her face would become chalky white, her stomach cramped, her throat felt tight and her heart thumped like mad. Not that Phyllis was really scared, because there wasn't anything to be scared of. She knew what she wanted to say, and the girls down there were her friends. But she just couldn't help getting pale and all tensed up.

Sometimes we are scared and don't know it. But our body always seems to know, and it acts up and embarrasses us no end. The famous Lie Detector which makes the front pages of the newspapers every once in a while is in part based on the strange things which happen to our body when we are scared.

Have you ever heard of the Rice Test they use in India? When a crime has been committed in that country and they can't find the culprit, they round up all the suspects and give each a handful of rice to chew. After a while they make them spit the rice on a leaf. The person whose rice has stayed dry and grainy is considered guilty. And it seems that sheriffs there rarely make mistakes.

Does this sound like hokum or witchcraft to you? It isn't. The solution lies in one little word:

(*Continued on page* 71)

AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
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—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH
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—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
—"AND I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"
WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT!"

HAPPY DAYS!

by Maxine Shore

Football Schedule
PROM

WANT to be happy? Of course — everyone does! Our own immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, recognizes that universal fact by referring to the "inalienable" right of each one of us to "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness."

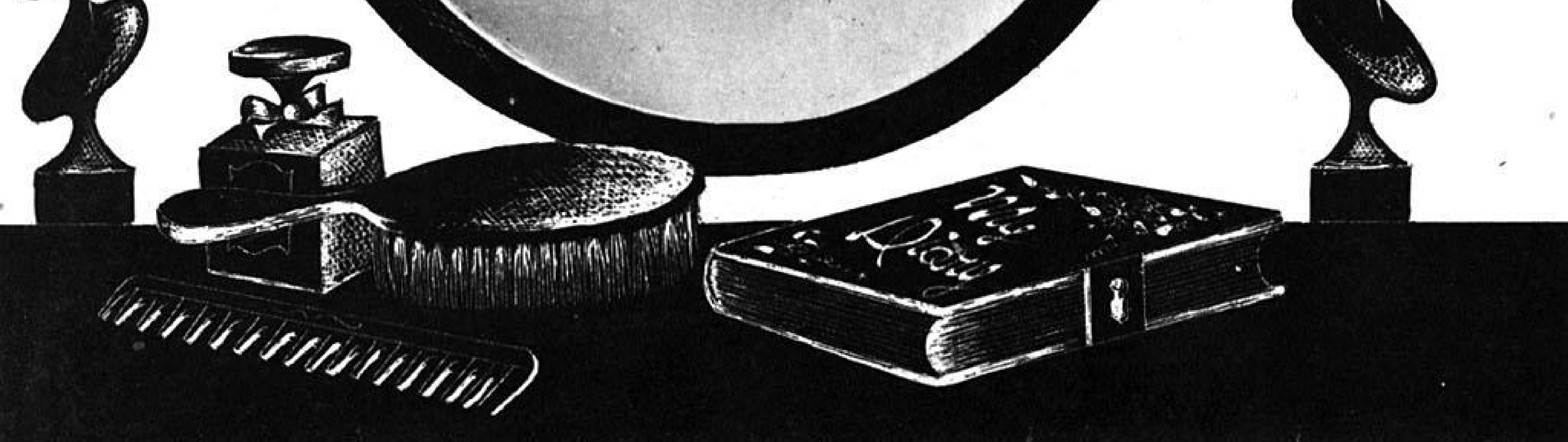
But that pursuit business. Ah, there's the catch—and the challenge. Happiness often seems, especially in these hectic days, about as fleeting as pre-war steaks and sugar, doesn't it? You just get to thinking it's under your own private lock and key when—whoosh—gone again! Your heart goes dark as a summer sky clouding up to rain.

Happiness isn't something you can hold in your hand—or see, or hear, or taste. Maybe that's why it seems so will-o'-the-wispish. A wise man once said that happiness wasn't a goal in itself, that it was most likely to be attained when least sought after.

That's true, isn't it? Haven't you seen people just *determined* to have a good time, no matter what the cost? They're actually almost grim about it, underneath those fixed smiles and too-bright eyes.

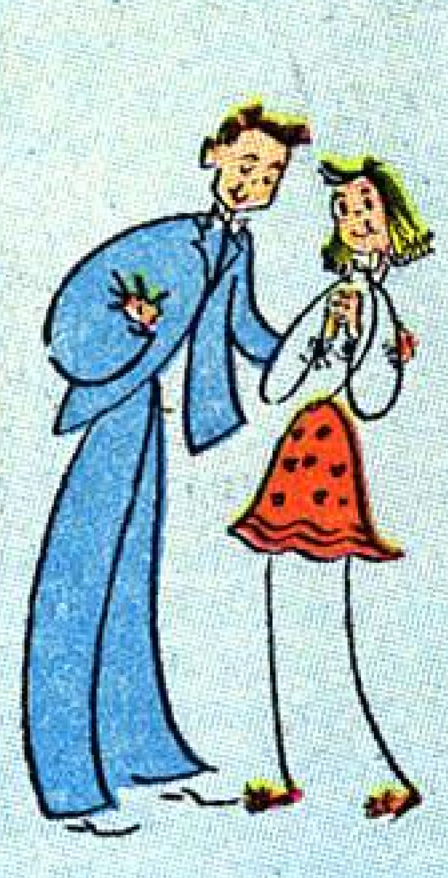
Take Sally, for instance. She goes to a party strenuously intent on just one thing—to enjoy *herself*. Full of desperate animation, spilling high-pitched laughter all over the place, she practically wears herself out completely—and everyone else as well. After she gets home, she's probably exhausted and secretly feels like left-over utility meat. The only seeming —and not genuine— (*Continued on page* 65)

We all want to be happy. But did you know that happiness takes ability to savour the full flavor of a precious moment? Oh, there's a knack to it . . . a knack well worth your knowing



VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

Hollywood, Calif.



Dear Betty Ann—

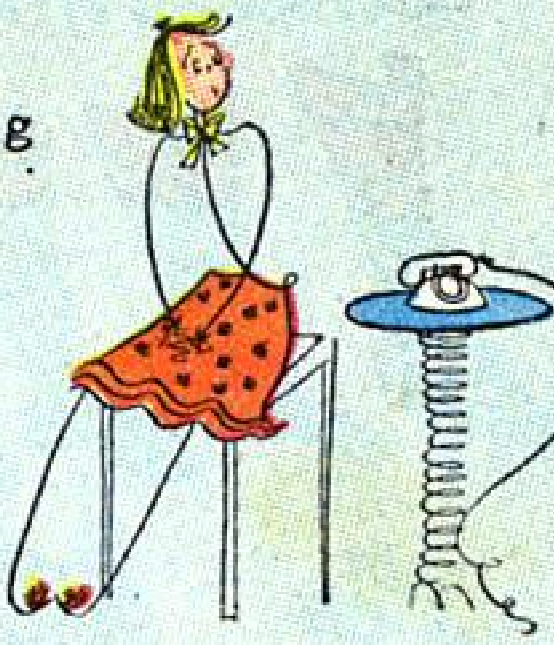
School again--and my heart just isn't in it. Don't ask me why because the kids are perfect, and Walter Miller is good-looking all of a sudden. His voice doesn't crack and creak any more and it's romantically way down low. Besides, last summer he took some dancing lessons, and— well, we have really begun to find each other.

But somehow I feel that I must get my professional life going. And honestly, I don't know what profession to take up.

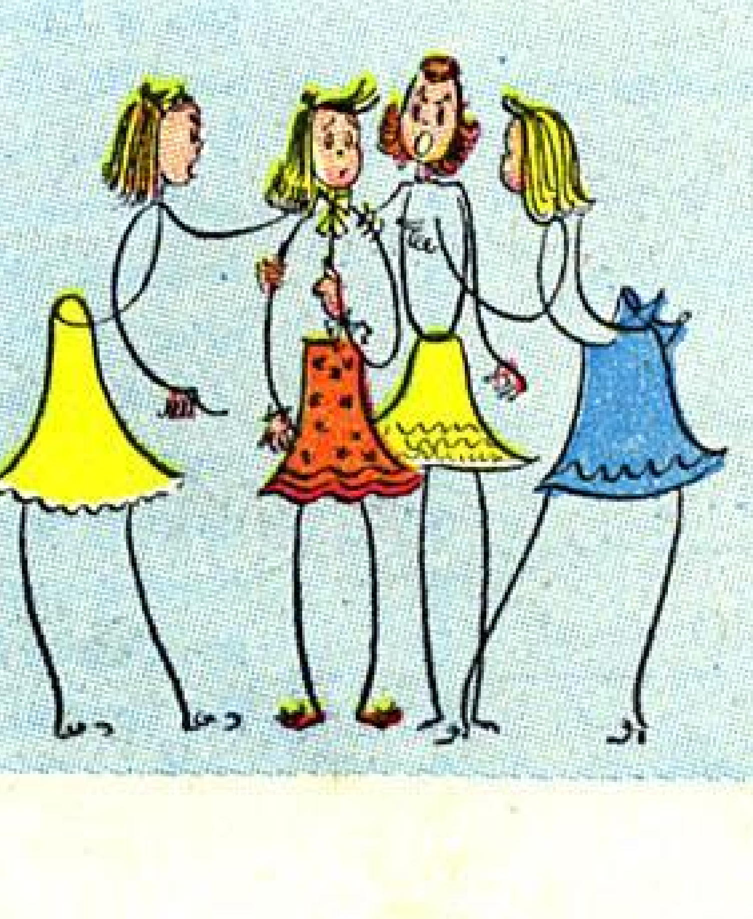
When I speak to Pops about this, he says, "Take up cooking and home management and make a career of getting married and keeping a good home and setting a good table and raising a family like your mother!"

I tell Pops that I just can't express myself in home management classes. I need something colorful and slightly mysterious and glamorous to inspire me. And Pop shrugs his shoulders, and Mom says, "Now remember, dear, Vicky's going through that age!"

One gay thing happened this week, however! I was window-wishing down Hollywood Boulevard, and was looking at the pictures in front of Warner's Hollywood Theater when out walked Eric Sinclair. Golly, I didn't know whether to rush to him or not. I finally decided to do the more ladylike thing. So I just stood there and politely looked at him. But all of the time I was using my mental (Continued on page 28)



NOW SHOWING



Vicky ALMOST has a date with Eric Sinclair!...But oh! those complications...

telepathy. I was saying over and over, "Eric, look over here. I am looking at you. Look over here. Look at Vicky Dunford." And it worked!

Eric was very nice and what do you suppose he said? He said that he had been going to call me and invite me over to Jane Withers' house to a swim party all summer just like he promised. Except that when Jane returned from her show in New York, she had to rent another house, because her house with the swimming pool had been leased in her absence.

"So we can't have a swimming party," he said. "But Gloria Jean and May Mann and I are going to have a picnic party up at Griffith Park. I suggested bringing you, and the girls said, 'Of course'."

So Betts I am marking time, wondering when and if he will call me.

I have decided on my red slacks and a green coat and I think I'll tie a white scarf around my head. Wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone should think that I should go into the movies too? Maybe somebody will discover me.

Of course I couldn't keep it a secret. Who could? I only mentioned it to Sally and Bev and Lizabeth and about five other girls at school that Eric was inviting me to a movie star picnic, and first thing they want to be invited too. About ten of my closest and dearest friends say that if I am a real friend I'll see that they get to go. I'm really on the spot, Betts.

Sometimes I think maybe it would be simpler if I just got the measles or something and couldn't go. Then the gang couldn't blame me if they aren't invited. But I just couldn't turn down an invitation from Eric, he's such a dream. And he's a movie star besides!

So I am marking time.

Rusty didn't go into the service after all. That broken leg from football last year disqualified him. So now he's going to U.C.L.A. He's still my secret big moment, as you know but of course Eric's being an actor is so enchanting!

Rusty knows Bob Waterfield at U.C.L.A., who is married to Jane Russell. Some day when they have a party or big field day, Rusty's going to take me and I may be meeting Jane. Which just shows you how I will probably be getting right into Hollywood's Movie Set before I know it.

As soon as I know a few more movie people better, I am going to give a party. I do hope, Betty Ann, that you will be back here in Hollywood by then.

I can't put my heart into writing much now. I am so restless. Mom says it is growing pains. But I know better. I am so anxious for the telephone to ring and for Eric Sinclair to say, "I am calling you to invite you to the picnic, Miss Dunford." But what'll I do about asking him if I can bring Sally and Bev and Lizabeth etc. etc. etc?

I don't want to risk my social standing at school and all because of knowing a movie star. It is a very precarious situation. So what'll I do . . . ?

Your loving and devoted friend,

Vicky.

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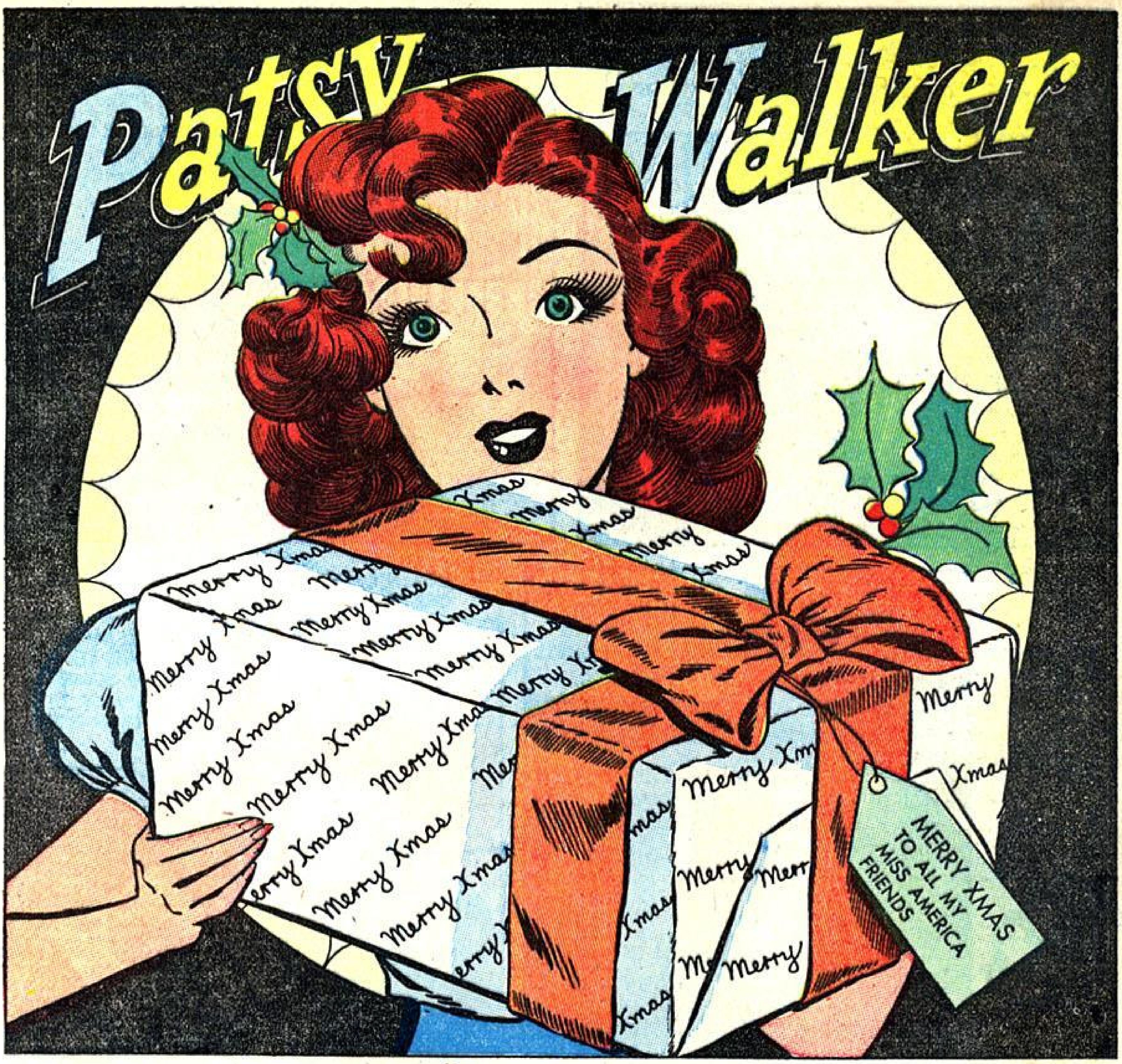
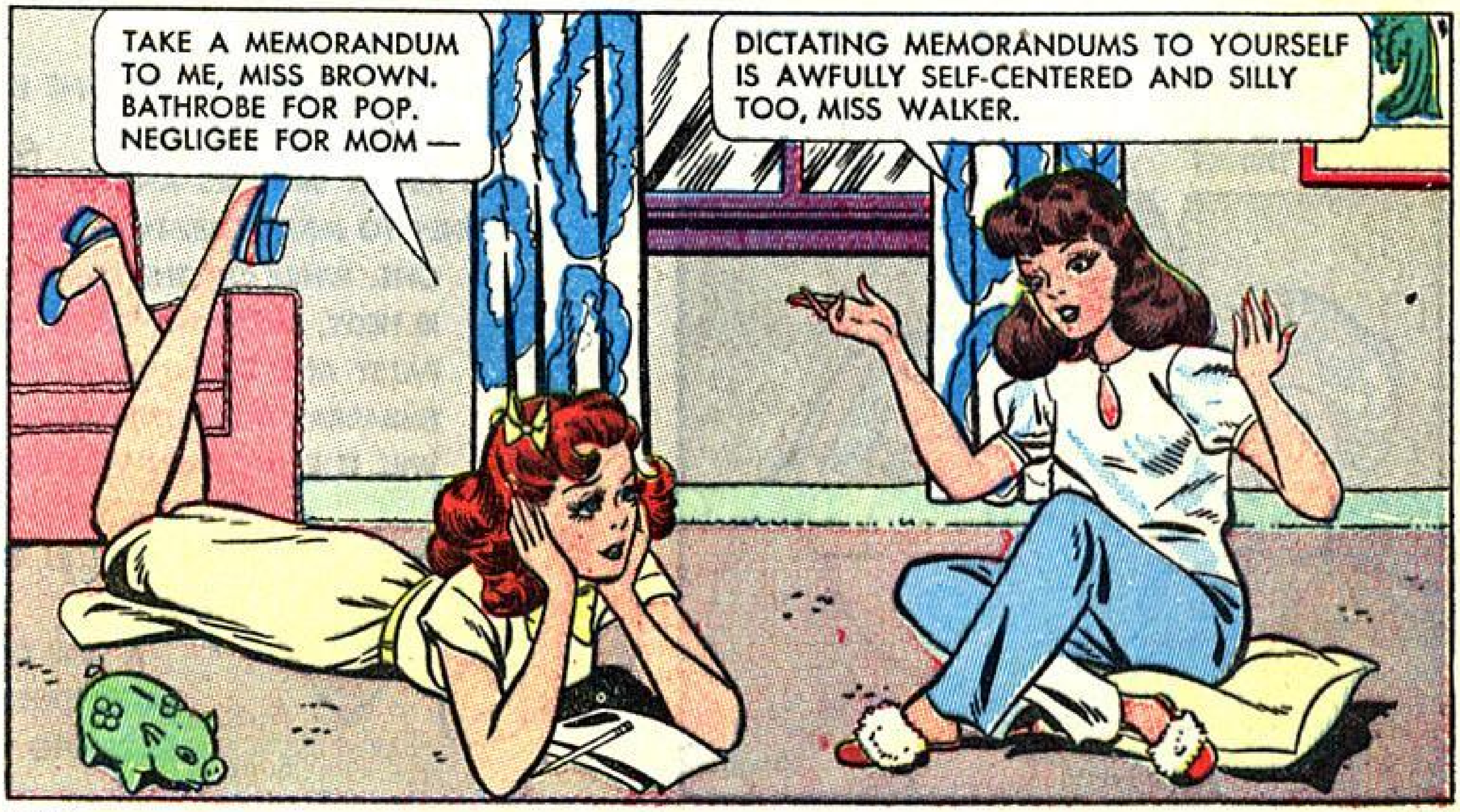
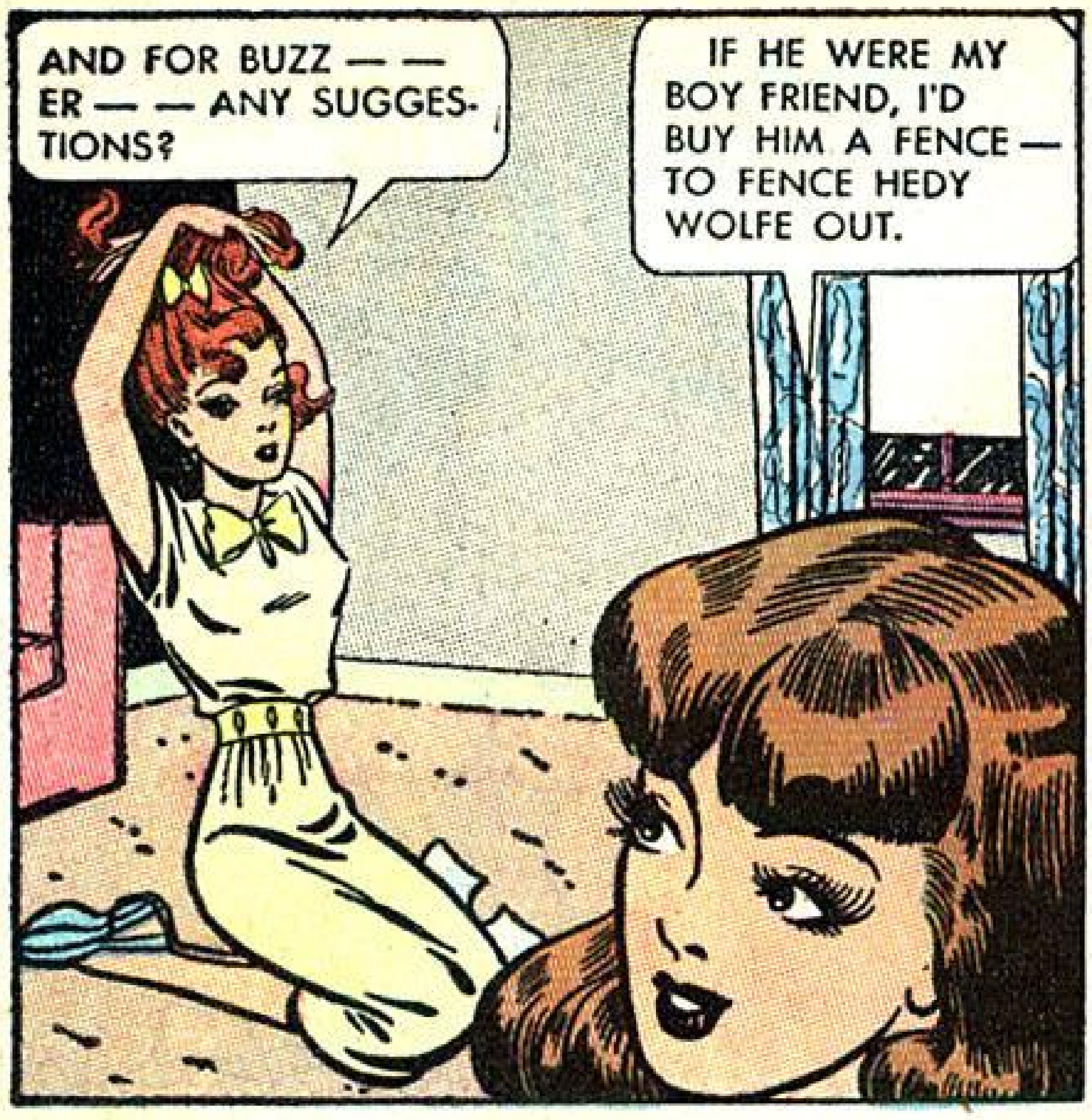
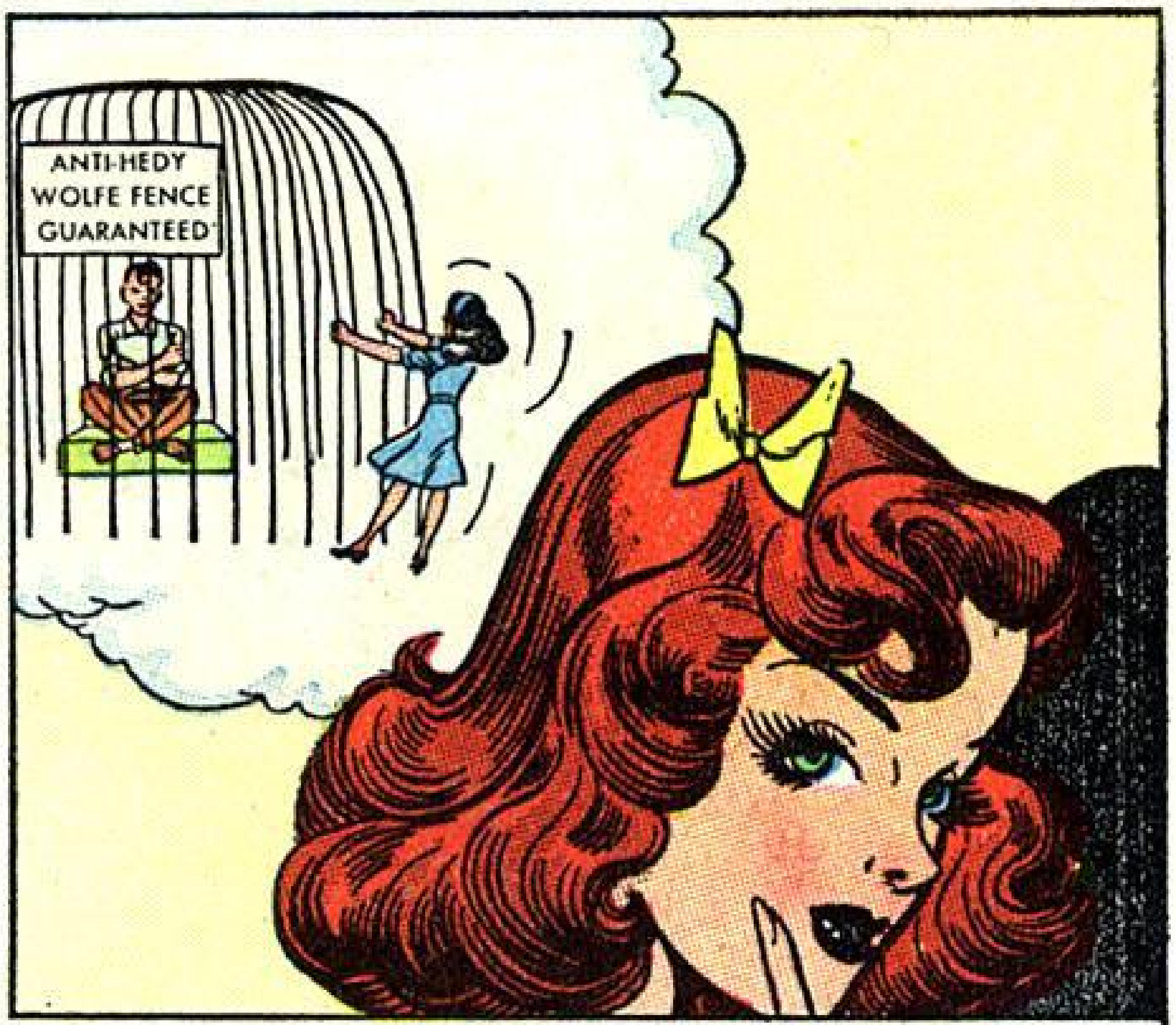

Patsy Walker
MERRY XMAS TO ALL MY MISS AMERICA FRIENDS
Merry Xmas

WELL, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW SHOPPING WEEKS LEFT UNTIL YOU — KNOW-WHAT— — — SO — — —

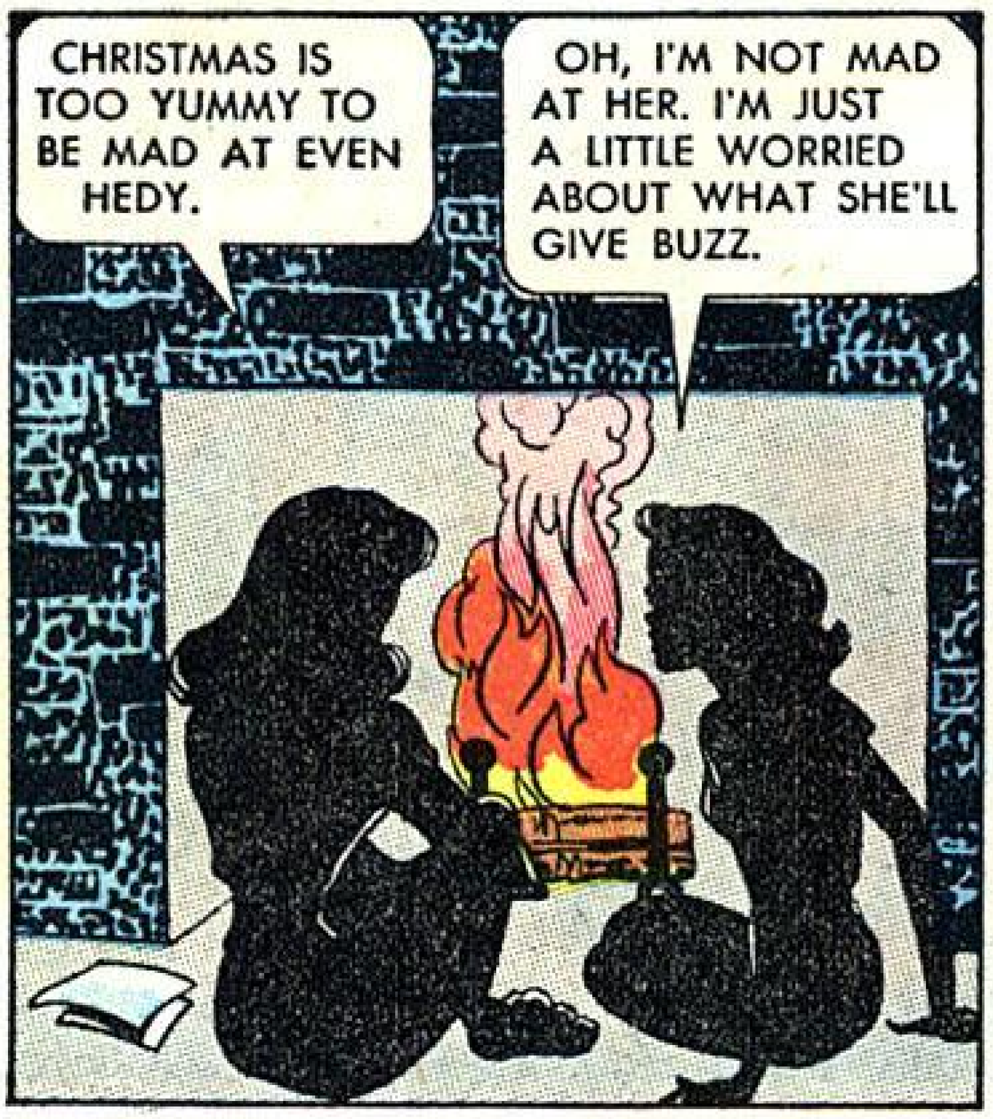

TAKE A MEMORANDUM TO ME, MISS BROWN. BATHROBE FOR POP. NEGLIGEE FOR MOM —
DICTATING MEMORANDUMS TO YOURSELF IS AWFULLY SELF-CENTERED AND SILLY TOO, MISS WALKER.


AND FOR BUZZ — — ER — — ANY SUGGESTIONS?
IF HE WERE MY BOY FRIEND, I'D BUY HIM A FENCE — TO FENCE HEDY WOLFE OUT.

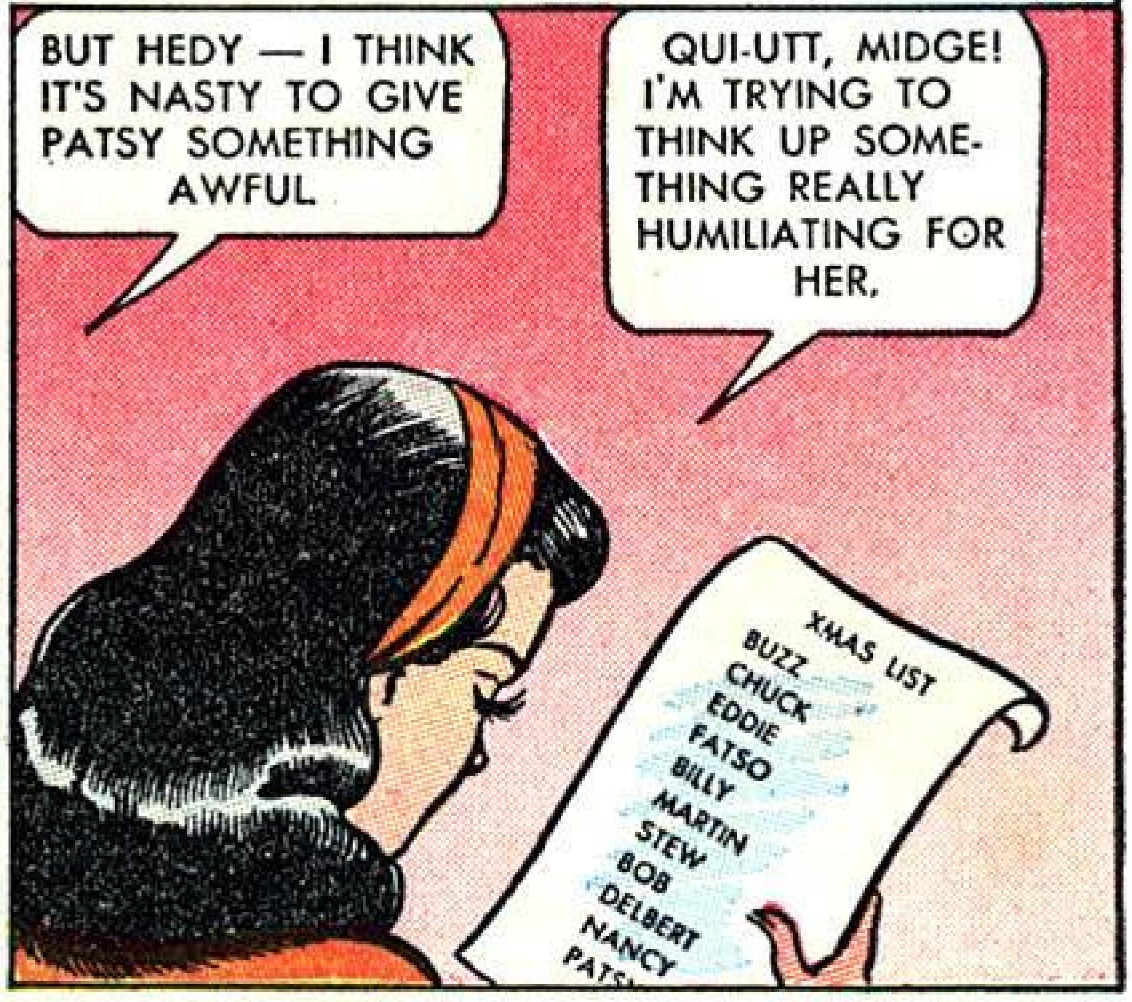
COME, COME, PATSY. MUSTN'T THINK UNKINDLY THOUGHTS AT CHRISTMASTIME.

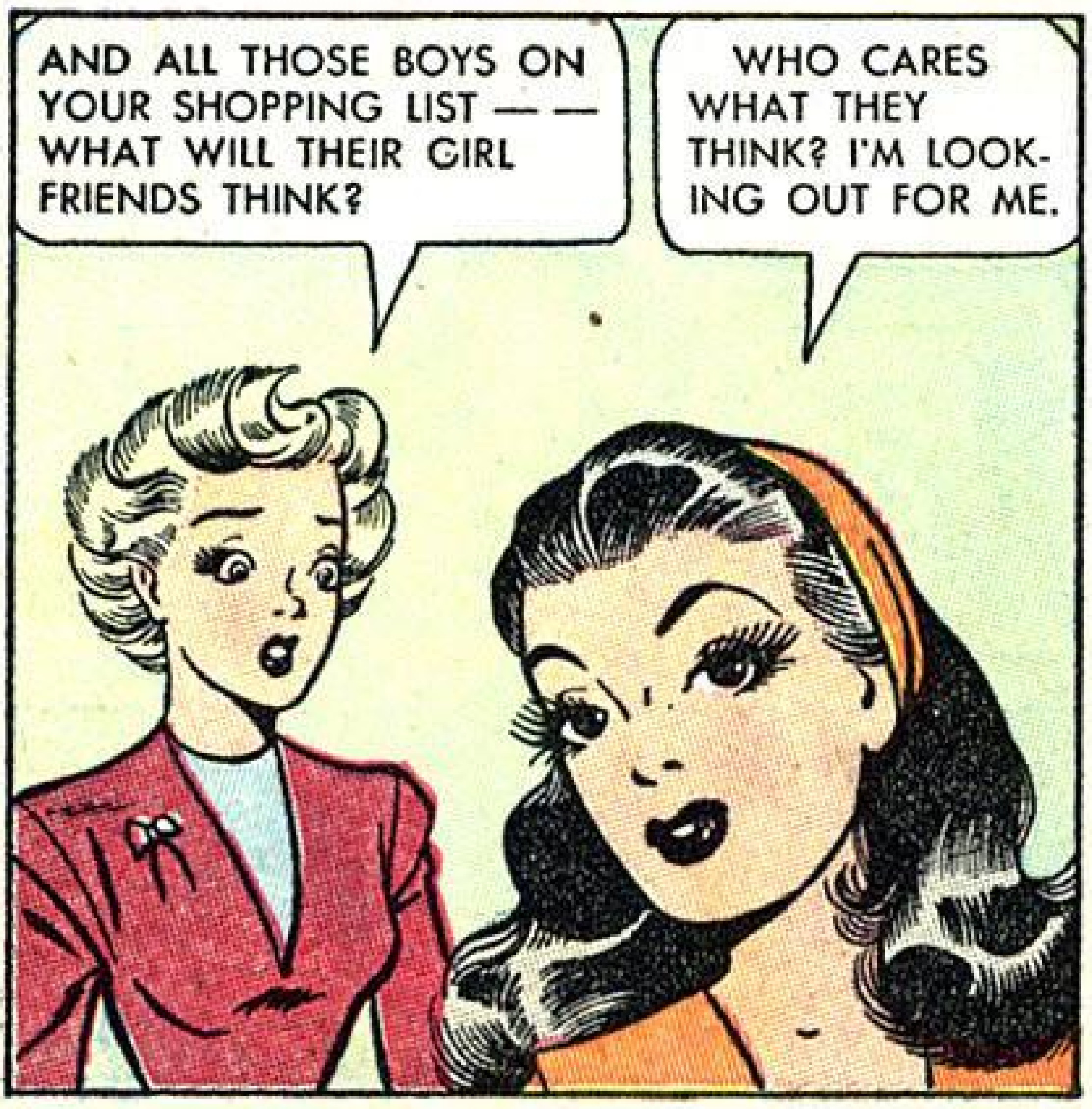

ANTI-HEDY WOLFE FENCE GUARANTEED

THE KINDLY SPIRIT OF YULE TIME BANISHES FRACTIOUS THOUGHTS.


CHRISTMAS IS TOO YUMMY TO BE MAD AT EVEN HEDY.
OH, I'M NOT MAD AT HER. I'M JUST A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT WHAT SHE'LL GIVE BUZZ.

DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HEDY HAS THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN HER HEART.

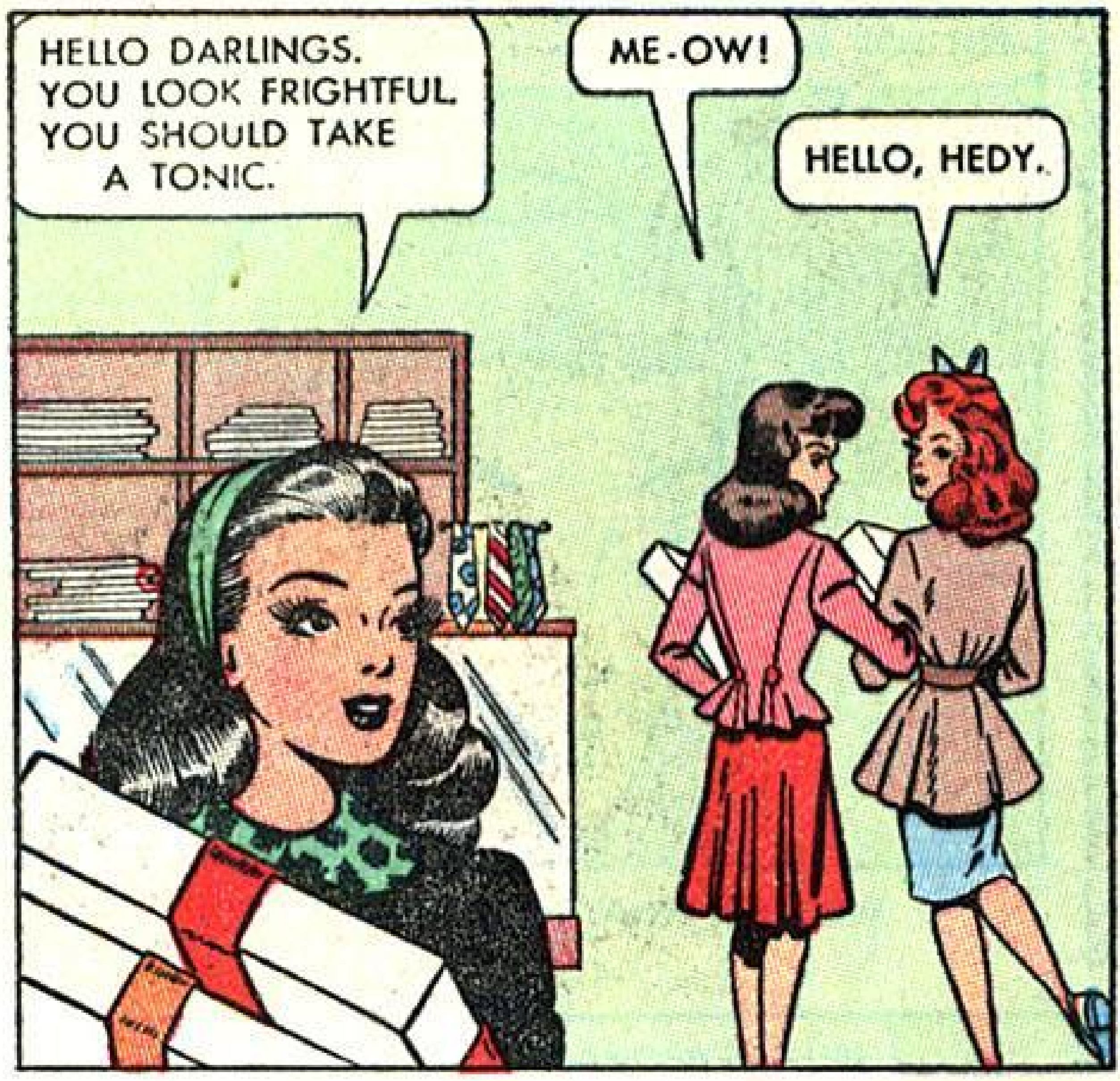

BUT HEDY — I THINK IT'S NASTY TO GIVE PATSY SOMETHING AWFUL.
QUI-UTT, MIDGE! I'M TRYING TO THINK UP SOMETHING REALLY HUMILIATING FOR HER.
XMAS LIST
BUZZ
CHUCK
EDDIE
FATSO
BILLY
MARTIN
STEW
BOB
DELBERT
NANCY
PATS


AND ALL THOSE BOYS ON YOUR SHOPPING LIST — — WHAT WILL THEIR GIRL FRIENDS THINK?
WHO CARES WHAT THEY THINK? I'M LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

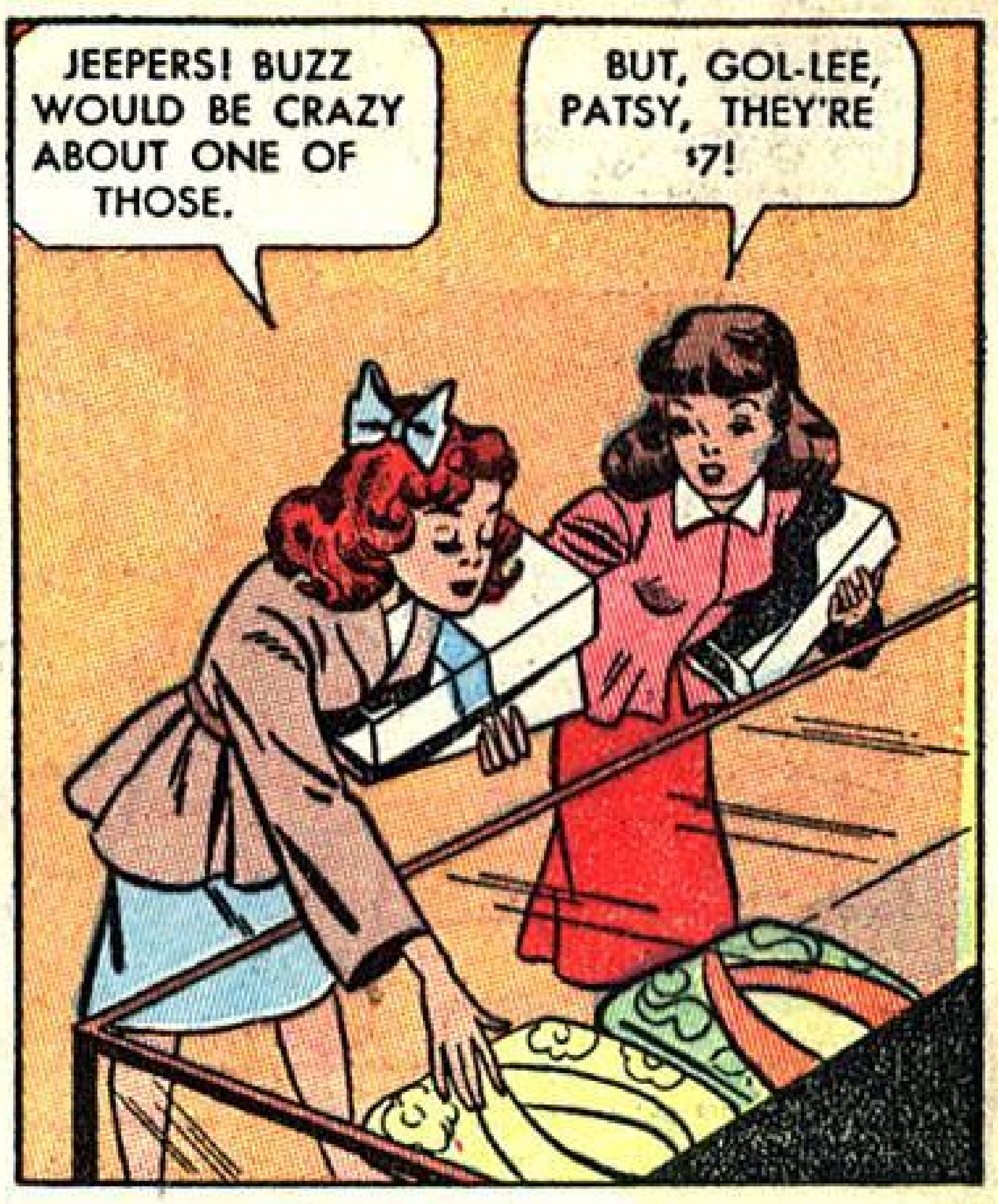
HAPPY HUMILIATION TO PATSY FROM HEDY

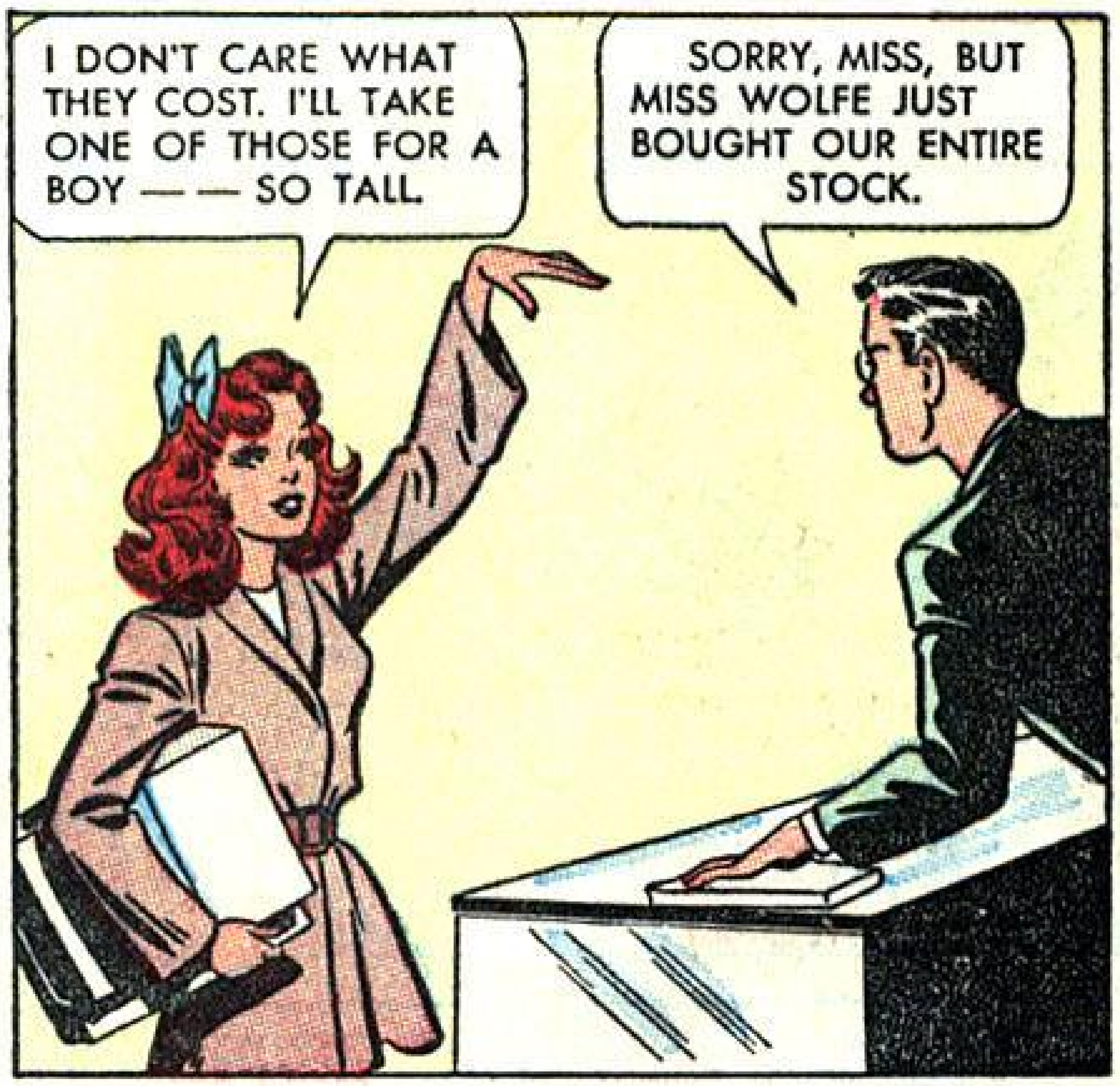
SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. ON ONE HAND HERE ARE PATSY AND NANCY, IMBUED WITH GOOD AND KINDLY IMPULSES AND ANXIOUS ONLY TO MAKE CHRISTMAS HAPPIER FOR EVERY ONE. WHILE ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE IS HEDY, PLANNING TO STEAL BUZZ FROM PATSY AND TO HUMILIATE PATSY WITH AN EMBARRASSING CHRISTMAS PRESENT. HOW WILL IT COME OUT? WILL HEDY CAPTURE BUZZ OR WILL — — — WELL, LET'S GET ON WITH THE STORY . . .

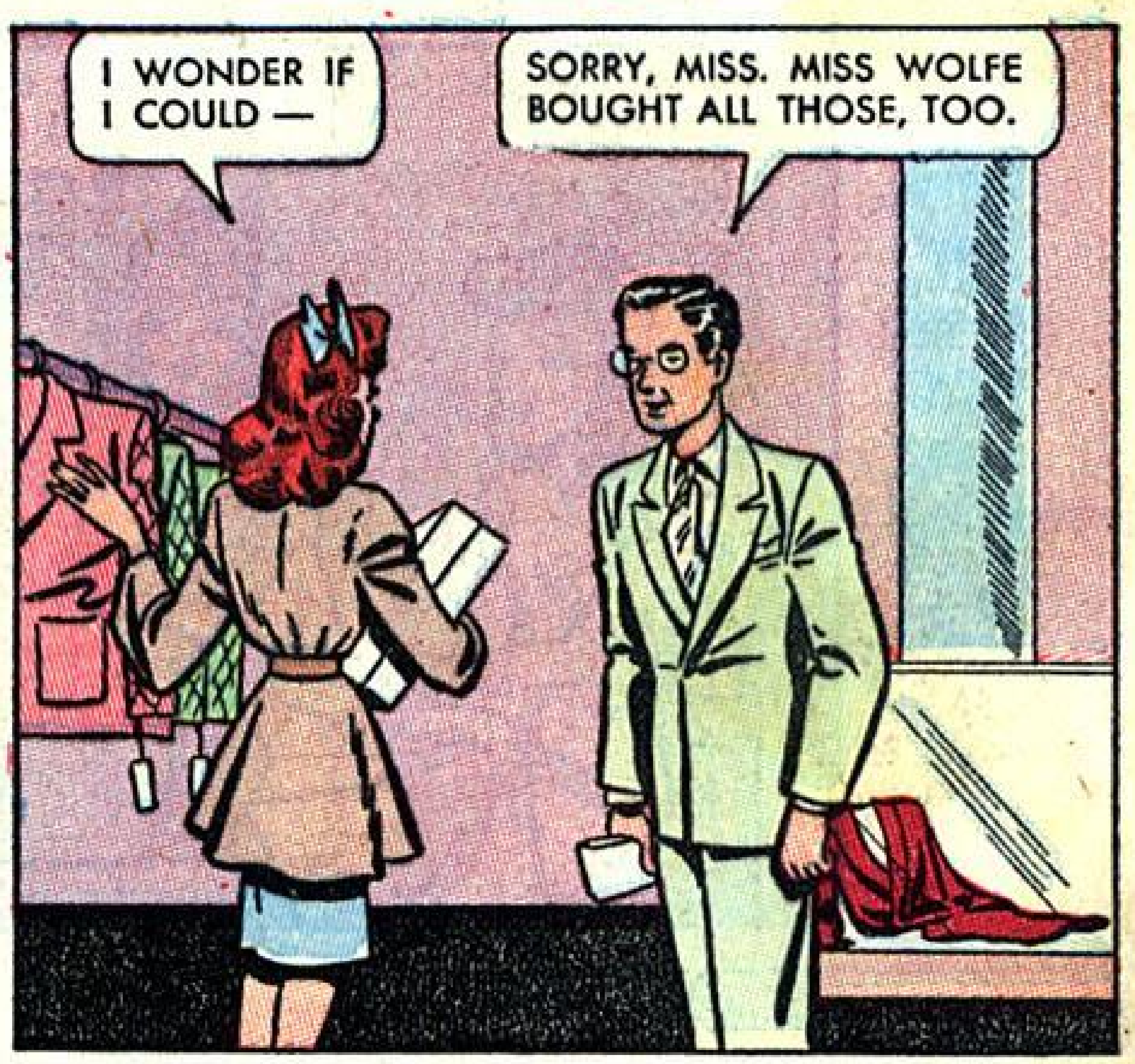
A FEW DAYS LATER, DURING A SHOPPING TOUR — — —


HELLO DARLINGS. YOU LOOK FRIGHTFUL. YOU SHOULD TAKE A TONIC.
ME-OW!
HELLO, HEDY.

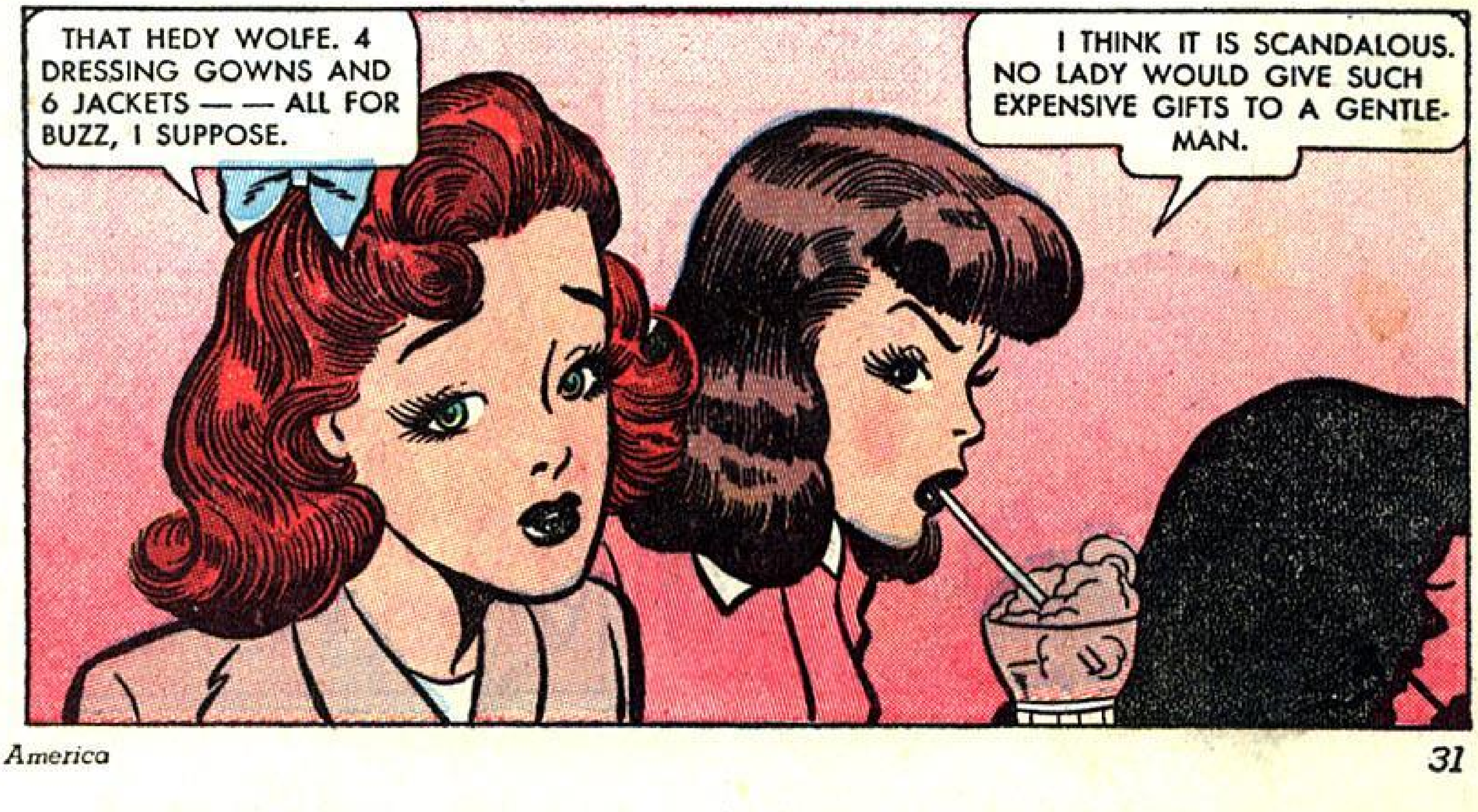
HEDY SWISHES AWAY, SMIRKING AND...


JEEPERS! BUZZ WOULD BE CRAZY ABOUT ONE OF THOSE.
BUT, GOL-LEE, PATSY, THEY'RE $7!

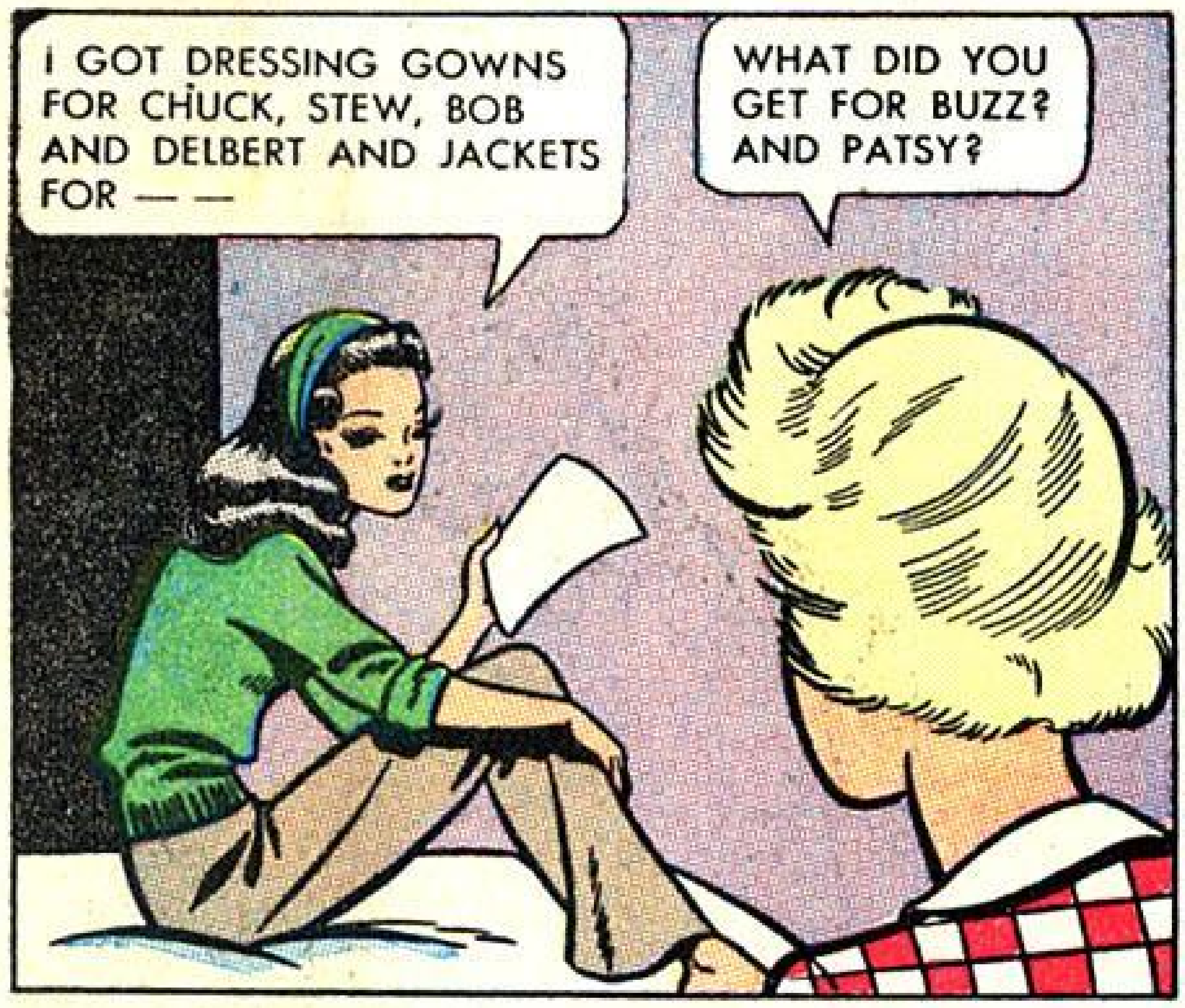

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY COST. I'LL TAKE ONE OF THOSE FOR A BOY — — SO TALL.
SORRY, MISS, BUT MISS WOLFE JUST BOUGHT OUR ENTIRE STOCK.

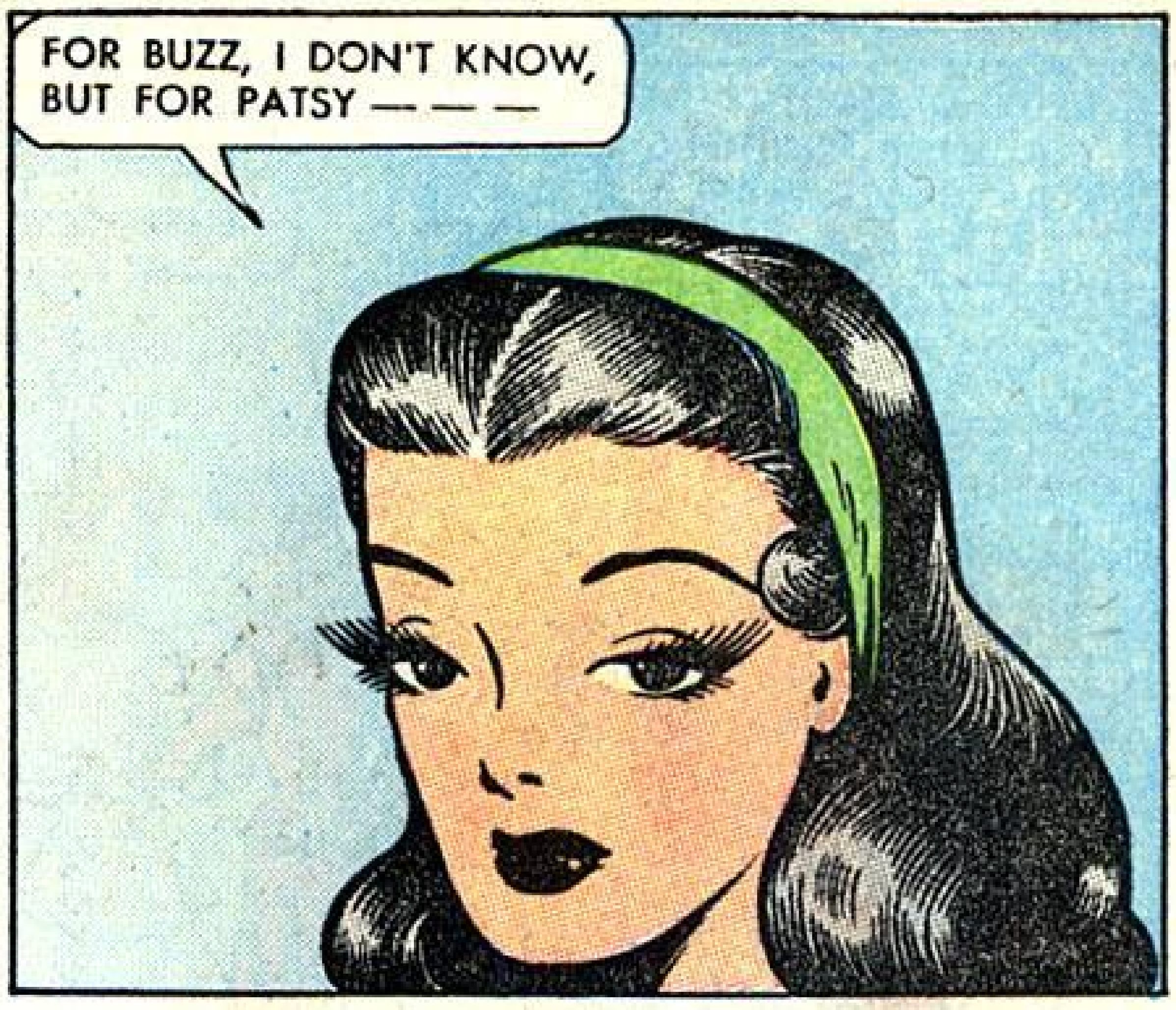

I WONDER IF I COULD —
SORRY, MISS. MISS WOLFE BOUGHT ALL THOSE, TOO.

FINALLY, THE TIRED SHOPPERS STOP FOR A SODA...


THAT HEDY WOLFE. 4 DRESSING GOWNS AND 6 JACKETS — — ALL FOR BUZZ, I SUPPOSE.
I THINK IT IS SCANDALOUS. NO LADY WOULD GIVE SUCH EXPENSIVE GIFTS TO A GENTLEMAN.

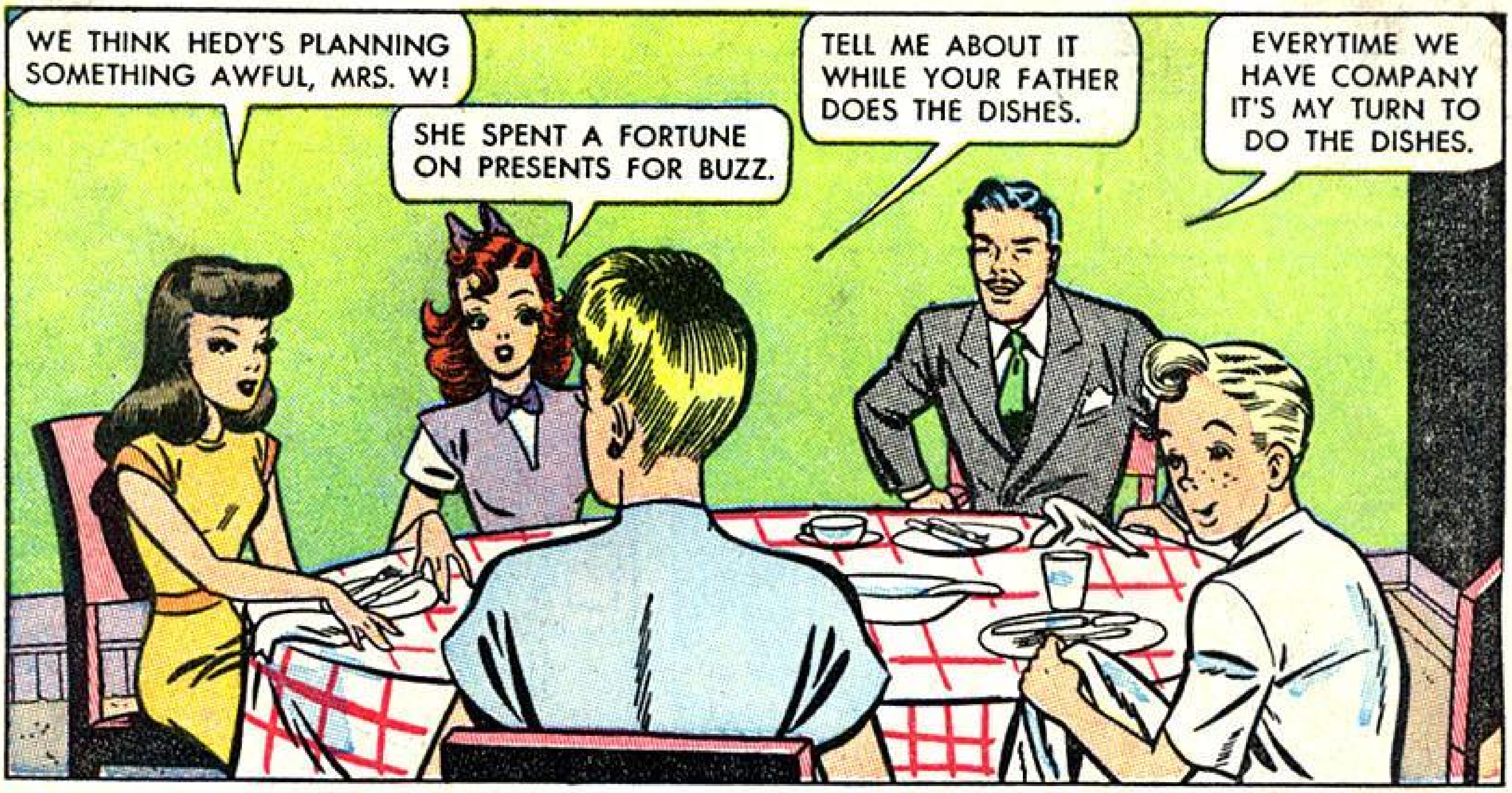
MEANWHILE, AT HEDY'S HOME — — —

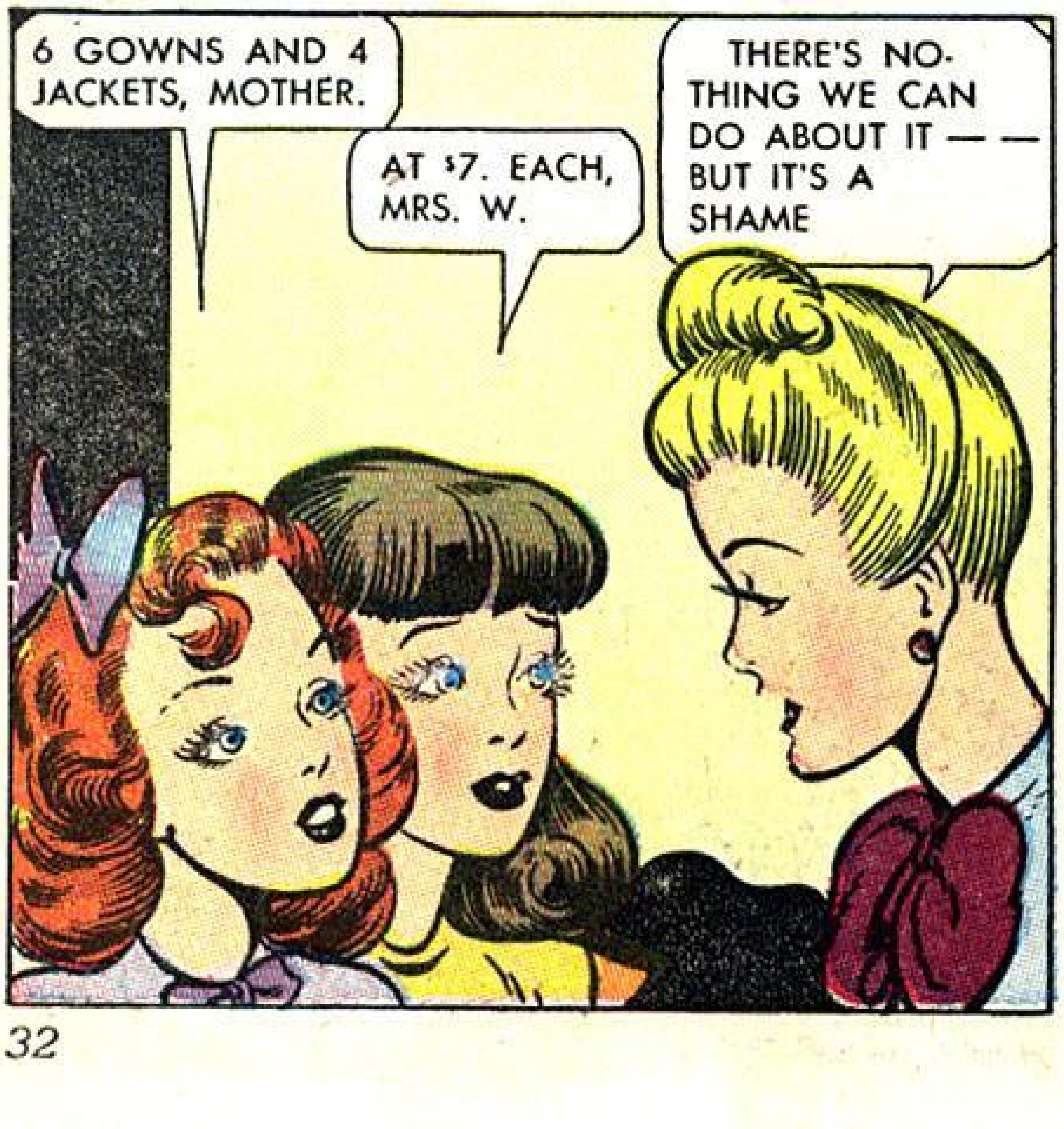

I GOT DRESSING GOWNS FOR CHUCK, STEW, BOB AND DELBERT AND JACKETS FOR — —
WHAT DID YOU GET FOR BUZZ? AND PATSY?

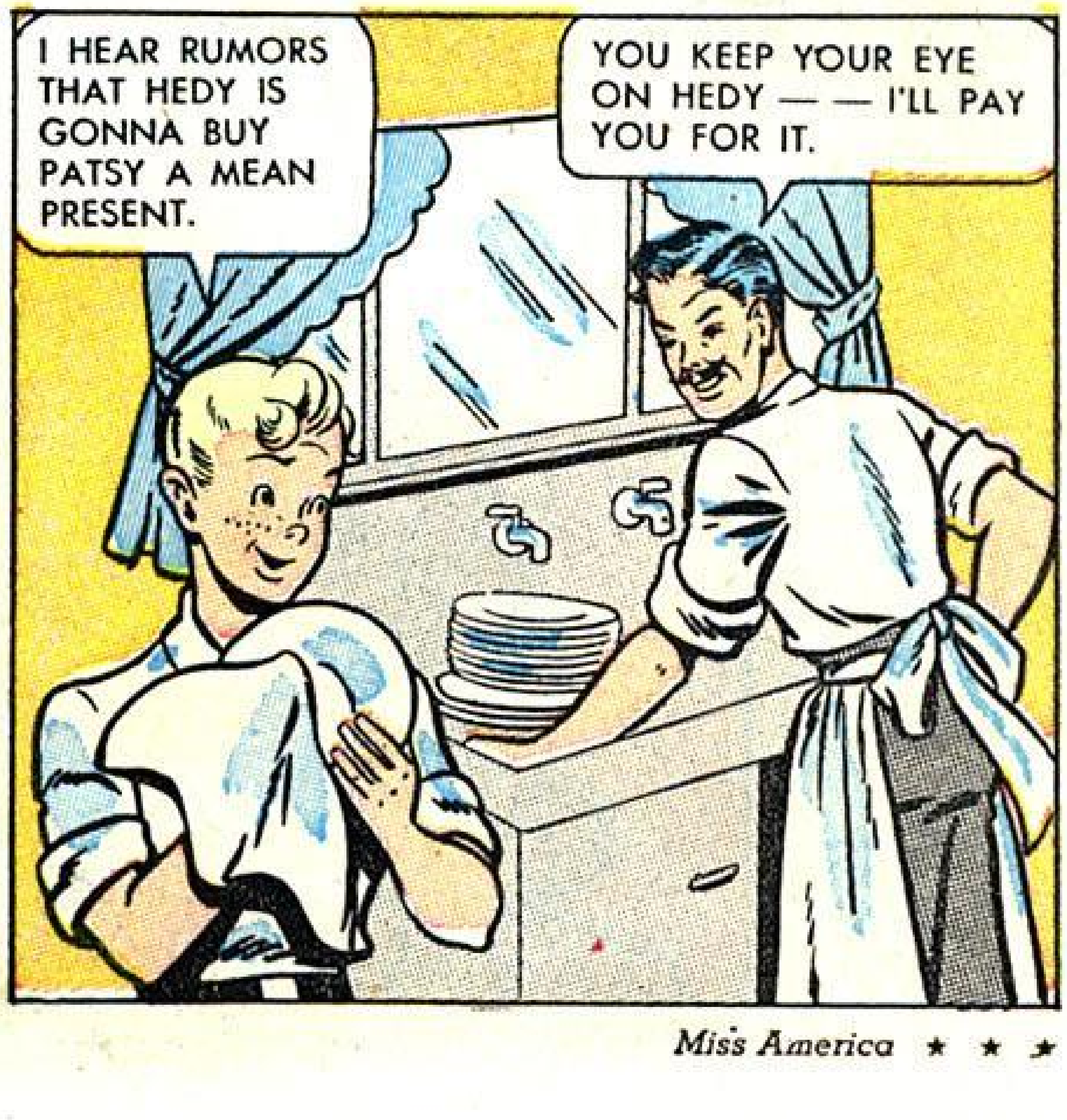

FOR BUZZ, I DON'T KNOW, BUT FOR PATSY — — —

WONDER WHAT HEDY'S PLANNING?

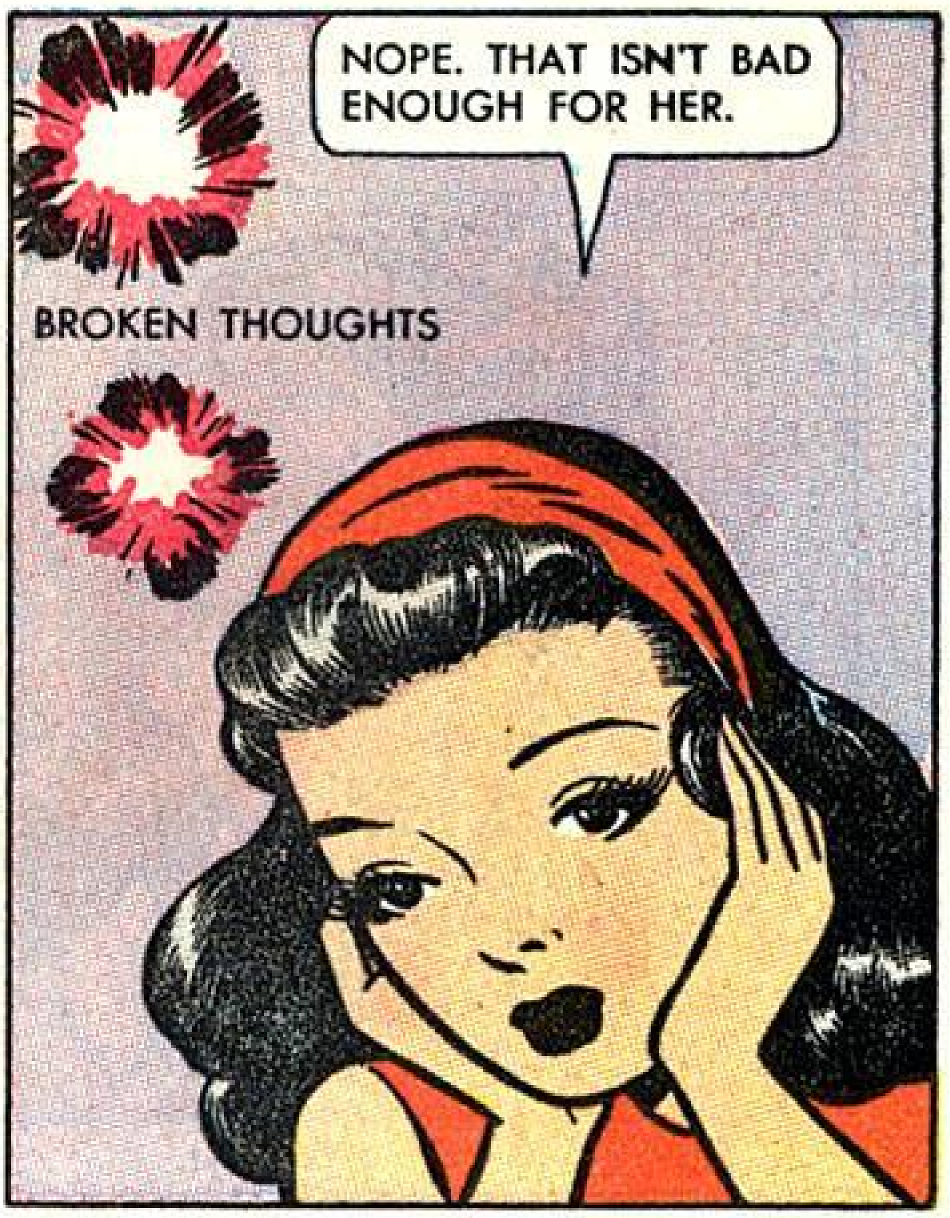
AFTER THE WALKERS HAVE HAD DINNER — —


WE THINK HEDY'S PLANNING SOMETHING AWFUL, MRS. W!
SHE SPENT A FORTUNE ON PRESENTS FOR BUZZ.
TELL ME ABOUT IT WHILE YOUR FATHER DOES THE DISHES.
EVERYTIME WE HAVE COMPANY IT'S MY TURN TO DO THE DISHES.

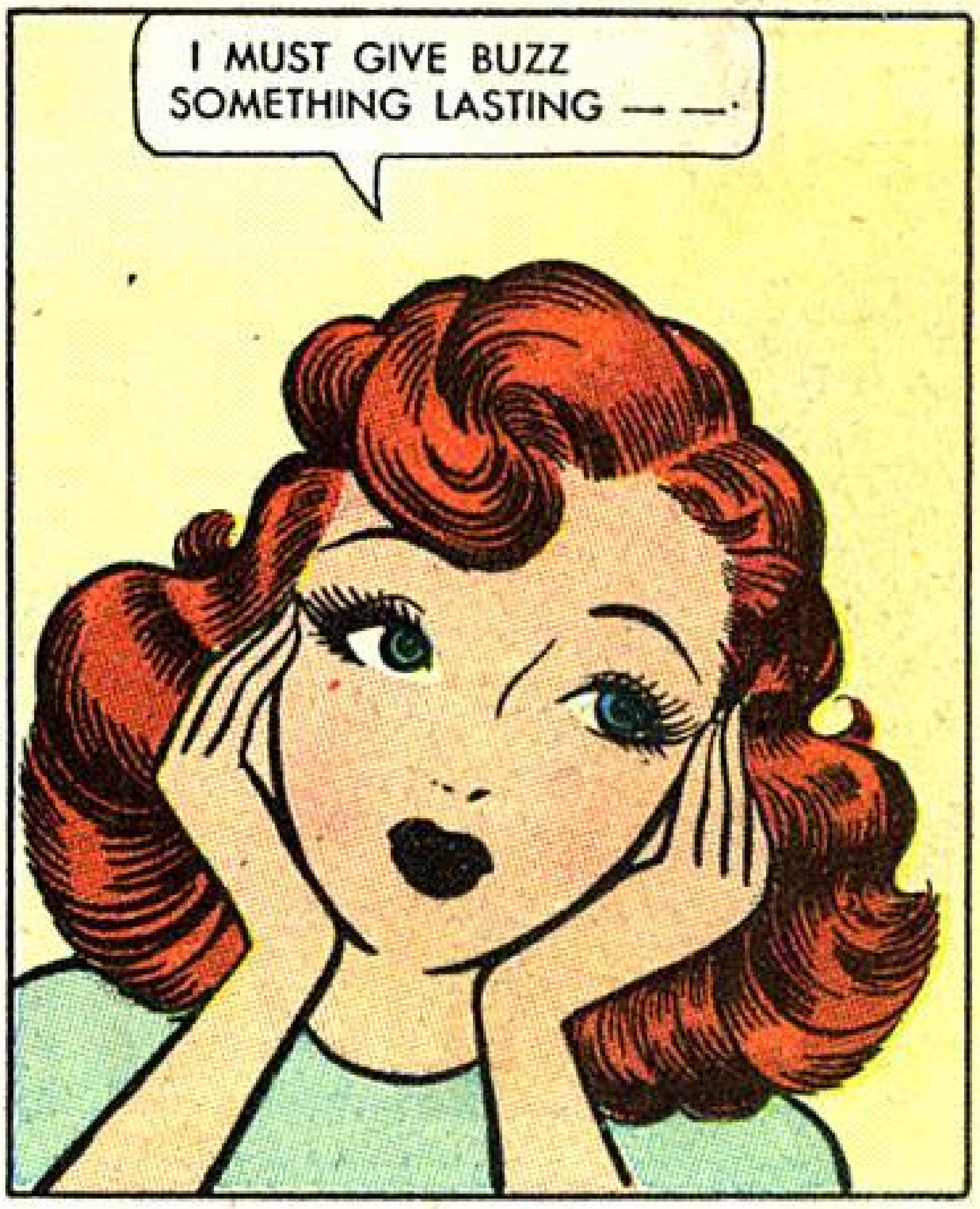

6 GOWNS AND 4 JACKETS, MOTHER.
AT $7. EACH, MRS. W.
THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT — — BUT IT'S A SHAME


I HEAR RUMORS THAT HEDY IS GONNA BUY PATSY A MEAN PRESENT.
YOU KEEP YOUR EYE ON HEDY — — I'LL PAY YOU FOR IT.

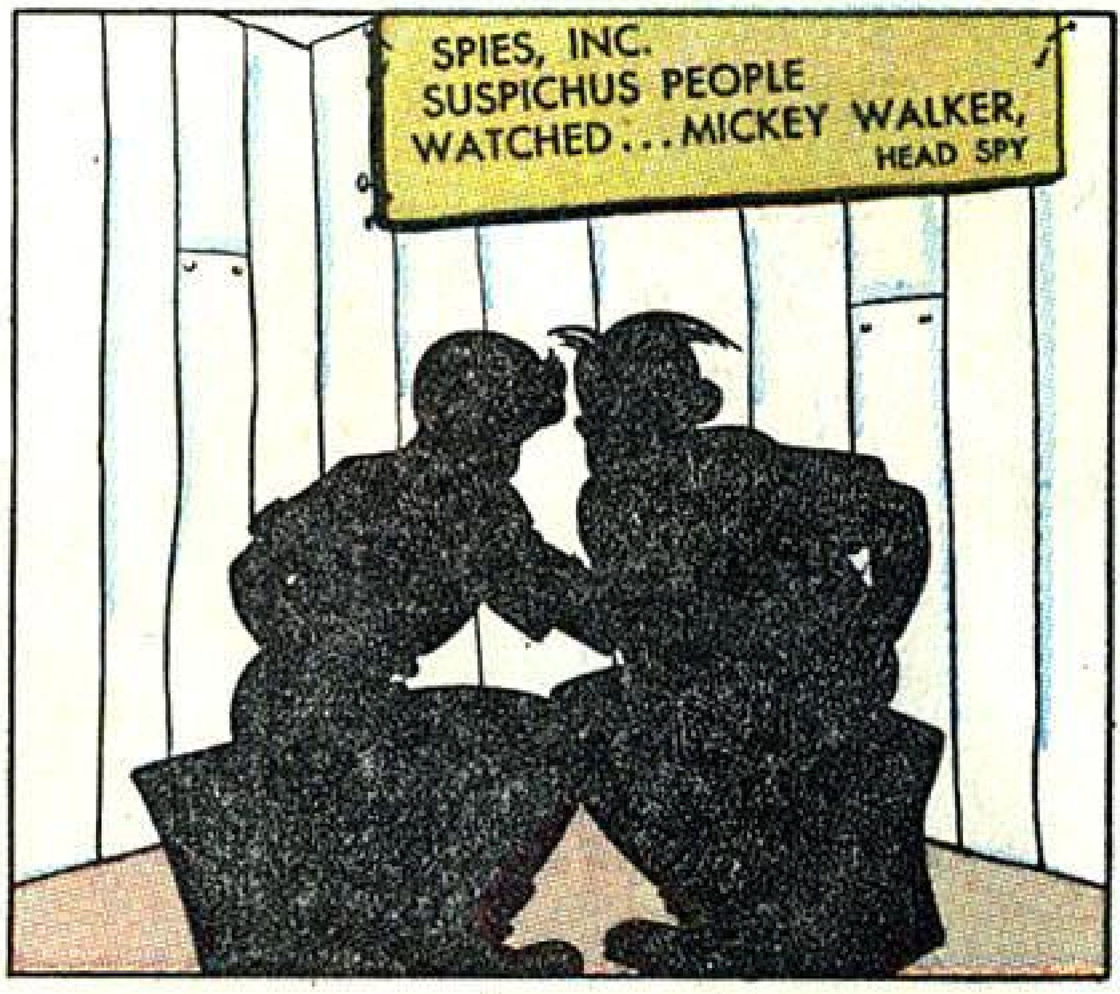
LET'S SEE — — WHERE ARE WE? HEDY IS TRYING TO DECIDE ON A MEAN PRESENT FOR PATSY...


NOPE. THAT ISN'T BAD ENOUGH FOR HER.
BROKEN THOUGHTS

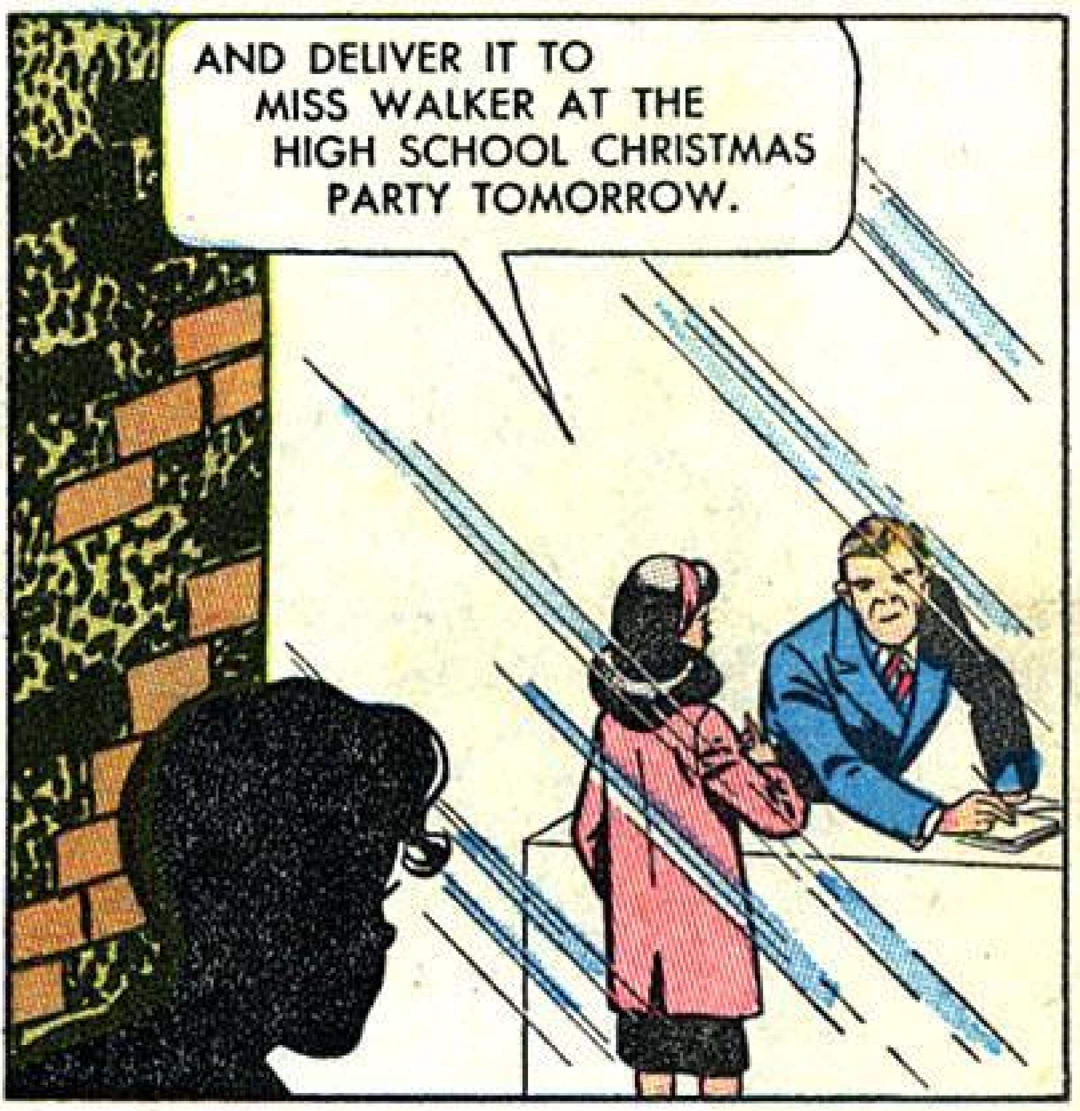
WHILE PATSY IS TRYING TO DECIDE ON A NICE PRESENT FOR BUZZ — —

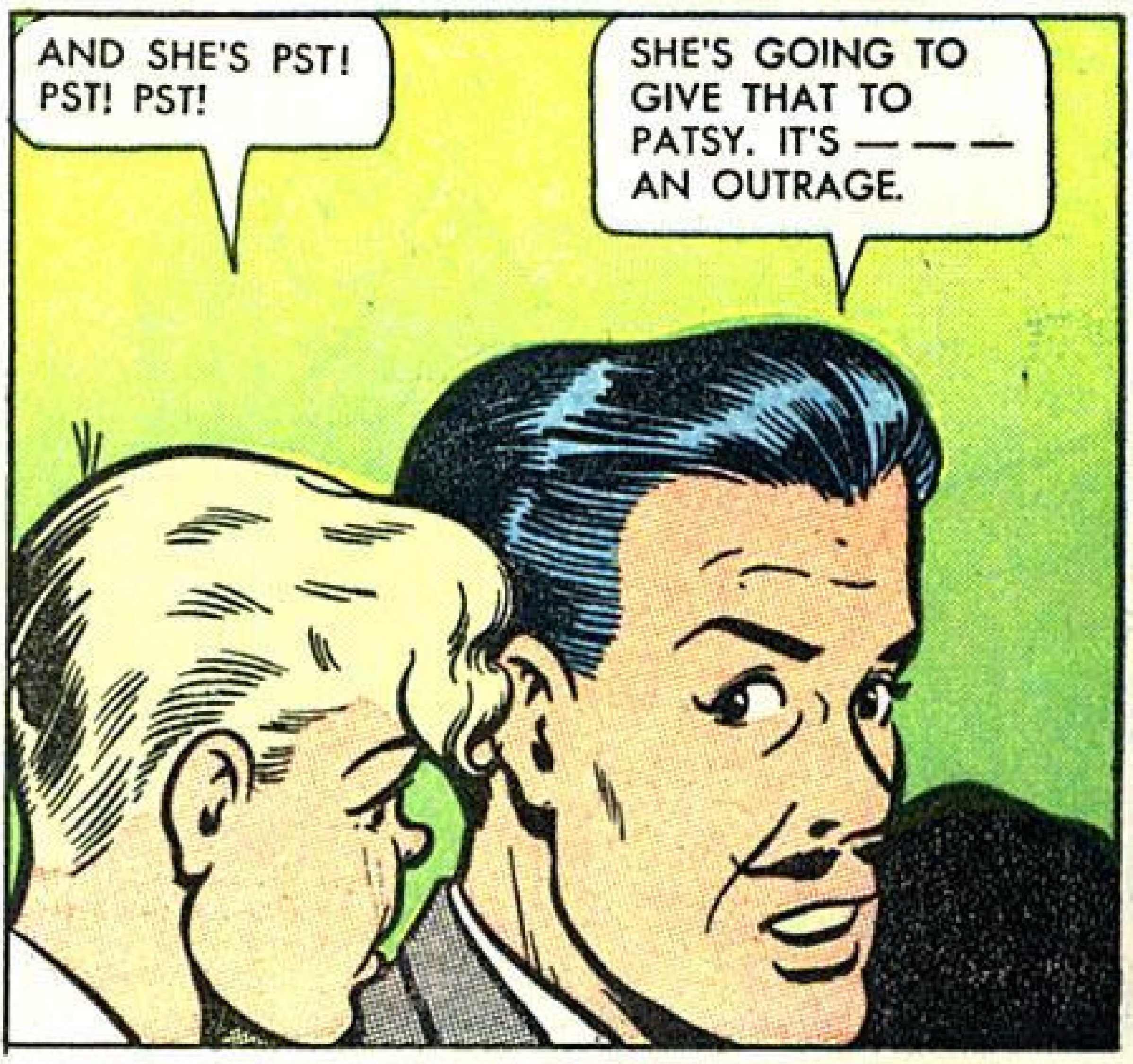

I MUST GIVE BUZZ SOMETHING LASTING — —.

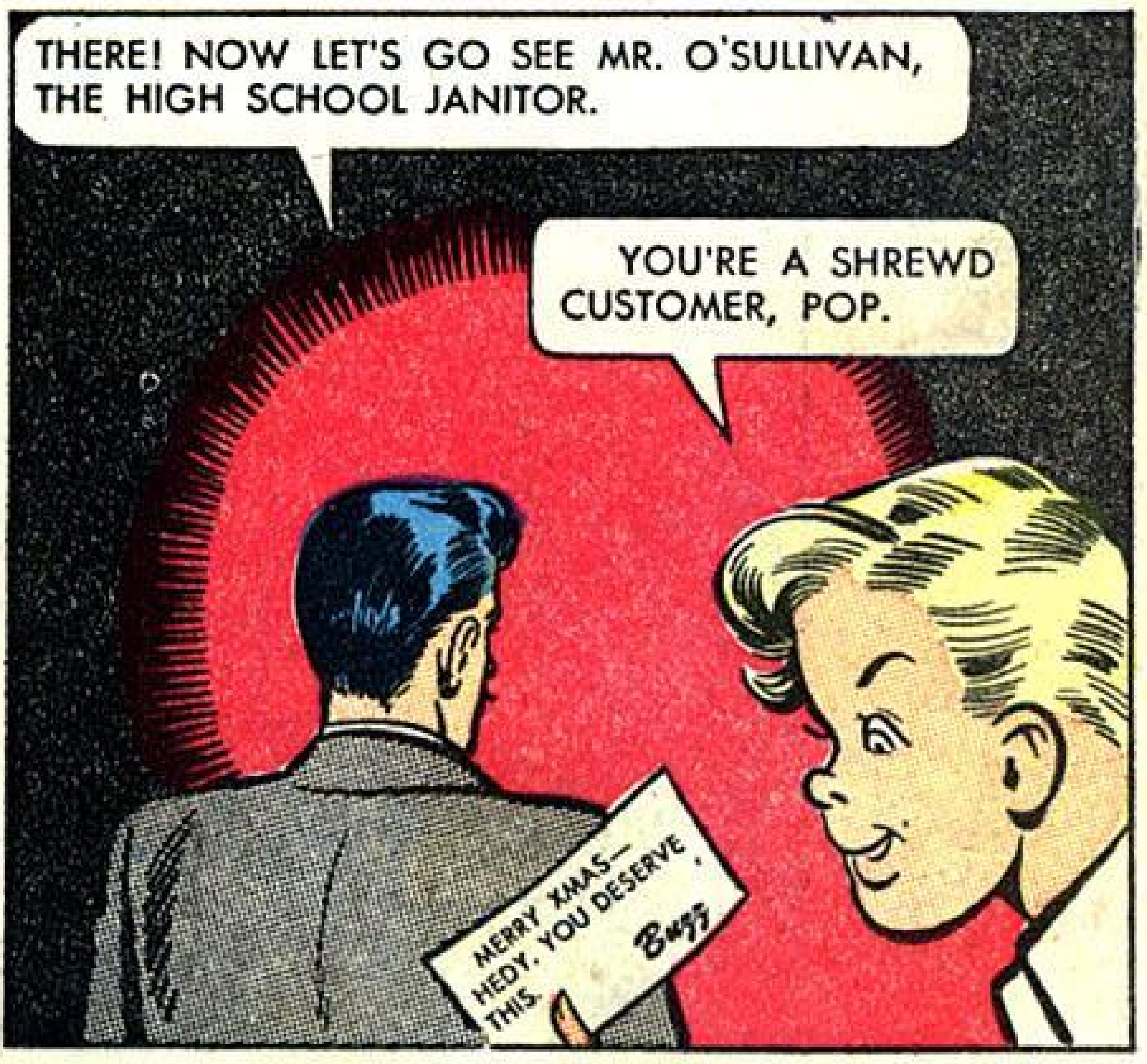
WHILE MICKEY IS ORGANIZING TO THWART HEDY — —

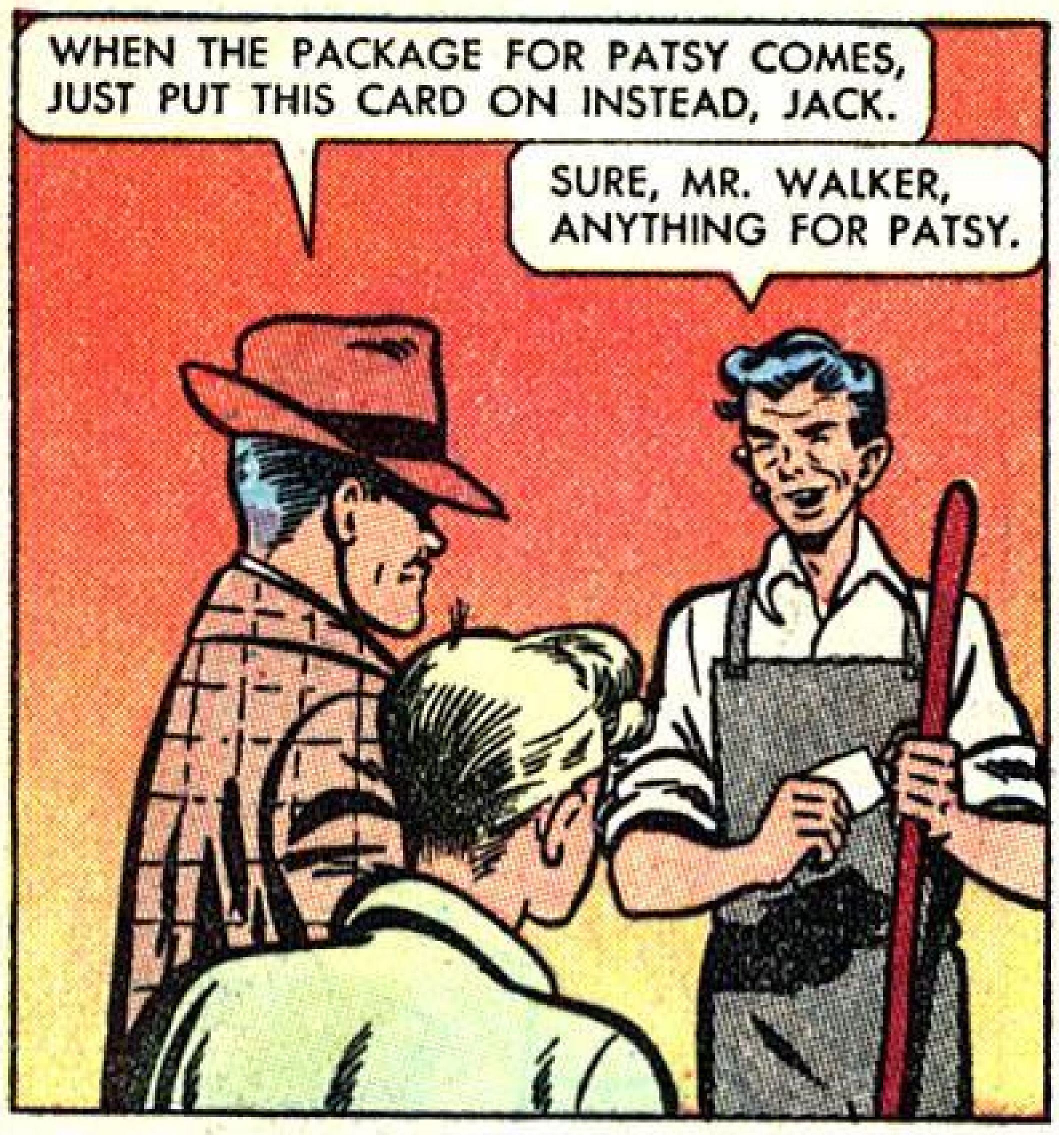

SPIES, INC.
SUSPICHUS PEOPLE WATCHED...MICKEY WALKER, HEAD SPY

THE BOYS TRAILED HEDY FOR DAYS AND DAYS UNTIL FINALLY.

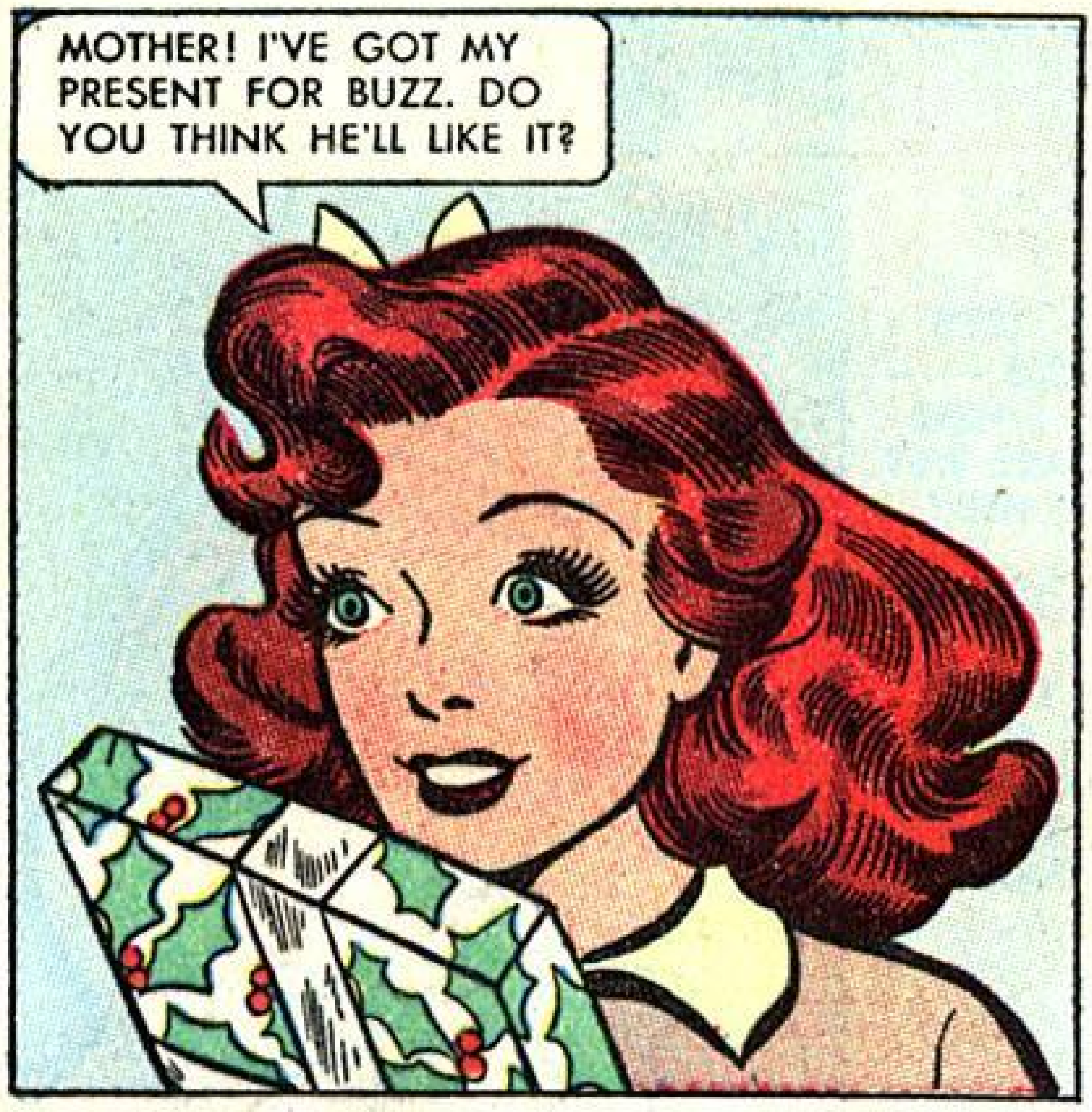

AND DELIVER IT TO MISS WALKER AT THE HIGH SCHOOL CHRISTMAS PARTY TOMORROW.

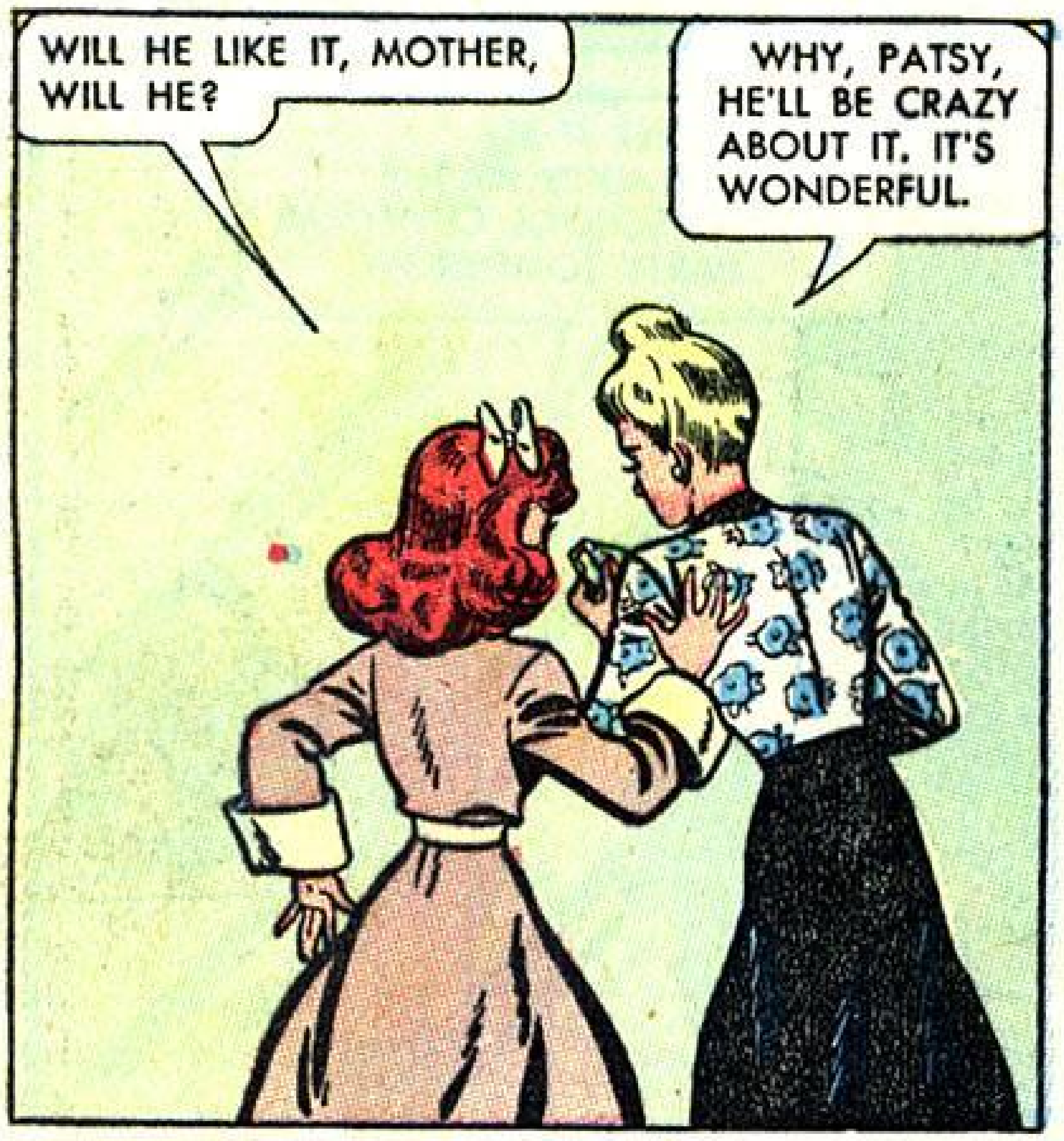

AND SHE'S PST! PST! PST!
SHE'S GOING TO GIVE THAT TO PATSY. IT'S — — — AN OUTRAGE.


THERE! NOW LET'S GO SEE MR. O'SULLIVAN, THE HIGH SCHOOL JANITOR.
YOU'RE A SHREWD CUSTOMER, POP.
MERRY XMAS— HEDY. YOU DESERVE THIS. Buzz

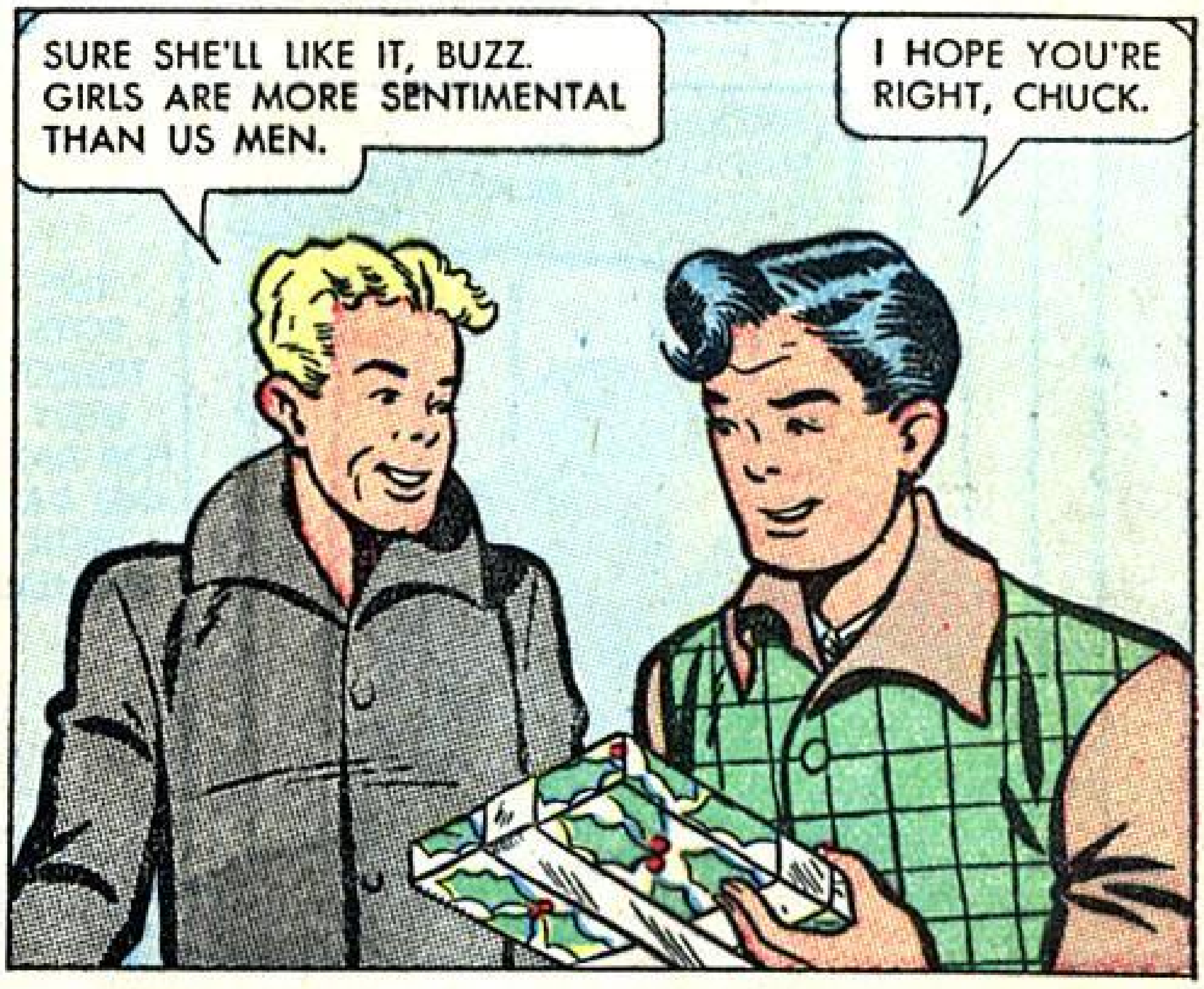

WHEN THE PACKAGE FOR PATSY COMES, JUST PUT THIS CARD ON INSTEAD, JACK.
SURE, MR. WALKER, ANYTHING FOR PATSY.

PATSY, MEANWHILE, HAS BEEN DOING A LITTLE SHOPPING HERSELF.

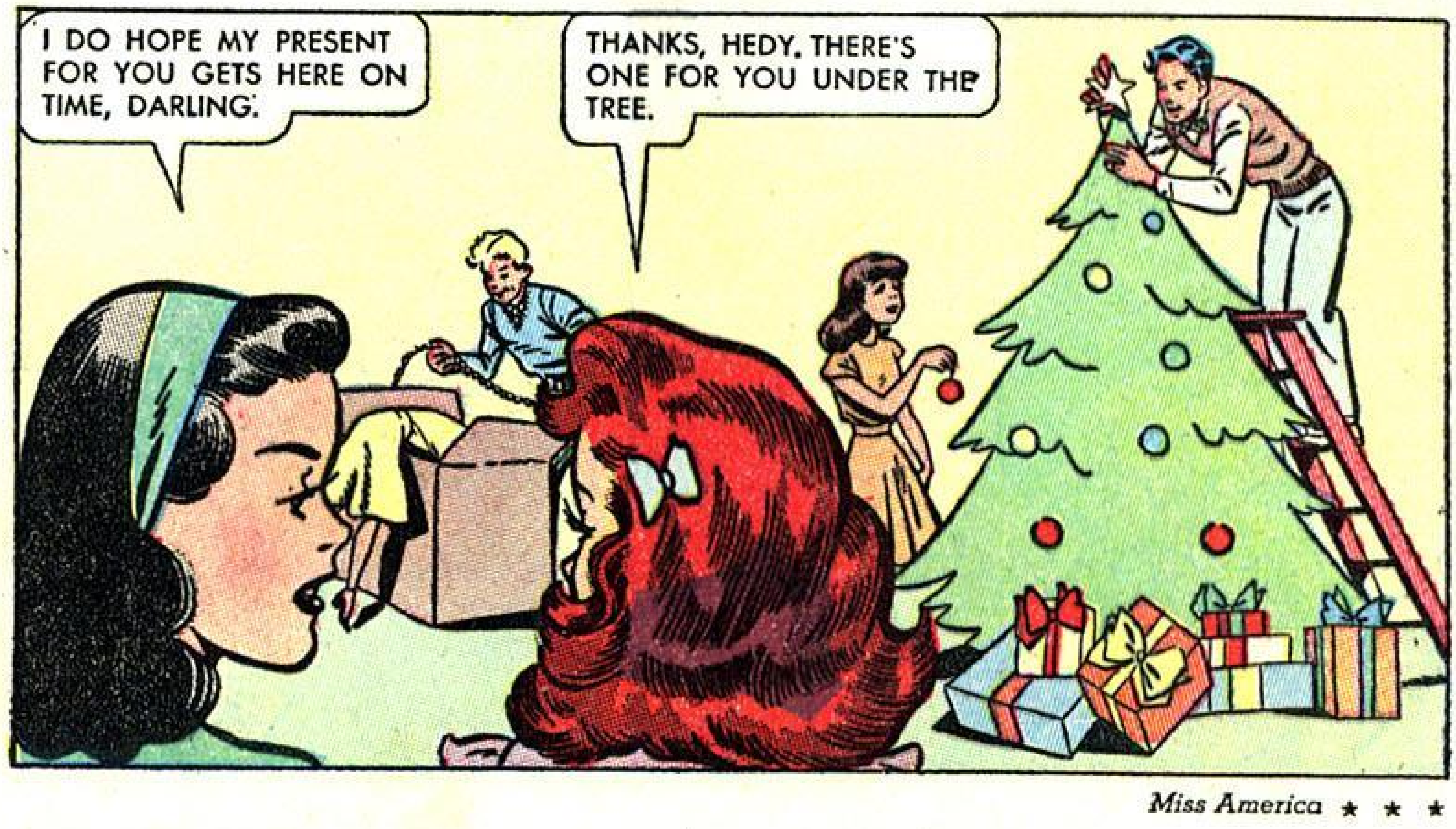

MOTHER! I'VE GOT MY PRESENT FOR BUZZ. DO YOU THINK HE'LL LIKE IT?


WILL HE LIKE IT, MOTHER, WILL HE?
WHY, PATSY, HE'LL BE CRAZY ABOUT IT. IT'S WONDERFUL.

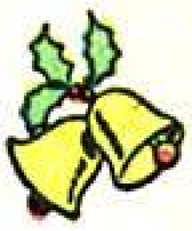
AND BUZZ HAS BEEN DOING A LITTLE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, TOO.

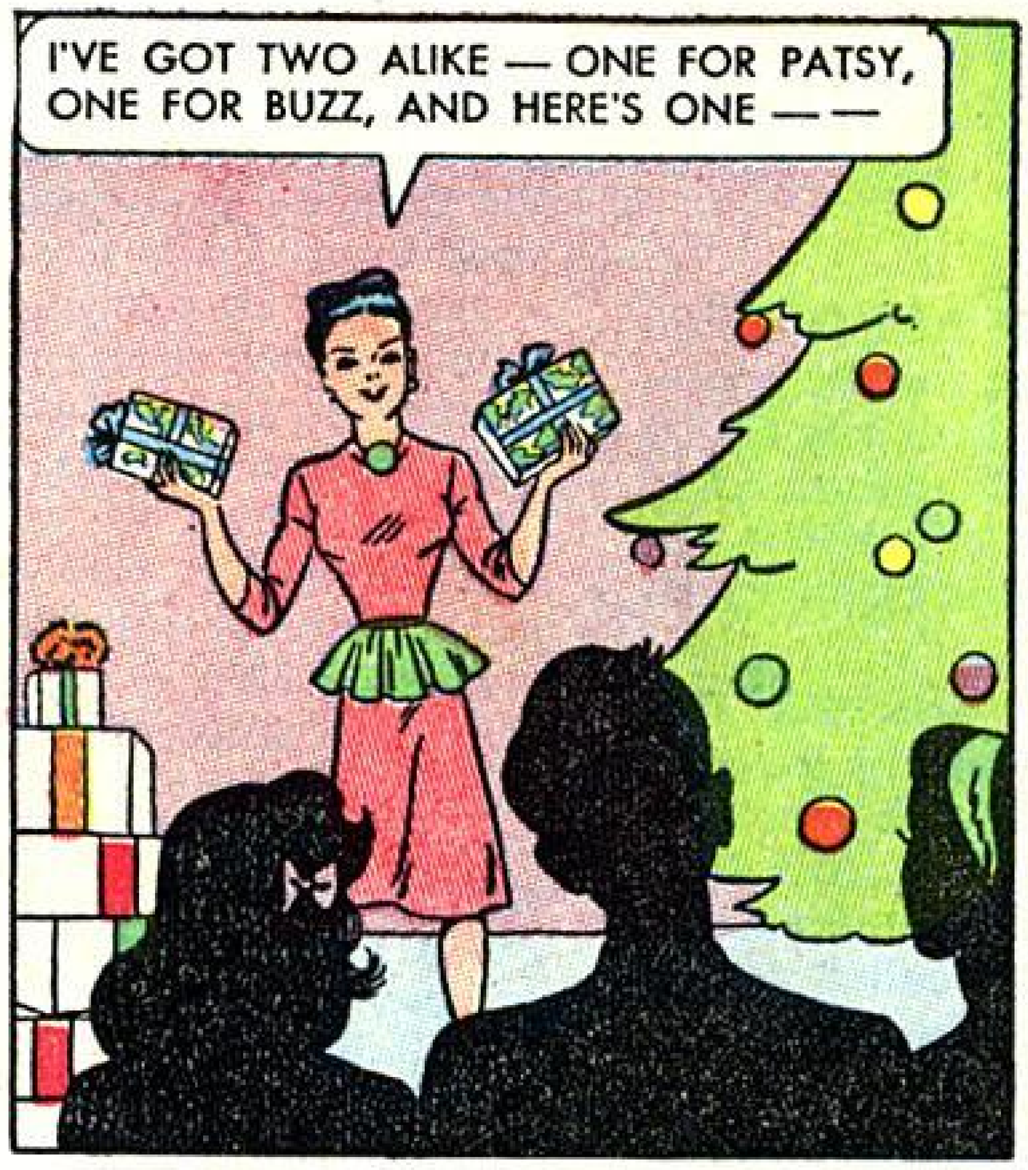

SURE SHE'LL LIKE IT, BUZZ. GIRLS ARE MORE SENTIMENTAL THAN US MEN.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUCK.

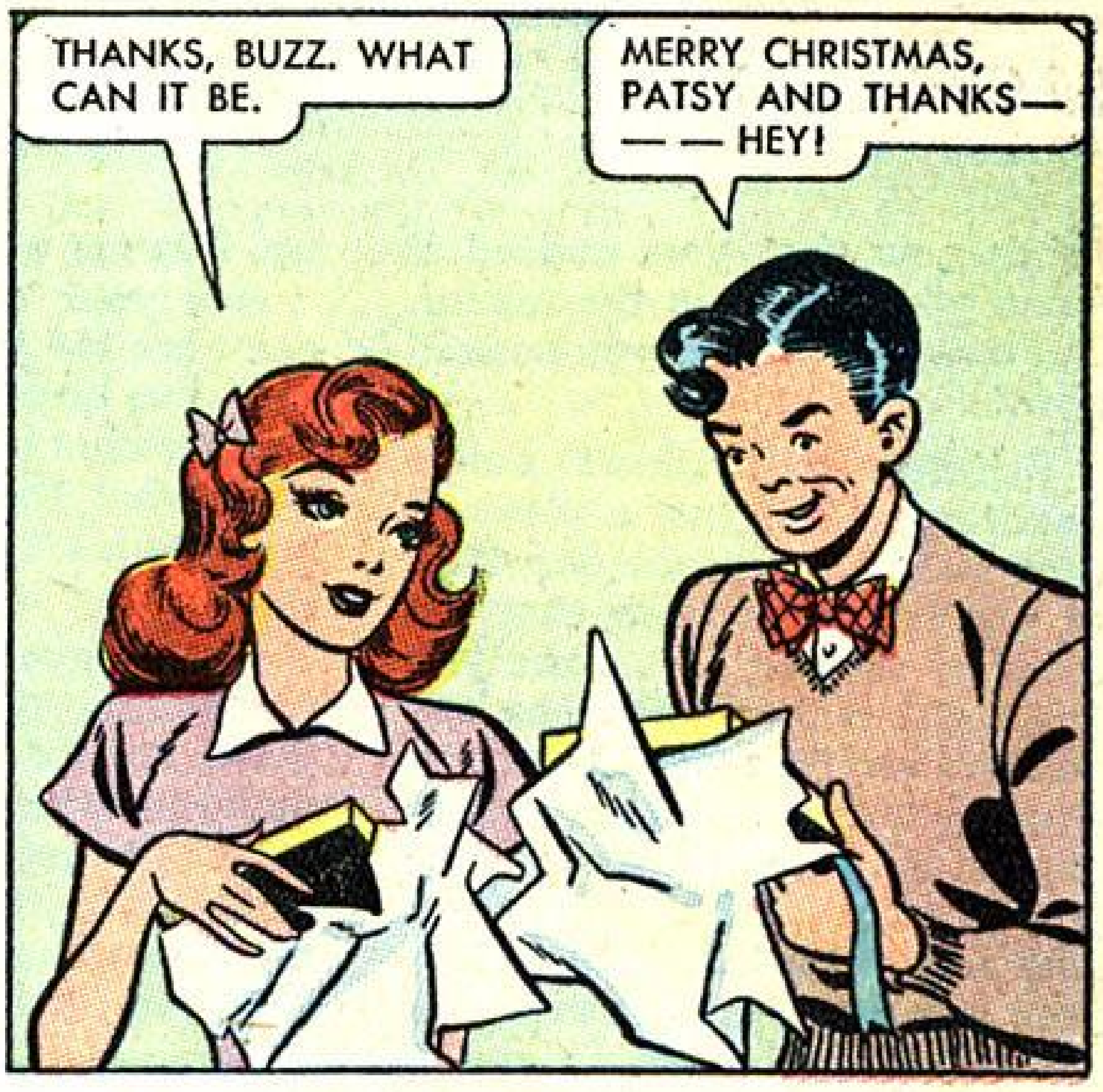
HERE WE ARE, ALMOST READY FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL CHRISTMAS PARTY.

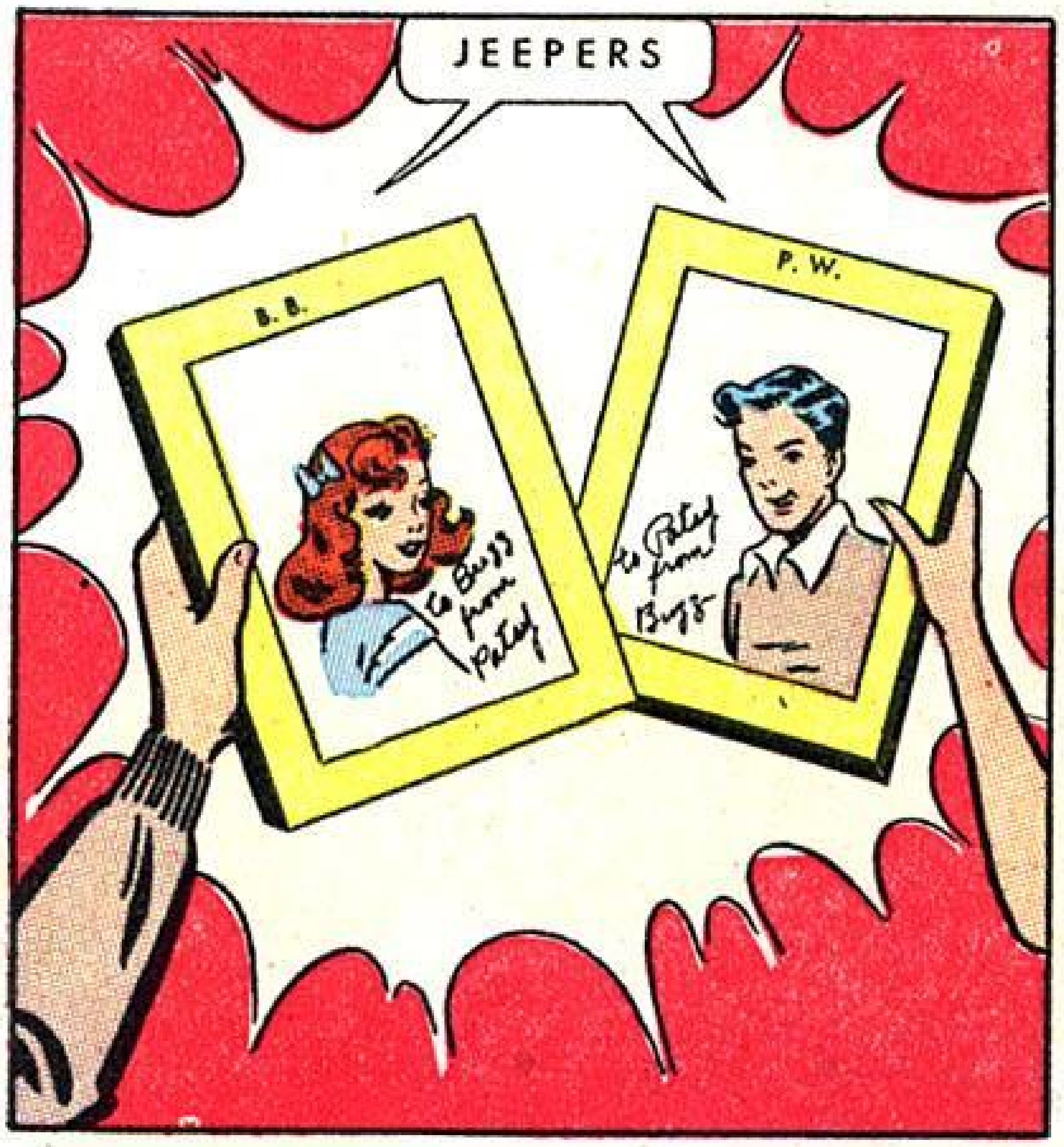

I DO HOPE MY PRESENT FOR YOU GETS HERE ON TIME, DARLING.
THANKS, HEDY. THERE'S ONE FOR YOU UNDER THE TREE.

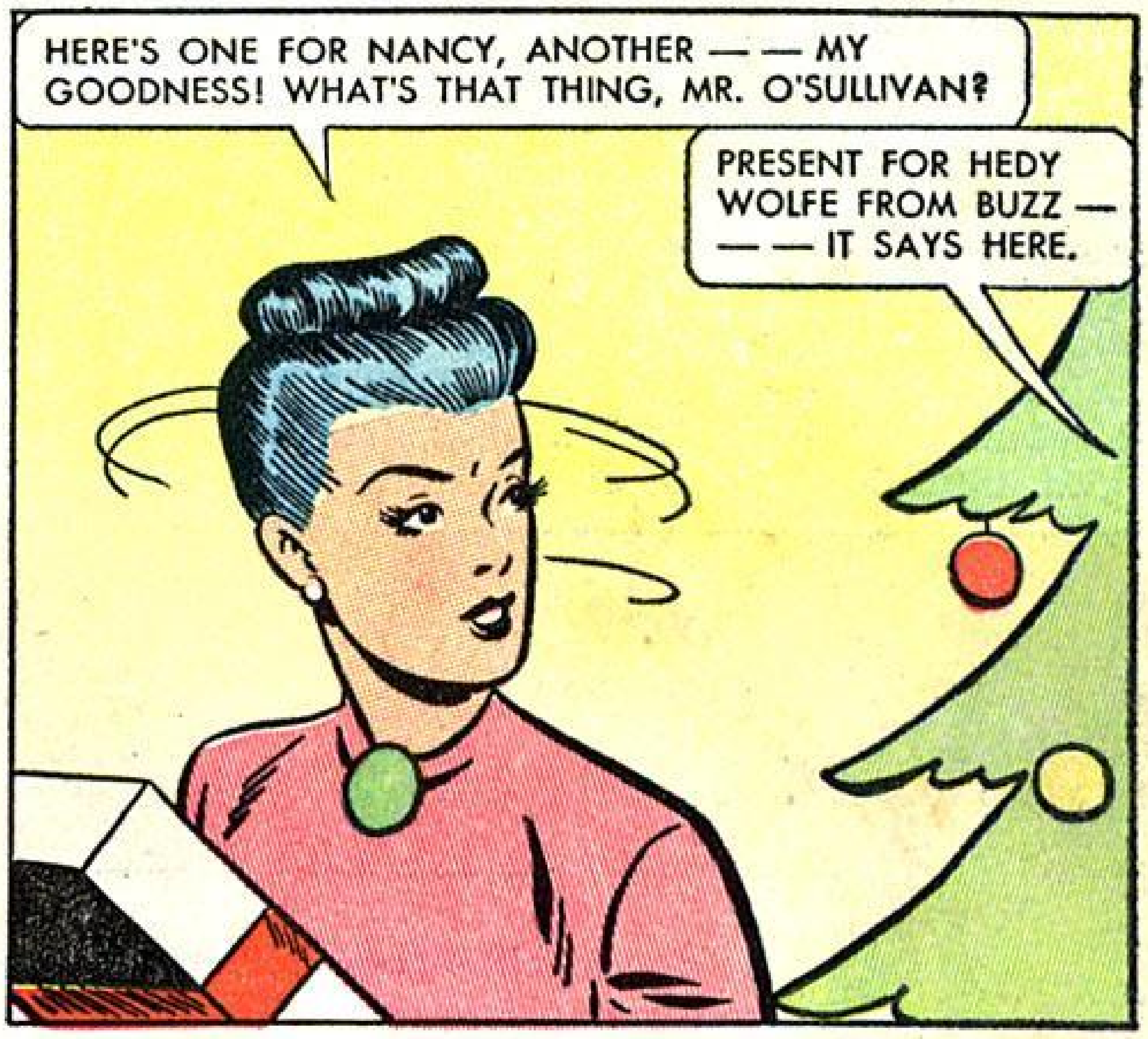
AT LAST THE PARTY IS UNDER WAY.

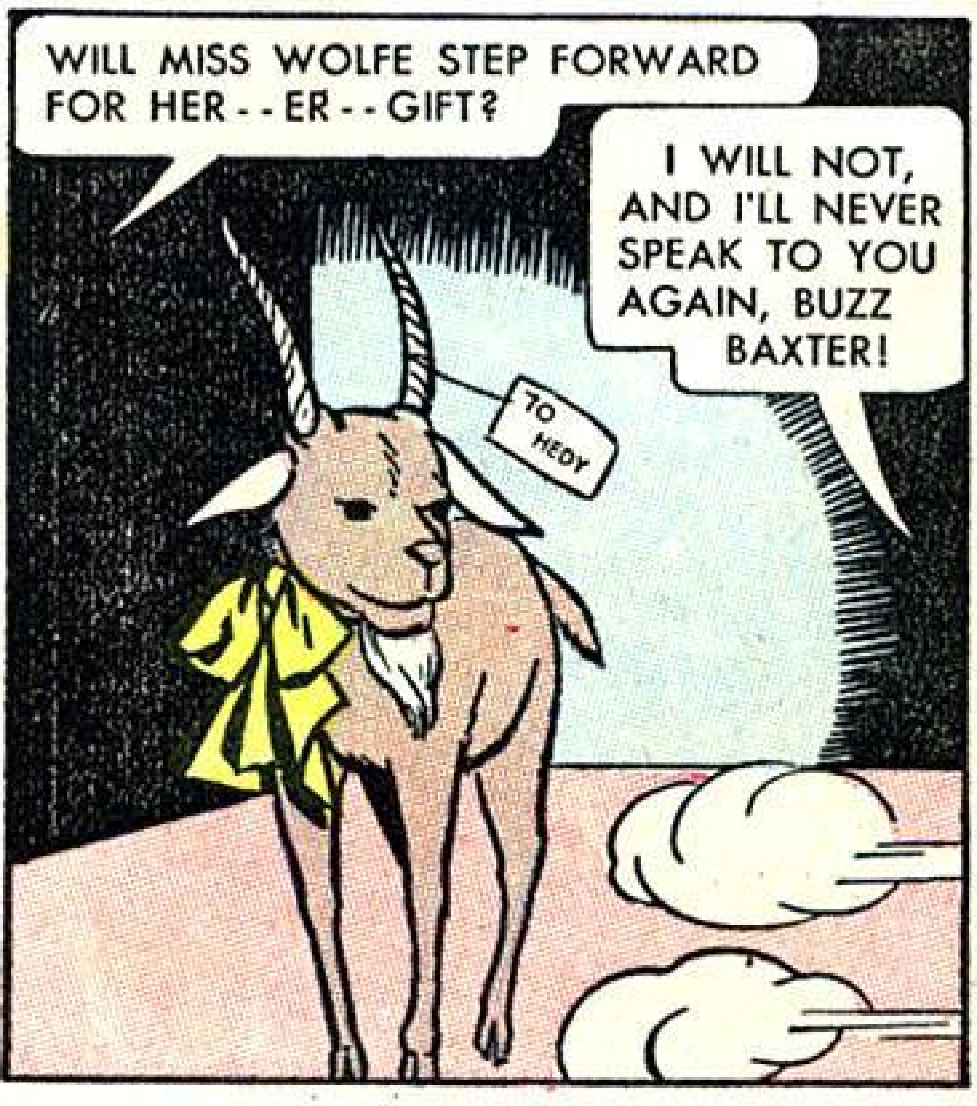



I'VE GOT TWO ALIKE — ONE FOR PATSY, ONE FOR BUZZ, AND HERE'S ONE — —

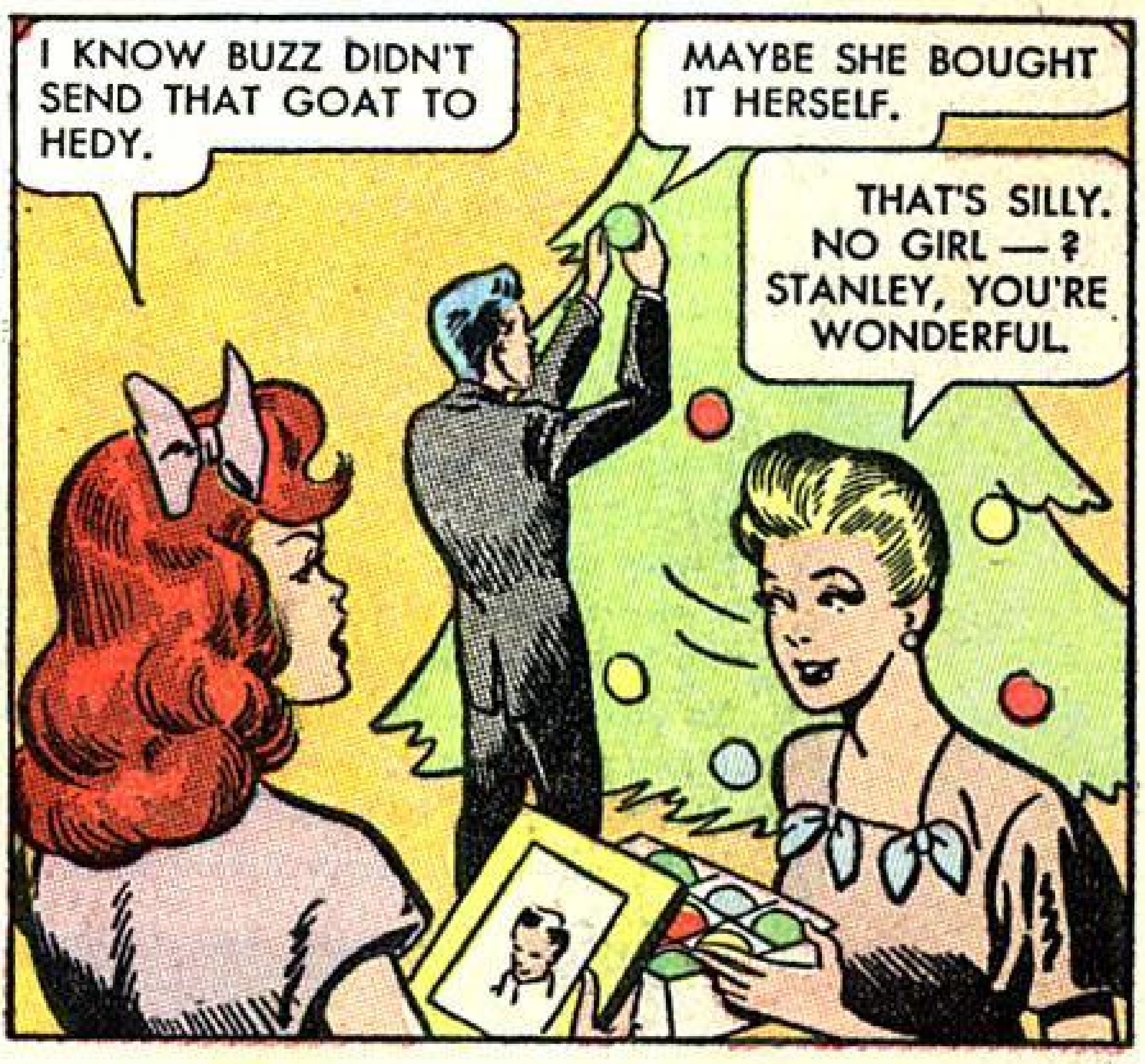

THANKS, BUZZ. WHAT CAN IT BE.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, PATSY AND THANKS— — — HEY!


JEEPERS
B. B.
P. W.
To Buzz from Patsy
To Patsy from Buzz


HERE'S ONE FOR NANCY, ANOTHER — — MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S THAT THING, MR. O'SULLIVAN?
PRESENT FOR HEDY WOLFE FROM BUZZ — — — IT SAYS HERE.


WILL MISS WOLFE STEP FORWARD FOR HER - - ER - - GIFT?
I WILL NOT, AND I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN, BUZZ BAXTER!
TO HEDY

WELL, HERE'S CHRISTMAS EVE SO MERRY CHRISTMAS, READERS.


I KNOW BUZZ DIDN'T SEND THAT GOAT TO HEDY.
MAYBE SHE BOUGHT IT HERSELF.
THAT'S SILLY. NO GIRL — ? STANLEY, YOU'RE WONDERFUL.

FACE FACTS

From page 24

think now that you noticed it when you looked in the mirror. Put down only what you noticed now.

Perhaps, you didn't notice anything at all. Just a pleasant expression—the particular kind of pleasant expression that belongs to you. In fact, since you are a girl still in her teens, the chances are that that is exactly what you saw. All of which means that, except for a little powder to take the shine off your nose and, incidentally, to protect your skin from the weather, you don't need any make-up at all!

After all, make-up is only a substitute for the natural face and, even at its best, it will never give you the soft smooth coloring and expression that only nature, herself, can provide. Older women, who, by a great deal of exposure to wind and sun and the dirt of the streets, have lost something of what nature provided, often have to use make-up. But not you.

Ask your boy friends. "You can't see the face for the make-up," I've heard them say. Or, "I wonder what's behind the mask?" And what they say about red fingernails I wouldn't want to tell you!

But suppose you did find something definitely wrong? Then correct it—with whatever make-up is necessary. Just don't go so far that more unfavorable attention will be called to the make-up than could possibly be called to the defect.

Suppose your eyebrows grow together—really noticeably. Let a beauty expert or your doctor show you how to use tweezers to pluck out a few hairs in the middle. But don't try it on your own. And don't pluck out most of the hairs and then use a hard pencil line as a substitute for the real thing!

Suppose your nose is too prominent. Use little darker powder on it than you use on other parts of your face. Suppose the distance from your nose to your upper lip is too long. Use a tiny bit of lipstick to make your lips look thicker. This will shorten the line and draw attention away to the lips. But don't overdo it: blot off as much of the lipstick as you can on a paper tissue or a piece of cotton.

If your skin is too oily—and this is one problem you are more apt to have than is the older woman — wash your face several times a day and see your doctor about a diet with less fat in it.

Now, with regard to the powder. Pat your face gently with cold water and allow the water to evaporate. Then, with a large powder puff, pat on powder — one tone darker than your skin —all over your face. With a cosmetic brush, dust off the eyebrows, eyelids, lashes and lips.

And there you are! Now go down to Teen Canteen and play ping-pong with Joe. If you win, you'll be pretty without trying. If you don't, you'll still be pretty —because, after all—it's Joe!

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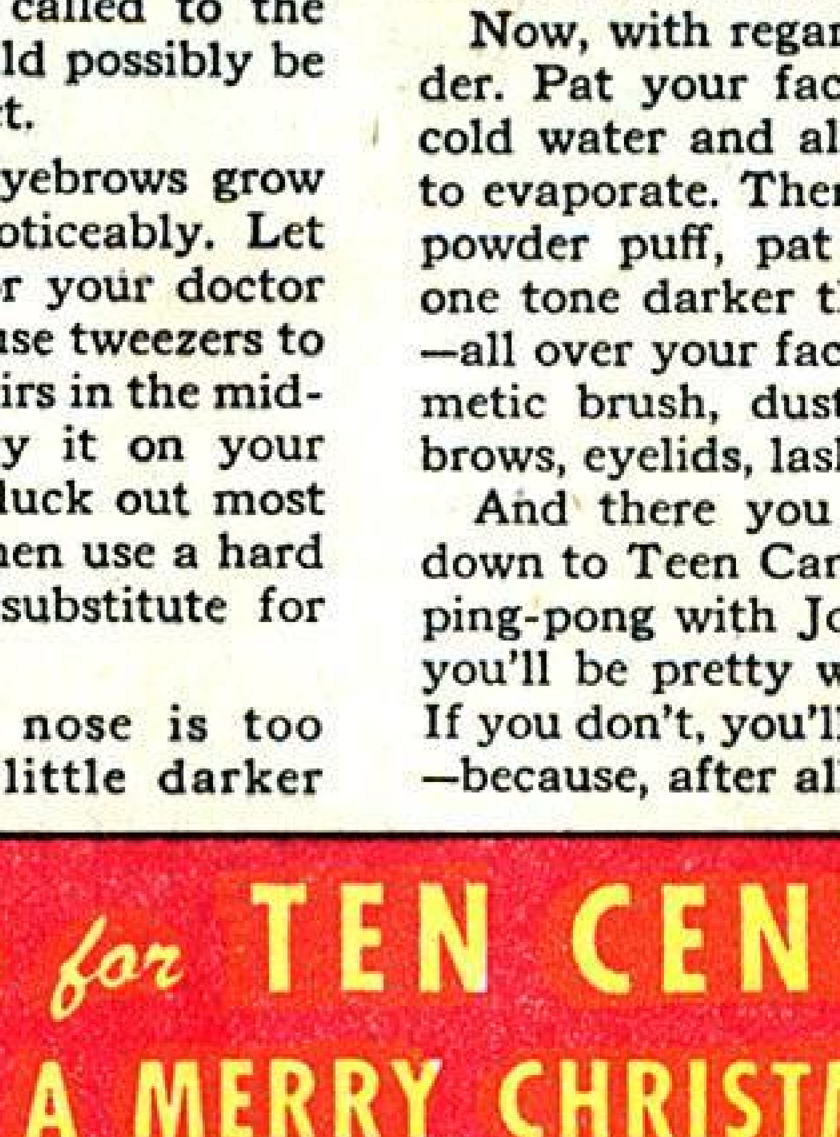

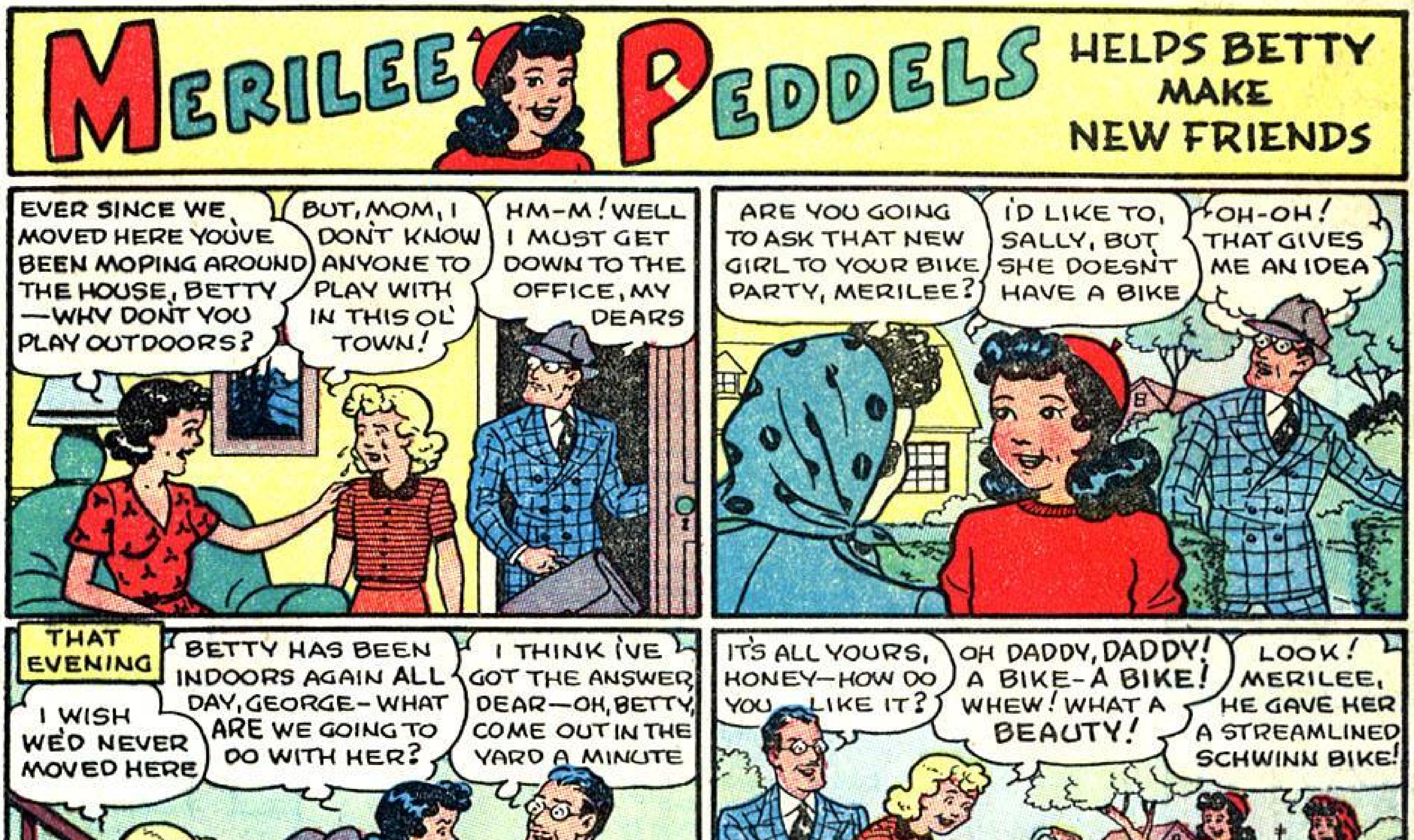
MERILEE PEDDELS
HELPS BETTY MAKE NEW FRIENDS
EVER SINCE WE MOVED HERE YOU'VE BEEN MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE, BETTY —WHY DON'T YOU PLAY OUTDOORS?
BUT, MOM, I DON'T KNOW ANYONE TO PLAY WITH IN THIS OL' TOWN!
HM-M! WELL I MUST GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE, MY DEARS
ARE YOU GOING TO ASK THAT NEW GIRL TO YOUR BIKE PARTY, MERILEE?
I'D LIKE TO, SALLY, BUT SHE DOESN'T HAVE A BIKE
OH-OH! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA
THAT EVENING
I WISH WE'D NEVER MOVED HERE
BETTY HAS BEEN INDOORS AGAIN ALL DAY, GEORGE- WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HER?
I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER, DEAR—OH, BETTY, COME OUT IN THE YARD A MINUTE
IT'S ALL YOURS, HONEY—HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
OH DADDY, DADDY! A BIKE-A BIKE! WHEW! WHAT A BEAUTY!
LOOK! MERILEE, HE GAVE HER A STREAMLINED SCHWINN BIKE!
Schwinn
GEE! THANKS, DADDY —I'LL BET IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO LEARN TO RIDE THIS BIKE!
OH, WE'LL SHOW YOU! WON'T WE, MERILEE?
YOU BET! IT'S EASY—AN' I WISH YOU'D COME TO MY BIKE PARTY SATURDAY
MILT YOUNGREN
LATER
I KNOW LOTS OF KIDS NOW-GEE! I'M GLAD WE MOVED HERE, BUT I'M GLADDER FOR MY SCHWINN BIKE!
Schwinn

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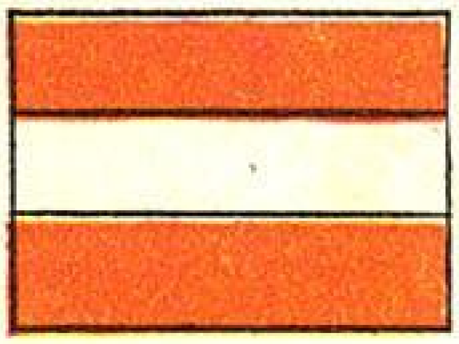
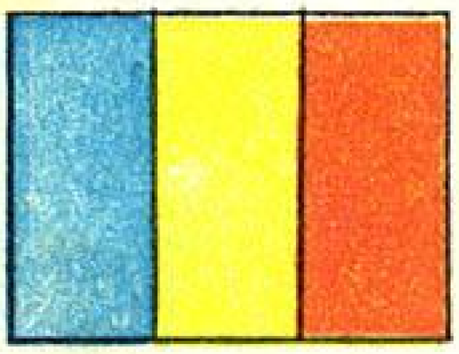

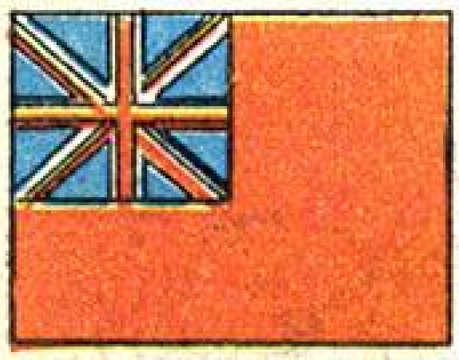
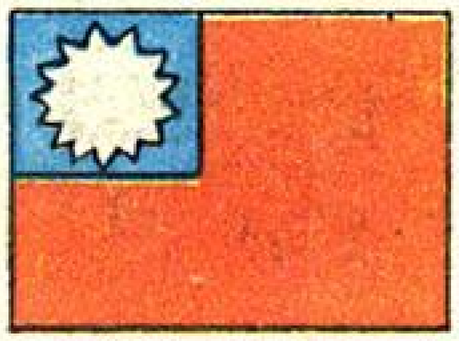
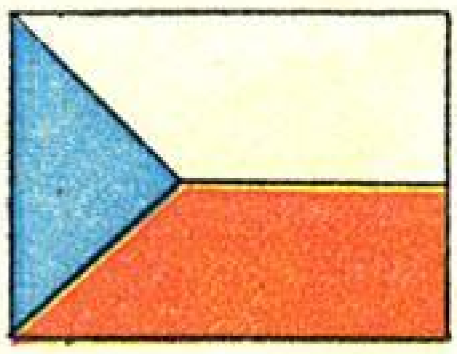
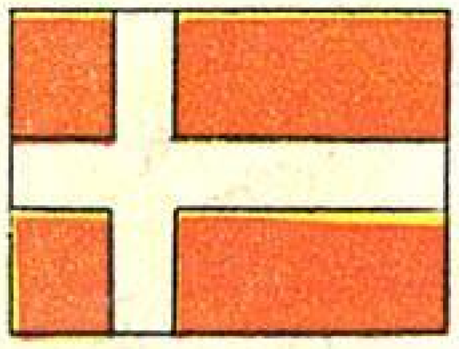

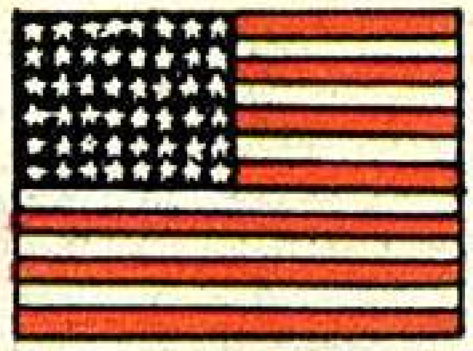
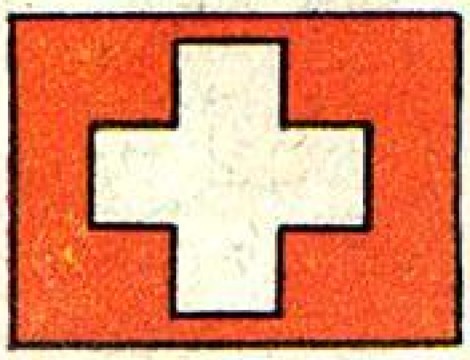
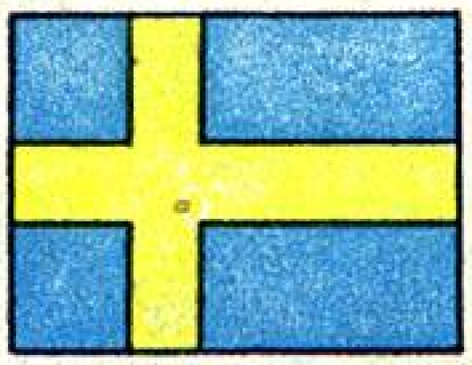
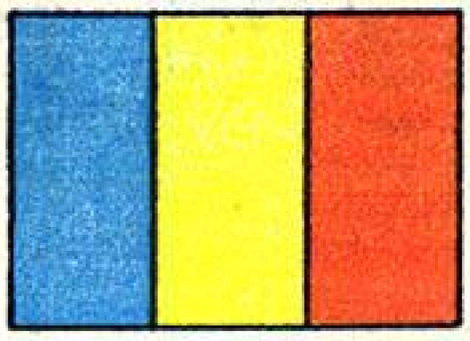
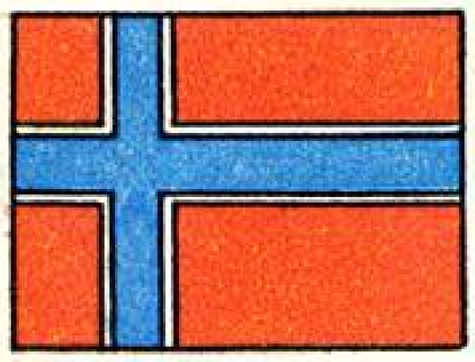
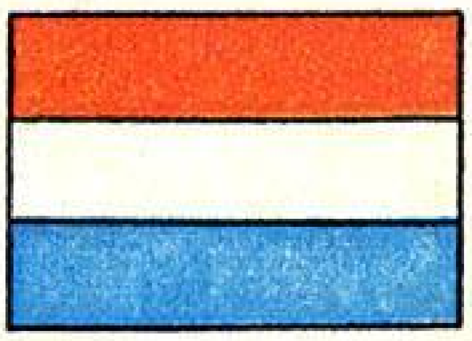

Tomorrow's World

Tomorrow's World looks good to us, and it will to you, too, and to your parents and your sisters and brothers after reading these prize-winning essays.

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Marlborough, Massachusetts
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Buffalo, New York

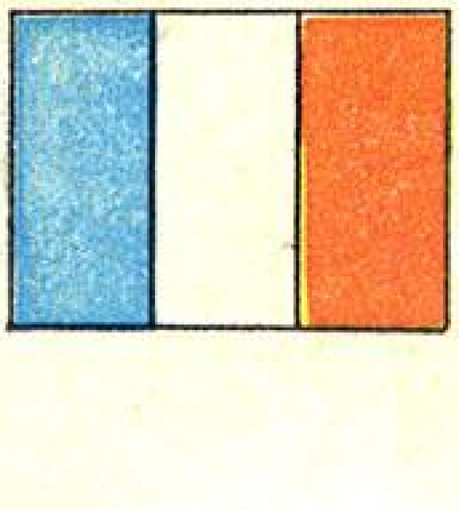
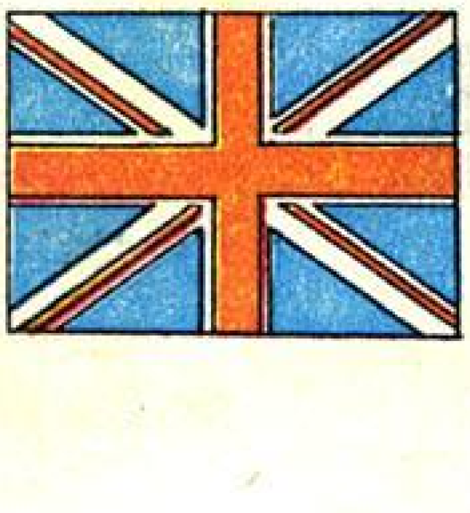
★

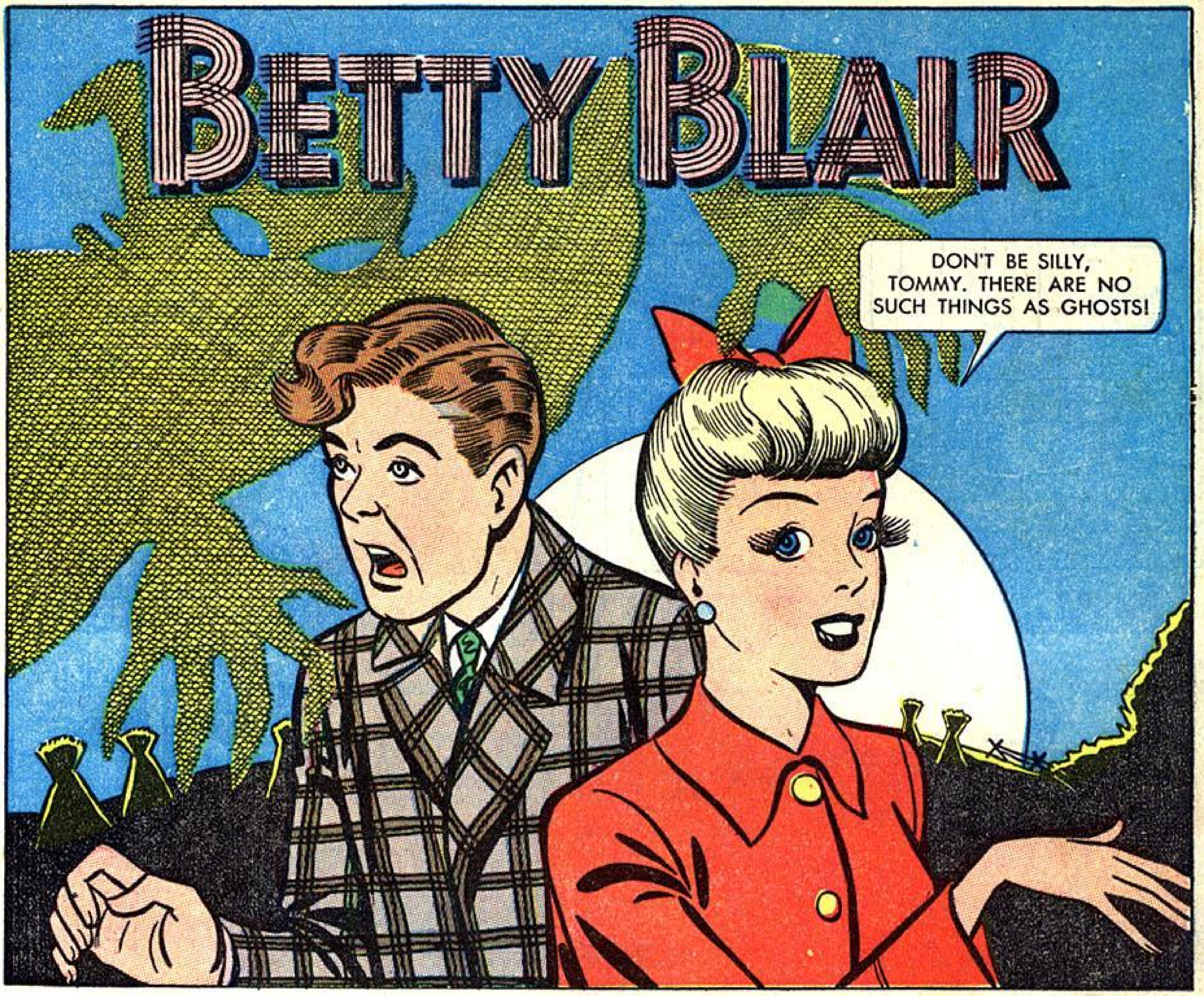
Tomorrow's World—By Rose Margaret Sauer

Today's leaders in government and industry must plan Tomorrow's World for the youth of today.

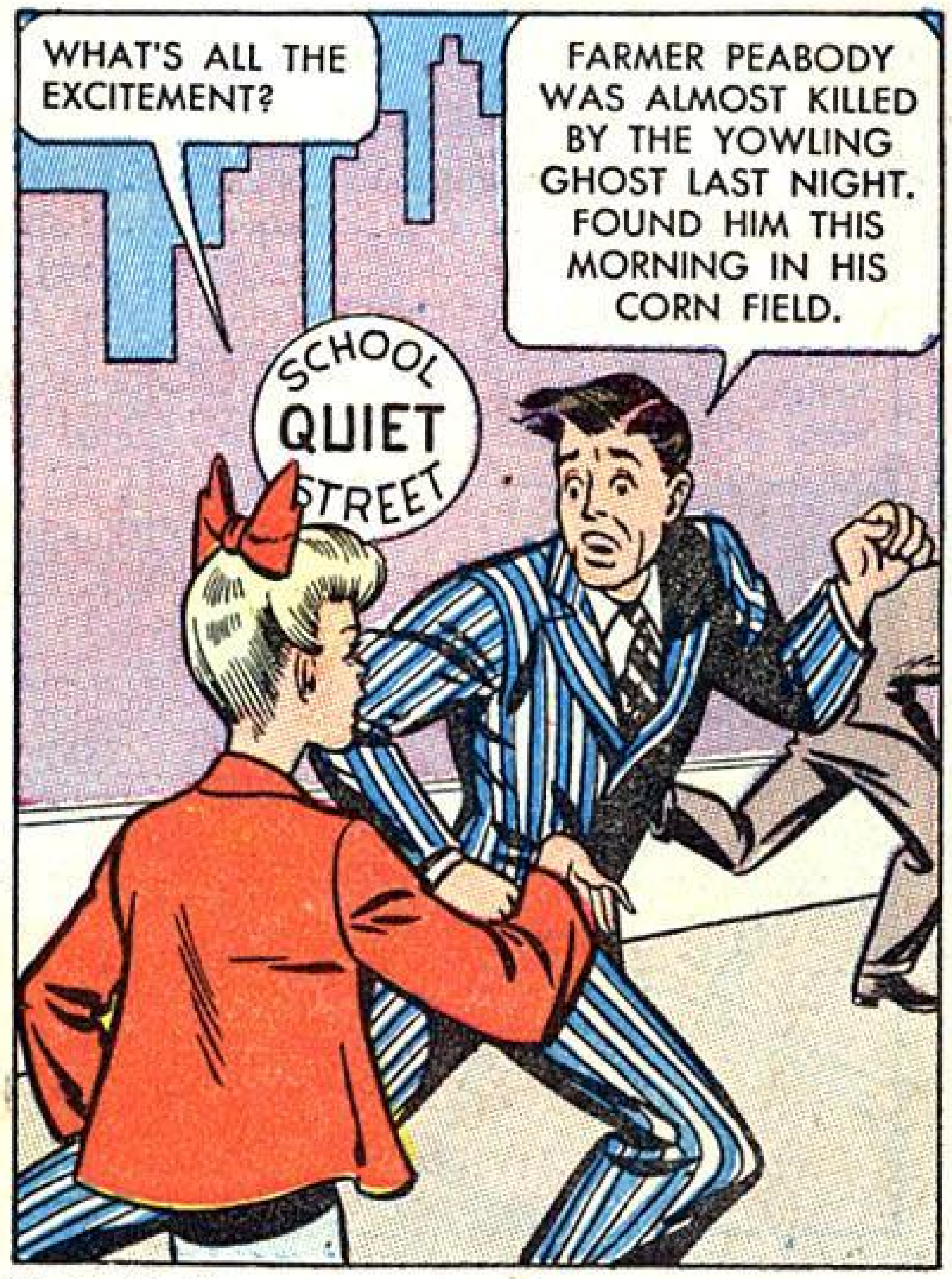
Education is the first requisite and the opportunity for advanced study in the arts, sciences, professions and government must be provided. Government and industry alike must subordinate political and financial advantage and work together harmoniously so that this objective may be realized. Government should assist private enterprise in providing work for all

(Continued on page 50)

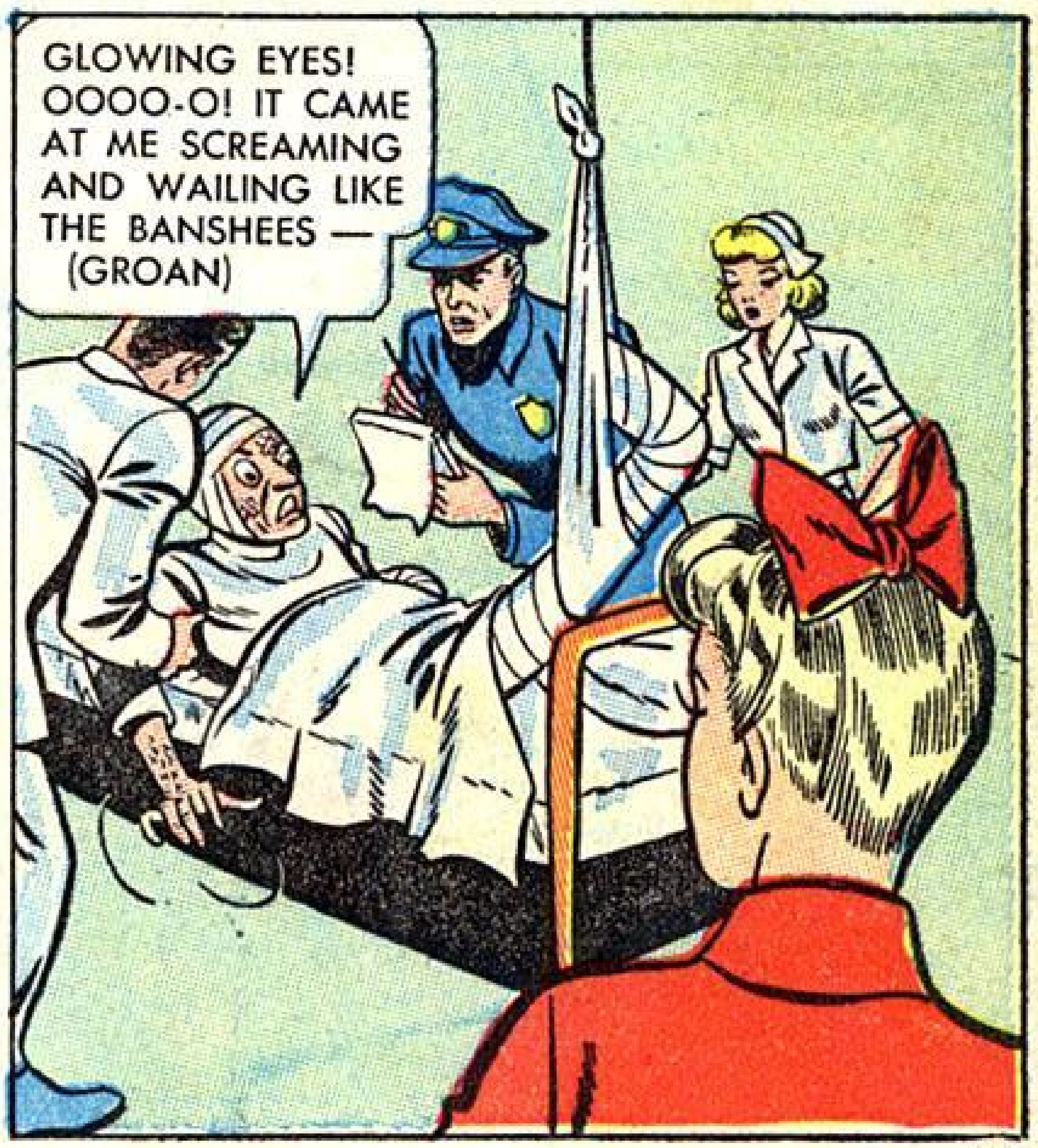



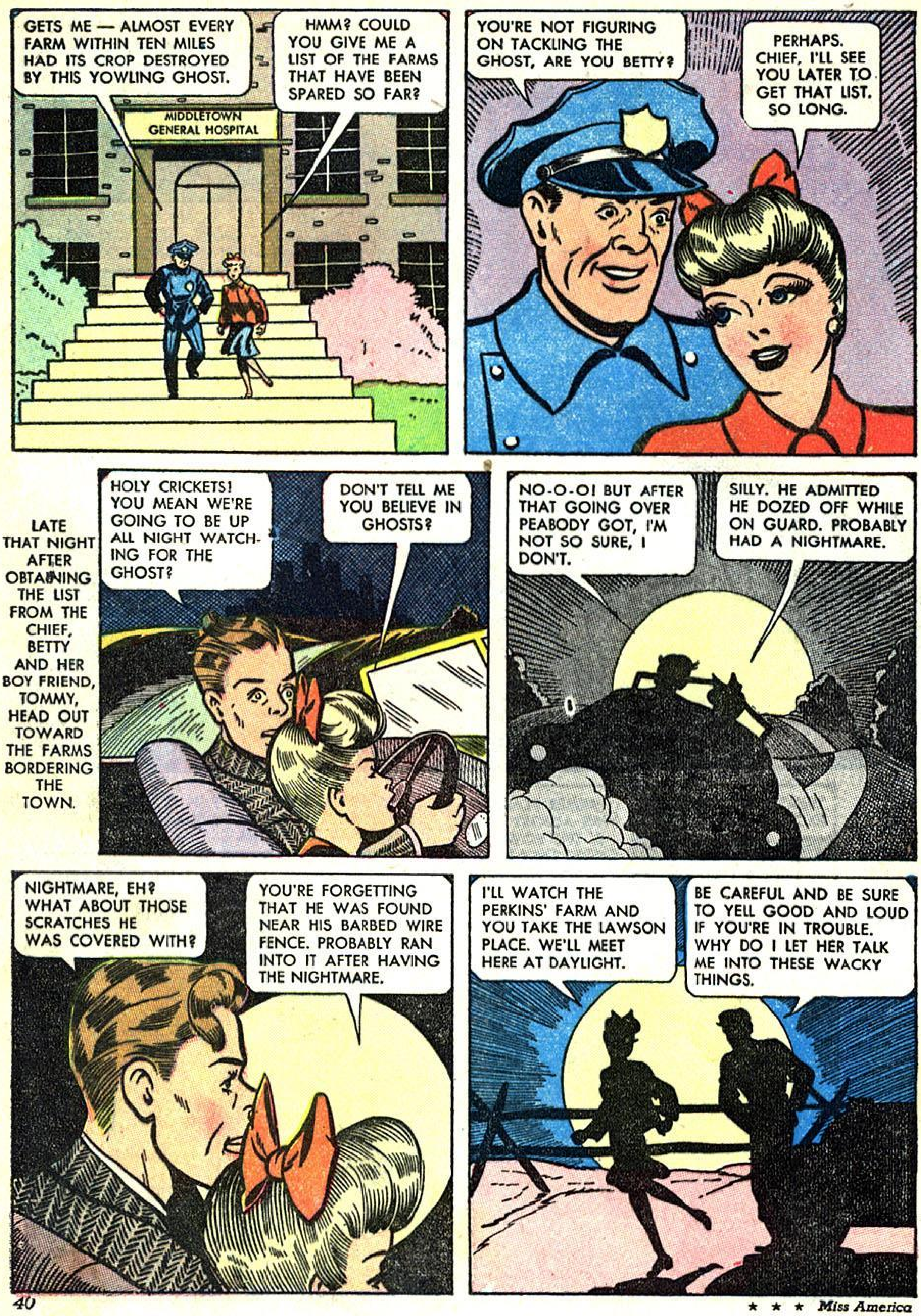

BETTY BLAIR
DON'T BE SILLY, TOMMY. THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!

BETTY ON HER WAY TO CLASSES SEES A CROWD OF PEOPLE RACING TOWARD THE GENERAL HOSPITAL

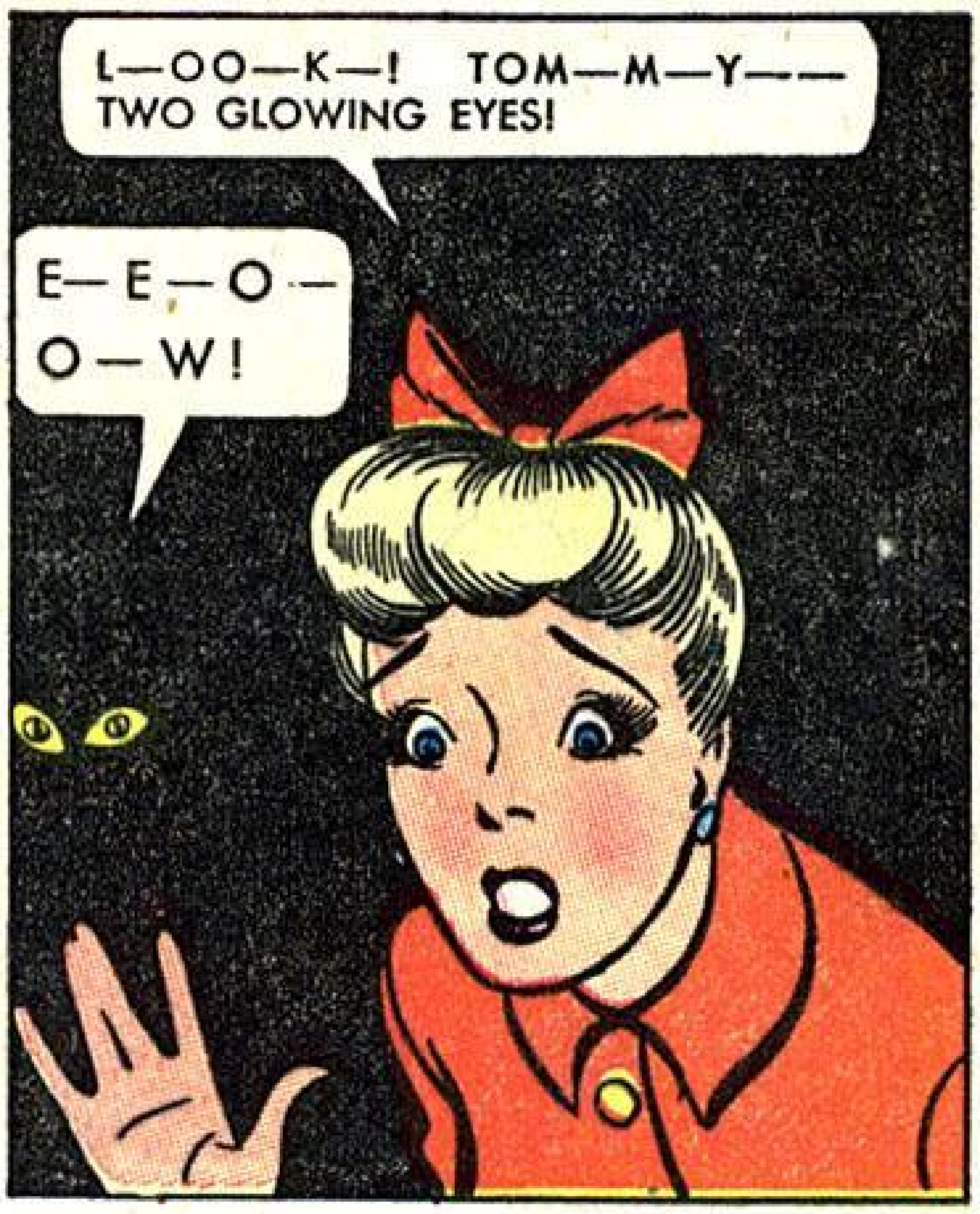

WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT?
FARMER PEABODY WAS ALMOST KILLED BY THE YOWLING GHOST LAST NIGHT. FOUND HIM THIS MORNING IN HIS CORN FIELD.
SCHOOL QUIET STREET

MOMENTS LATER, BETTY IN HER ROLE OF REPORTER, HEARS THE WILD TALE OF THE RAVING VICTIM.

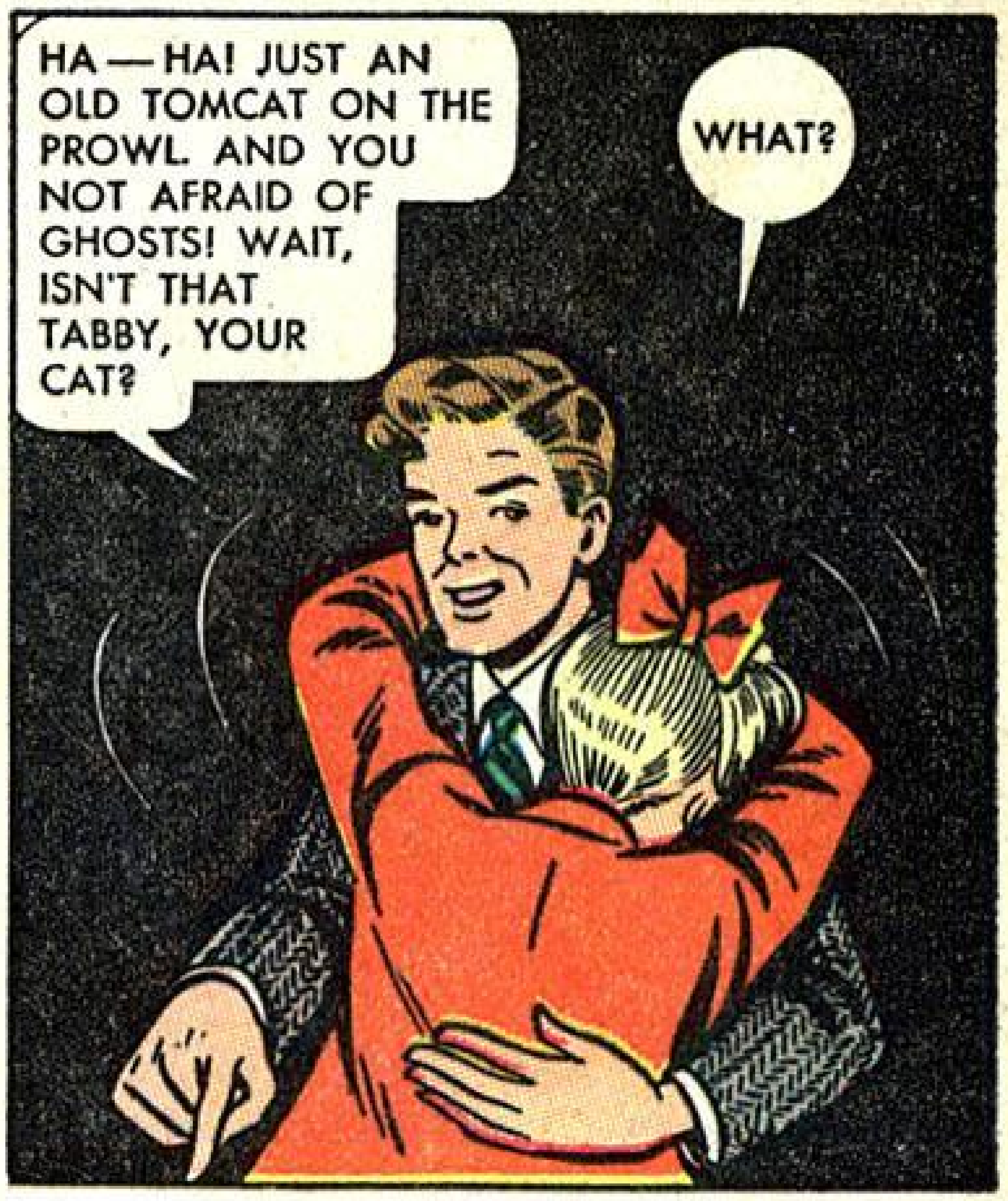

GLOWING EYES! OOOO-O! IT CAME AT ME SCREAMING AND WAILING LIKE THE BANSHEES — (GROAN)

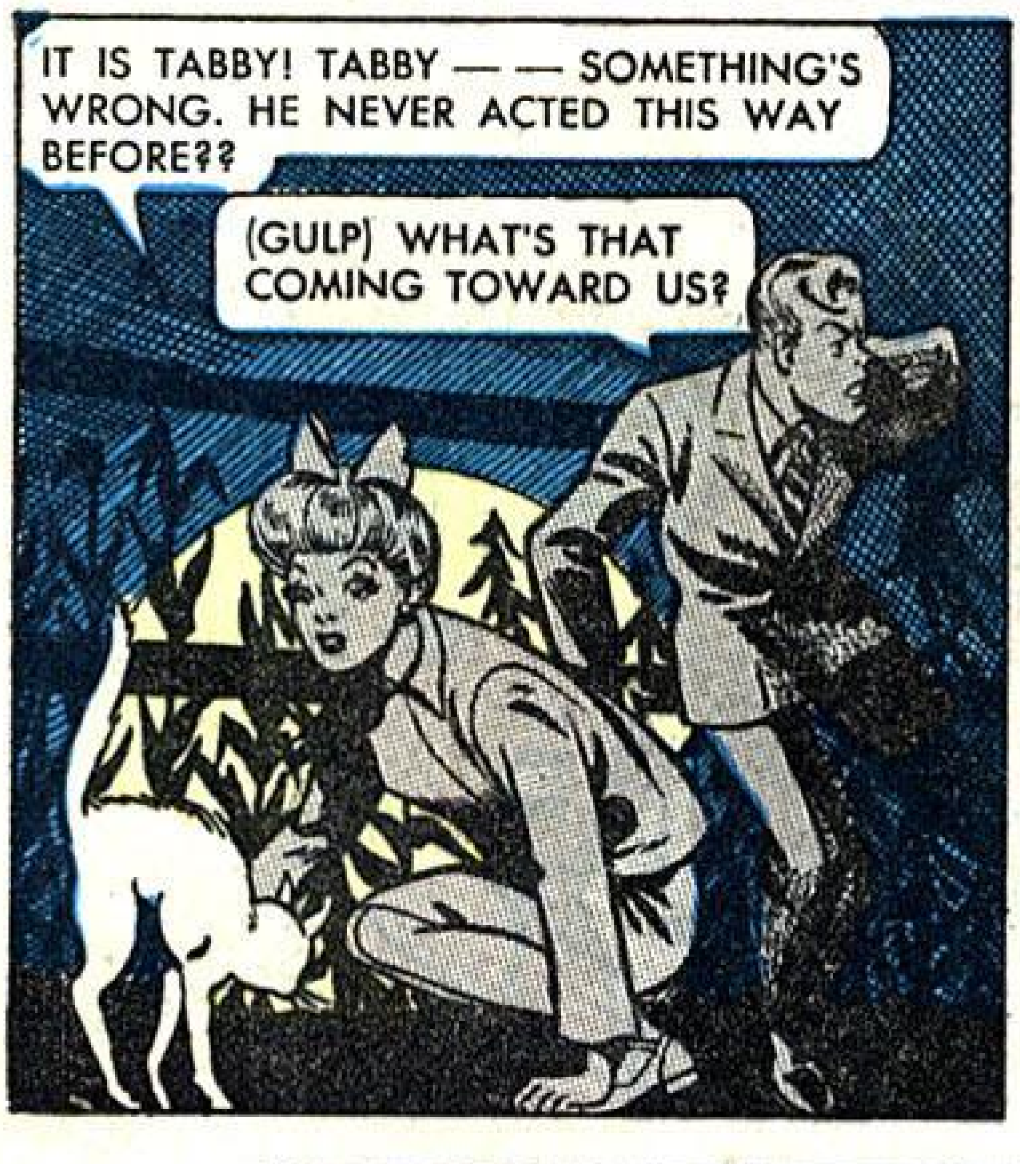

GETS ME — ALMOST EVERY FARM WITHIN TEN MILES HAD ITS CROP DESTROYED BY THIS YOWLING GHOST.
HMM? COULD YOU GIVE ME A LIST OF THE FARMS THAT HAVE BEEN SPARED SO FAR?
MIDDLETOWN GENERAL HOSPITAL
YOU'RE NOT FIGURING ON TACKLING THE GHOST, ARE YOU BETTY?
PERHAPS. CHIEF, I'LL SEE YOU LATER TO GET THAT LIST. SO LONG.
LATE THAT NIGHT AFTER OBTAINING THE LIST FROM THE CHIEF, BETTY AND HER BOY FRIEND, TOMMY, HEAD OUT TOWARD THE FARMS BORDERING THE TOWN.
HOLY CRICKETS! YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO BE UP ALL NIGHT WATCHING FOR THE GHOST?
DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?
NO-O-O! BUT AFTER THAT GOING OVER PEABODY GOT, I'M NOT SO SURE, I DON'T.
SILLY. HE ADMITTED HE DOZED OFF WHILE ON GUARD. PROBABLY HAD A NIGHTMARE.
NIGHTMARE, EH? WHAT ABOUT THOSE SCRATCHES HE WAS COVERED WITH?
YOU'RE FORGETTING THAT HE WAS FOUND NEAR HIS BARBED WIRE FENCE. PROBABLY RAN INTO IT AFTER HAVING THE NIGHTMARE.
I'LL WATCH THE PERKINS' FARM AND YOU TAKE THE LAWSON PLACE. WE'LL MEET HERE AT DAYLIGHT.
BE CAREFUL AND BE SURE TO YELL GOOD AND LOUD IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE. WHY DO I LET HER TALK ME INTO THESE WACKY THINGS.

SUDDENLY AS BETTY TURNS OFF THE ROAD TOWARD THE FARM

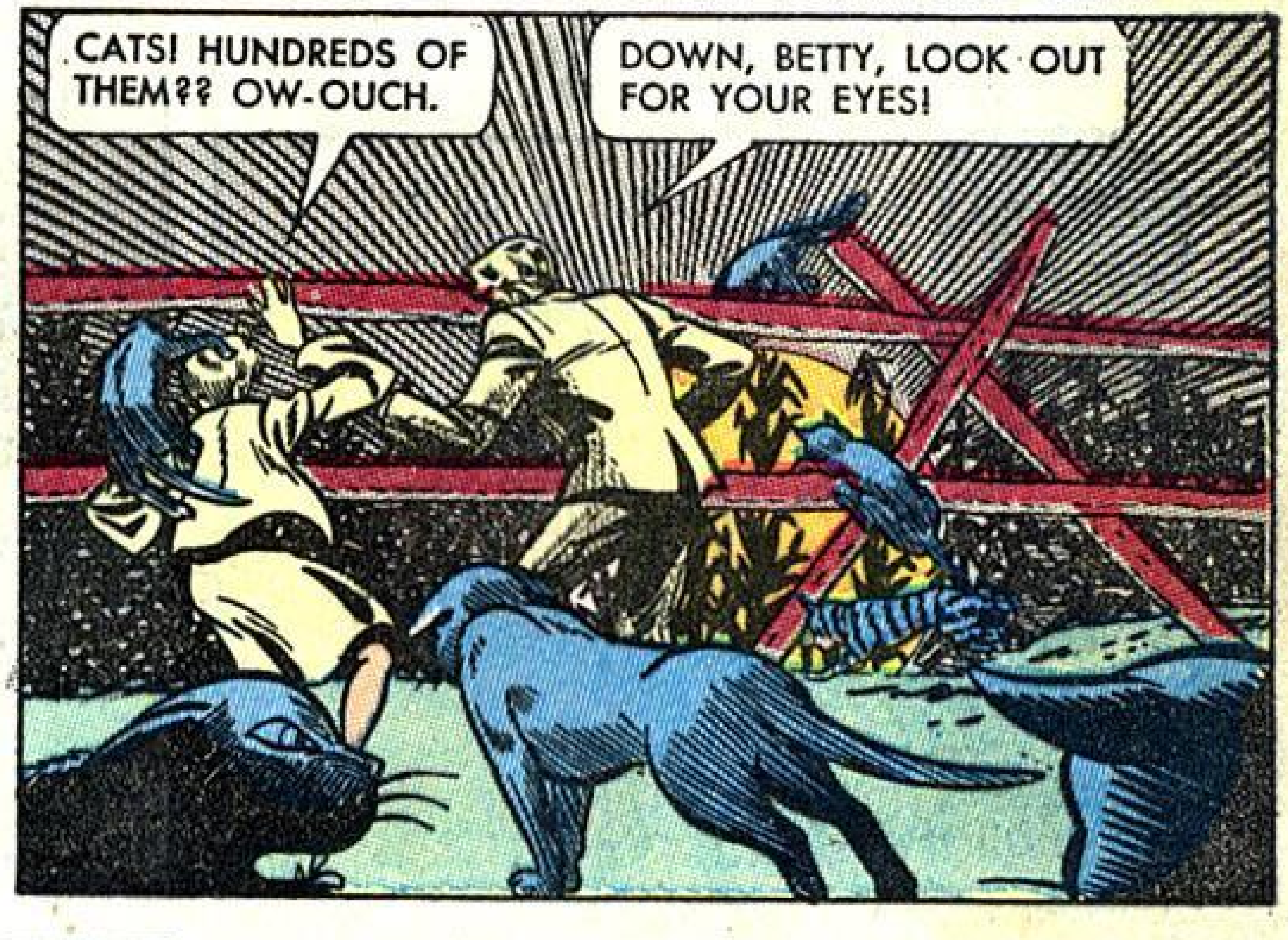

L—OO—K—! TOM—M—Y—— TWO GLOWING EYES!
E—E—O—O—W!

BETTY'S SHRIEK BRINGS TOMMY RACING BACK IN TIME TO SEE THE YELLOW EYES SLINK TOWARD THEM

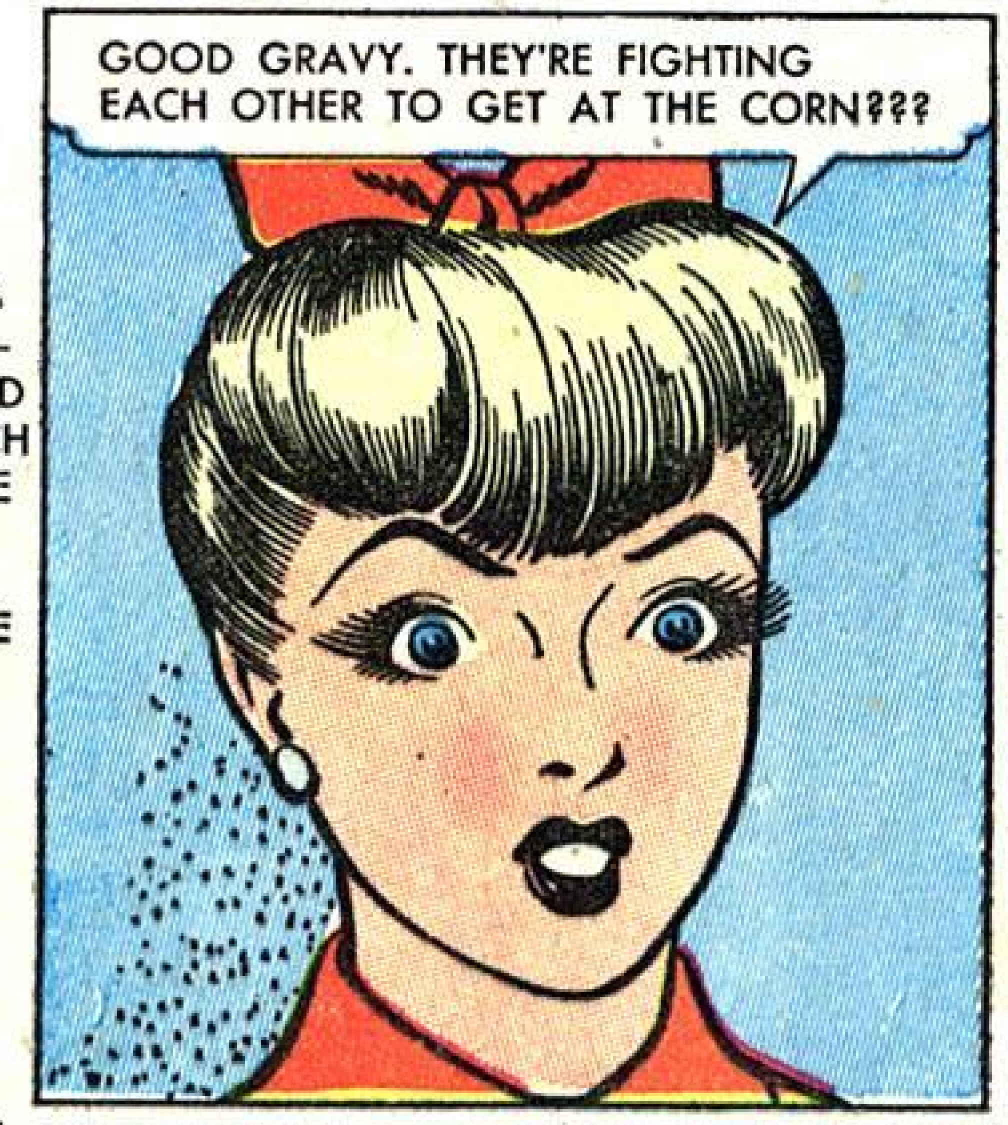

HA—HA! JUST AN OLD TOMCAT ON THE PROWL. AND YOU NOT AFRAID OF GHOSTS! WAIT, ISN'T THAT TABBY, YOUR CAT?
WHAT?


IT IS TABBY! TABBY —— SOMETHING'S WRONG. HE NEVER ACTED THIS WAY BEFORE??
(GULP) WHAT'S THAT COMING TOWARD US?

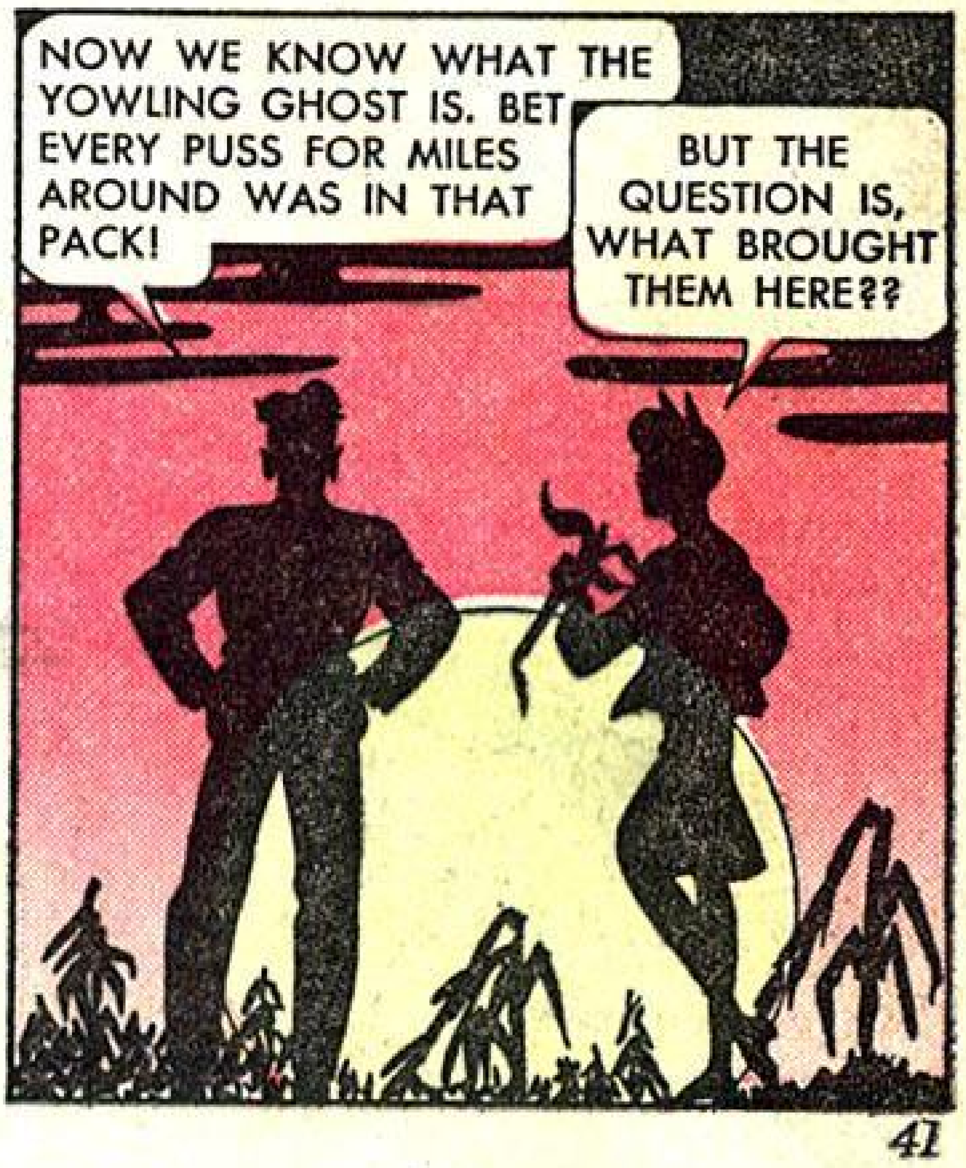
SUDDENLY A HORDE OF WILD, SCREAMING, SPITTING, FURRY BODIES SWARM OVER THE STUNNED TOMMY AND BETTY.

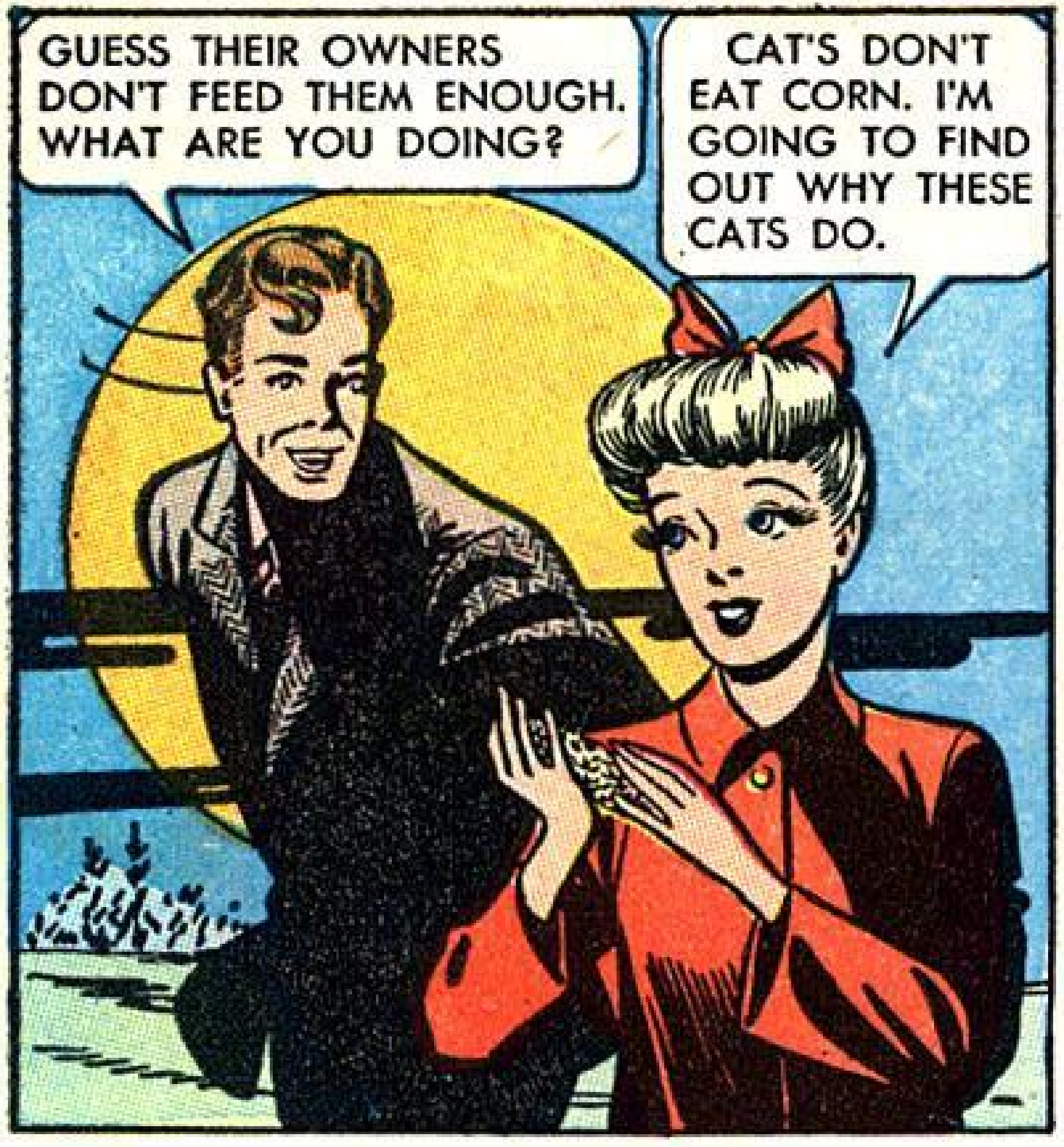

CATS! HUNDREDS OF THEM?? OW-OUCH.
DOWN, BETTY, LOOK OUT FOR YOUR EYES!

HECTIC MOMENTS LATER—— AN AMAZED PAIR WATCH THE FELINE ARMY UTTERLY DEVASTATE AN ENTIRE CORN FIELD

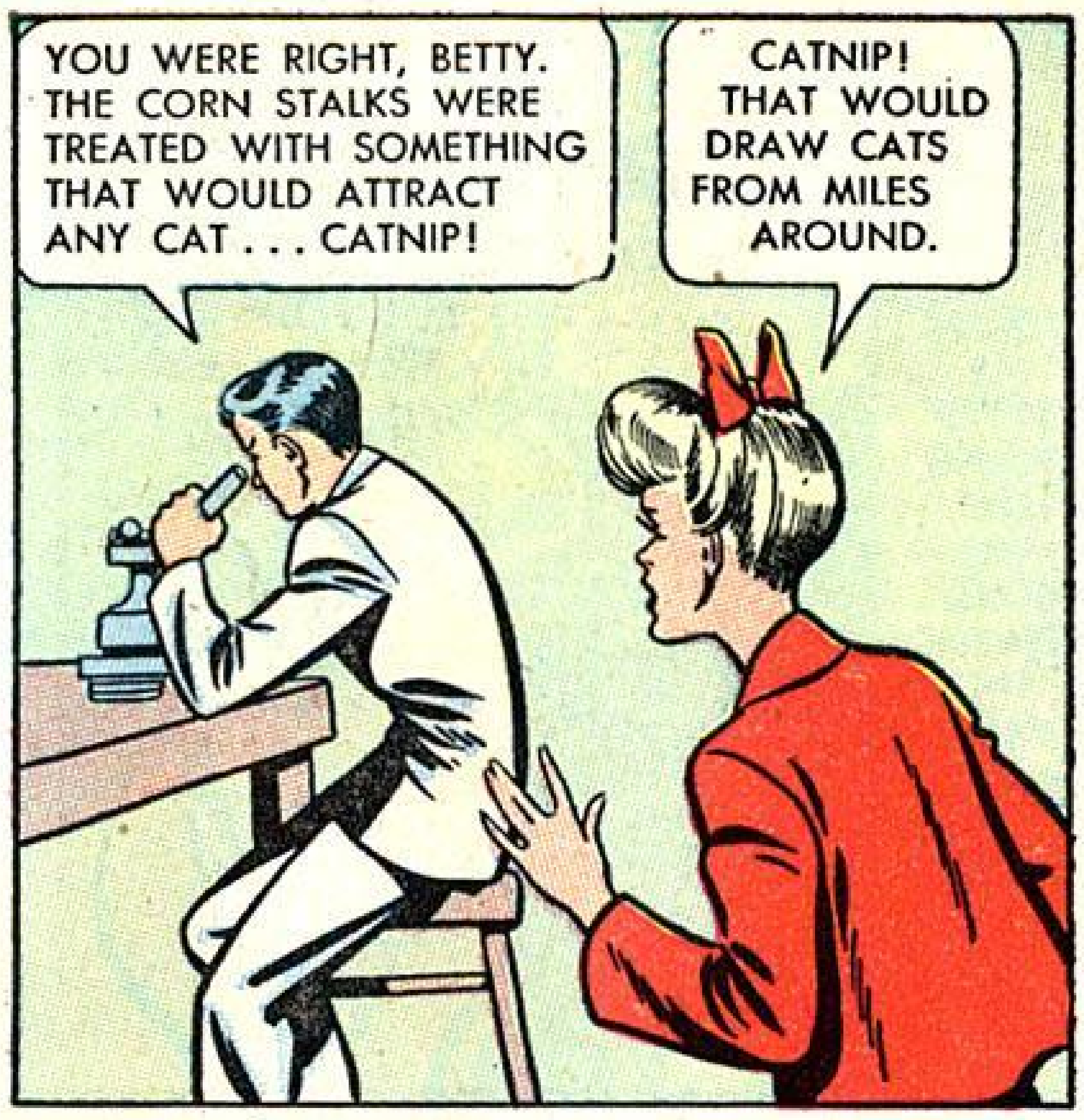

GOOD GRAVY. THEY'RE FIGHTING EACH OTHER TO GET AT THE CORN???

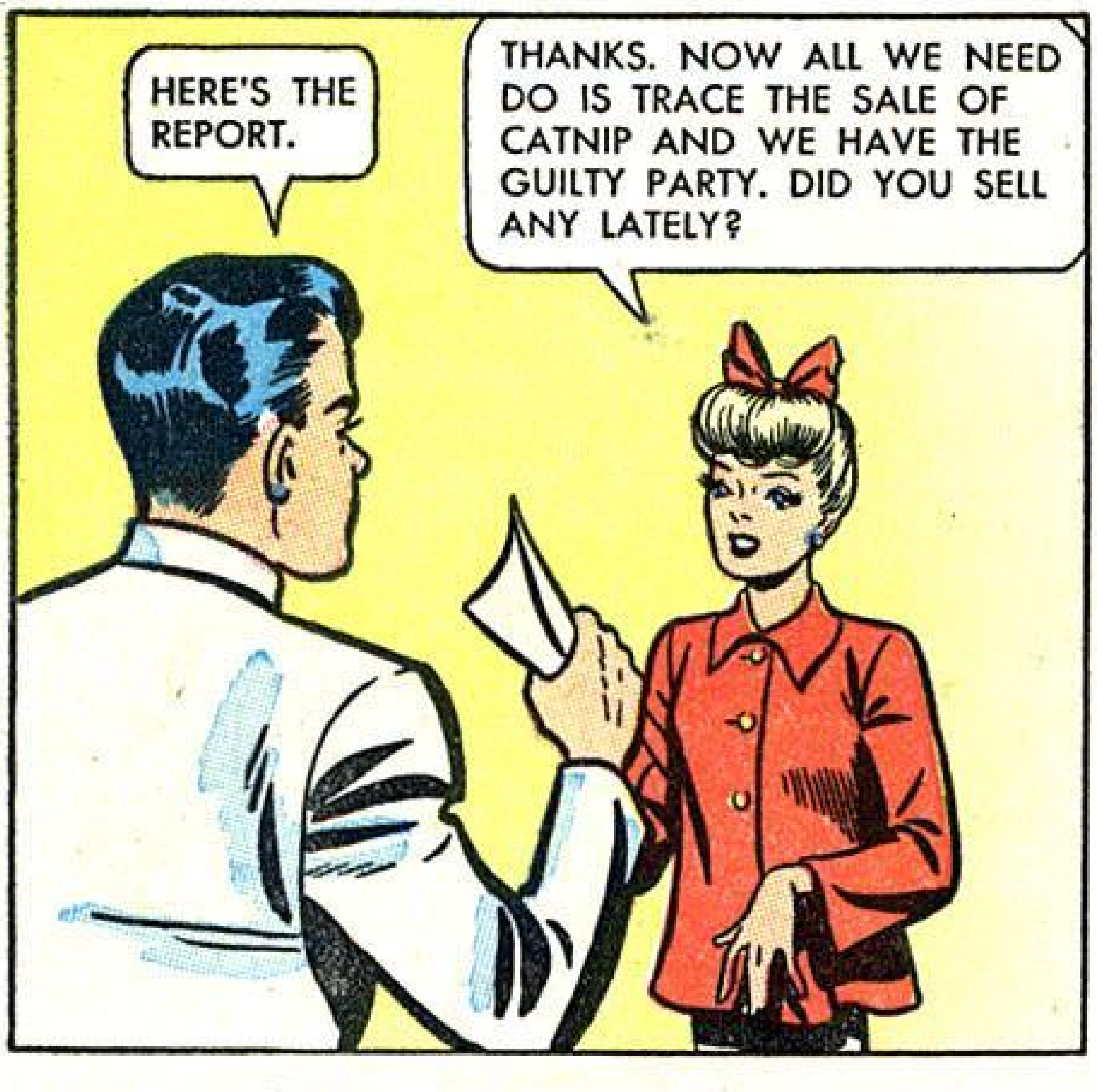
LATER —— AFTER THE SNARLING, SCREAMING HORDE HAVE SLUNK OFF INTO THE NIGHT

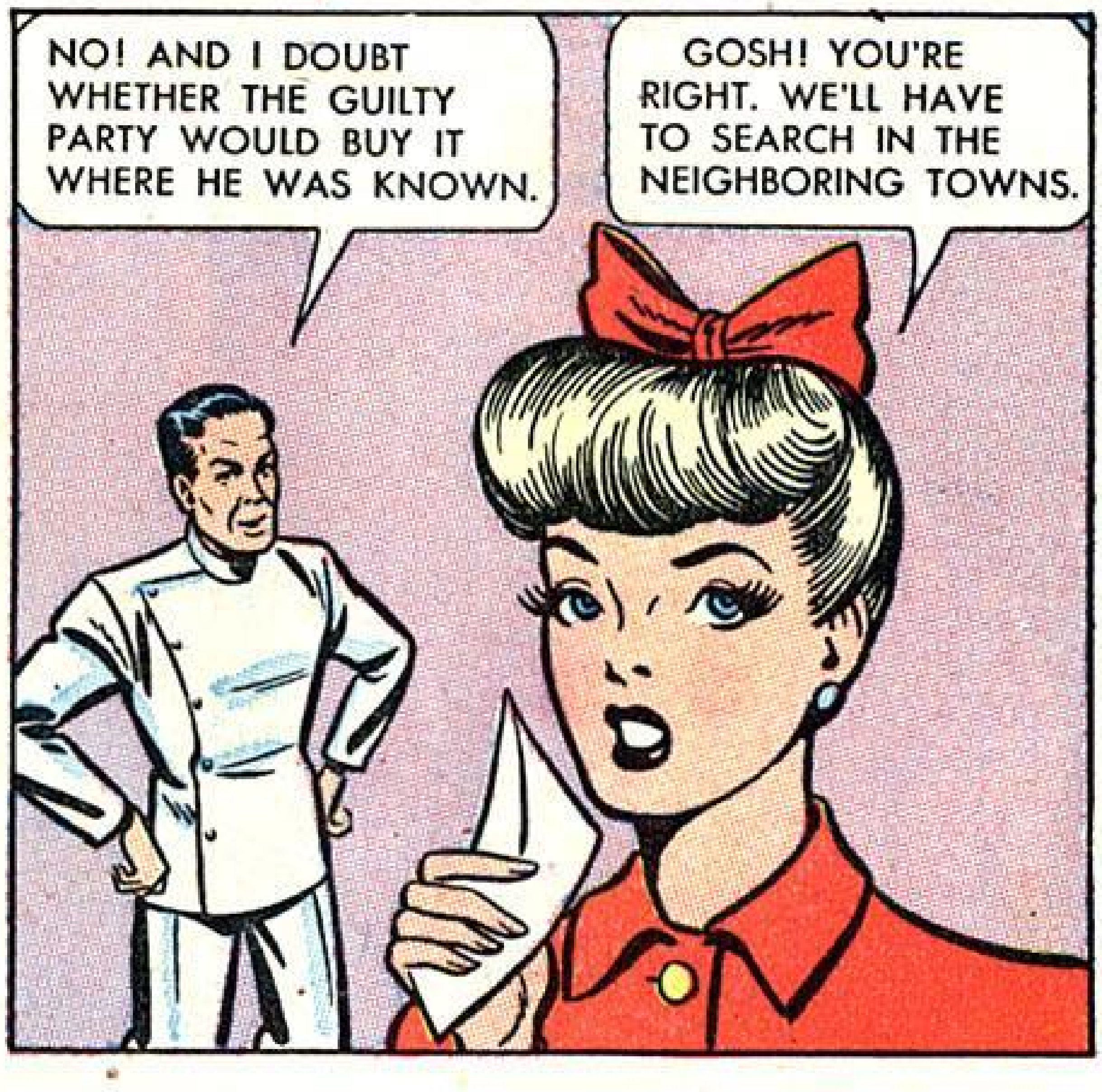

NOW WE KNOW WHAT THE YOWLING GHOST IS. BET EVERY PUSS FOR MILES AROUND WAS IN THAT PACK!
BUT THE QUESTION IS, WHAT BROUGHT THEM HERE??


GUESS THEIR OWNERS DON'T FEED THEM ENOUGH. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CAT'S DON'T EAT CORN. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHY THESE CATS DO.

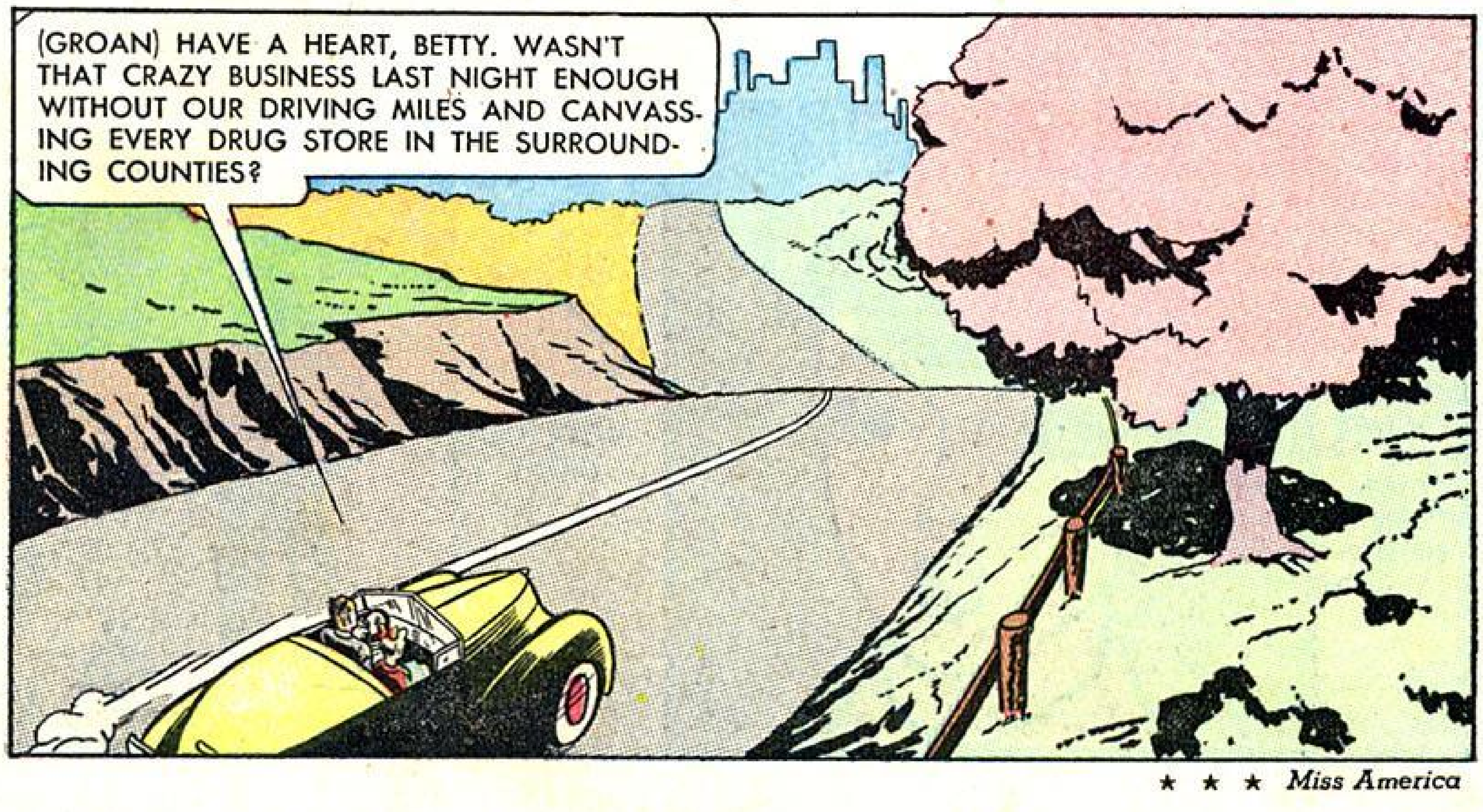
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, BETTY EAGERLY WAITS FOR THE TOWN CHEMIST'S ANALYSIS.

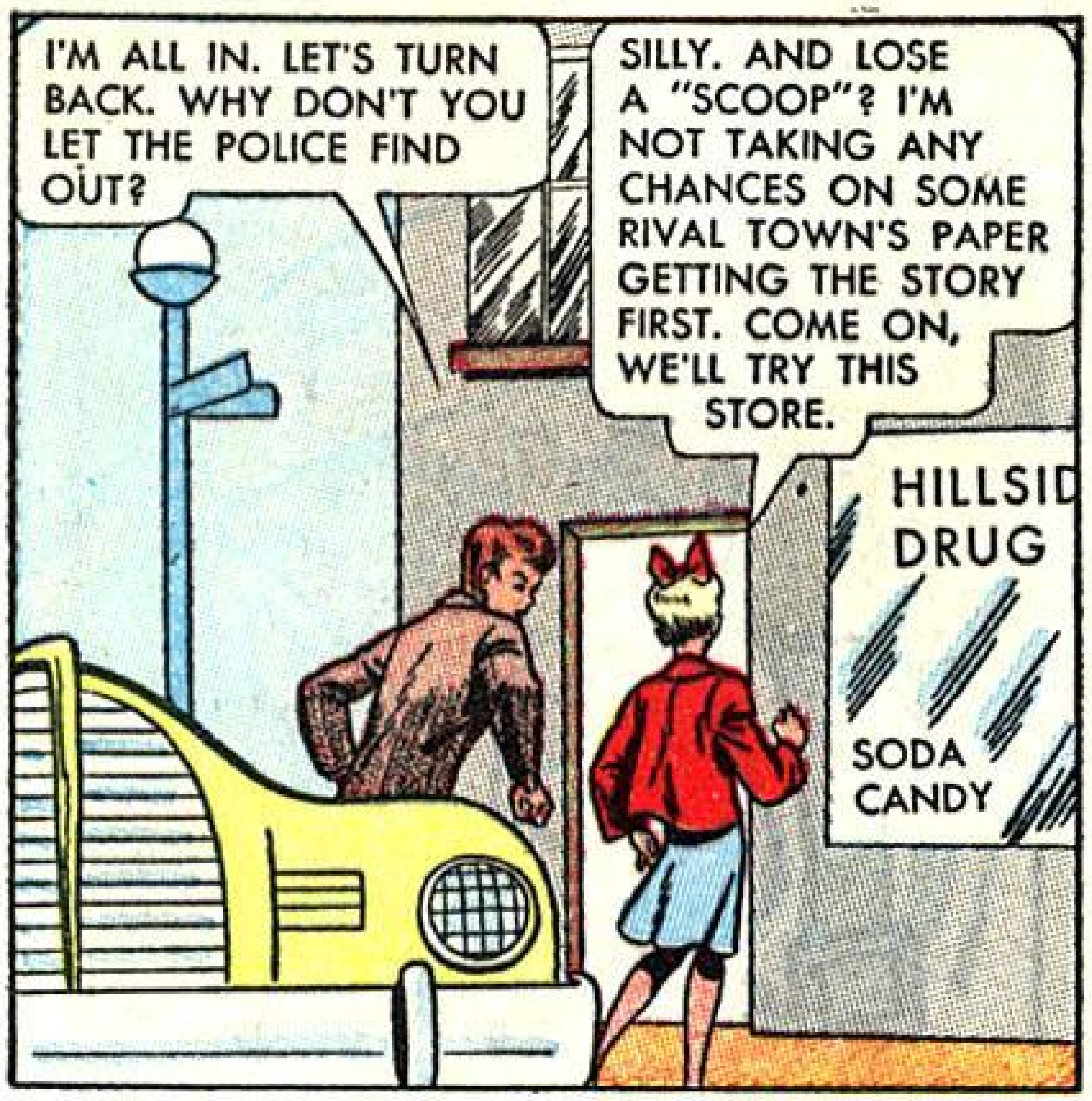

YOU WERE RIGHT, BETTY. THE CORN STALKS WERE TREATED WITH SOMETHING THAT WOULD ATTRACT ANY CAT . . . CATNIP!
CATNIP! THAT WOULD DRAW CATS FROM MILES AROUND.


HERE'S THE REPORT.
THANKS. NOW ALL WE NEED DO IS TRACE THE SALE OF CATNIP AND WE HAVE THE GUILTY PARTY. DID YOU SELL ANY LATELY?

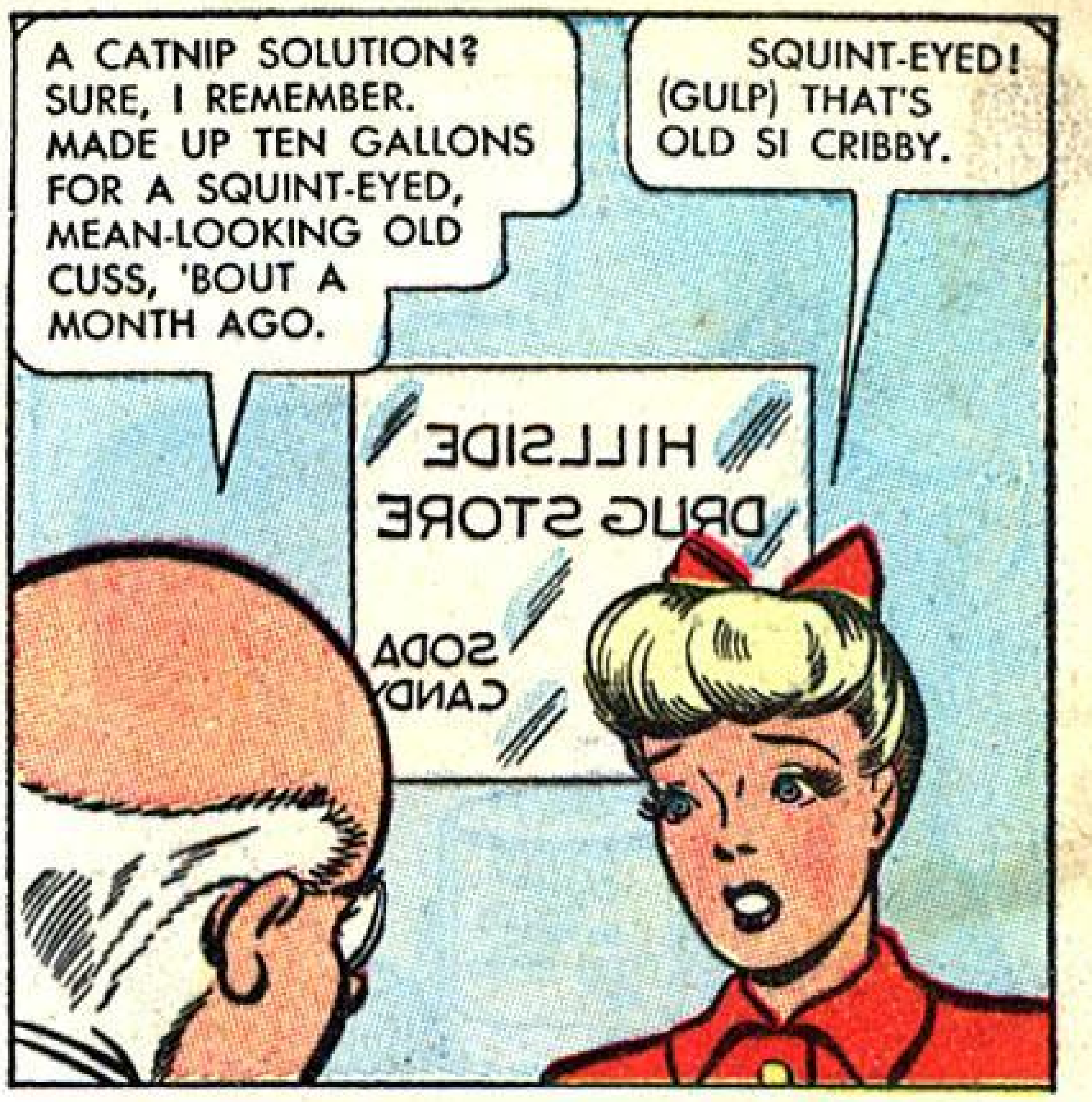

NO! AND I DOUBT WHETHER THE GUILTY PARTY WOULD BUY IT WHERE HE WAS KNOWN.
GOSH! YOU'RE RIGHT. WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH IN THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

MANY HOURS AND TOWNS LATER.

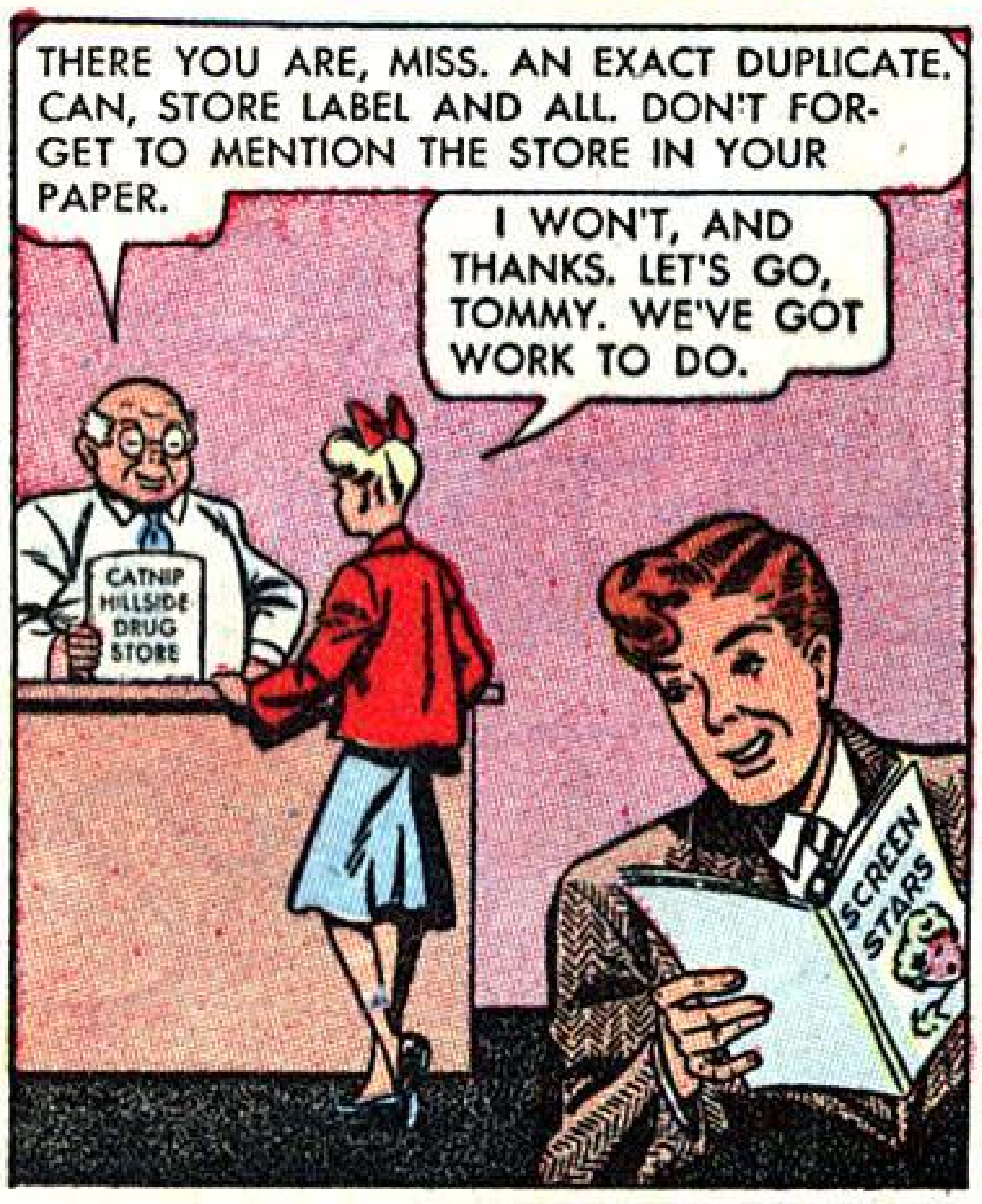

(GROAN) HAVE A HEART, BETTY. WASN'T THAT CRAZY BUSINESS LAST NIGHT ENOUGH WITHOUT OUR DRIVING MILES AND CANVASSING EVERY DRUG STORE IN THE SURROUNDING COUNTIES?


I'M ALL IN. LET'S TURN BACK. WHY DON'T YOU LET THE POLICE FIND OUT?
SILLY. AND LOSE A "SCOOP"? I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON SOME RIVAL TOWN'S PAPER GETTING THE STORY FIRST. COME ON, WE'LL TRY THIS STORE.
HILLSID DRUG
SODA CANDY

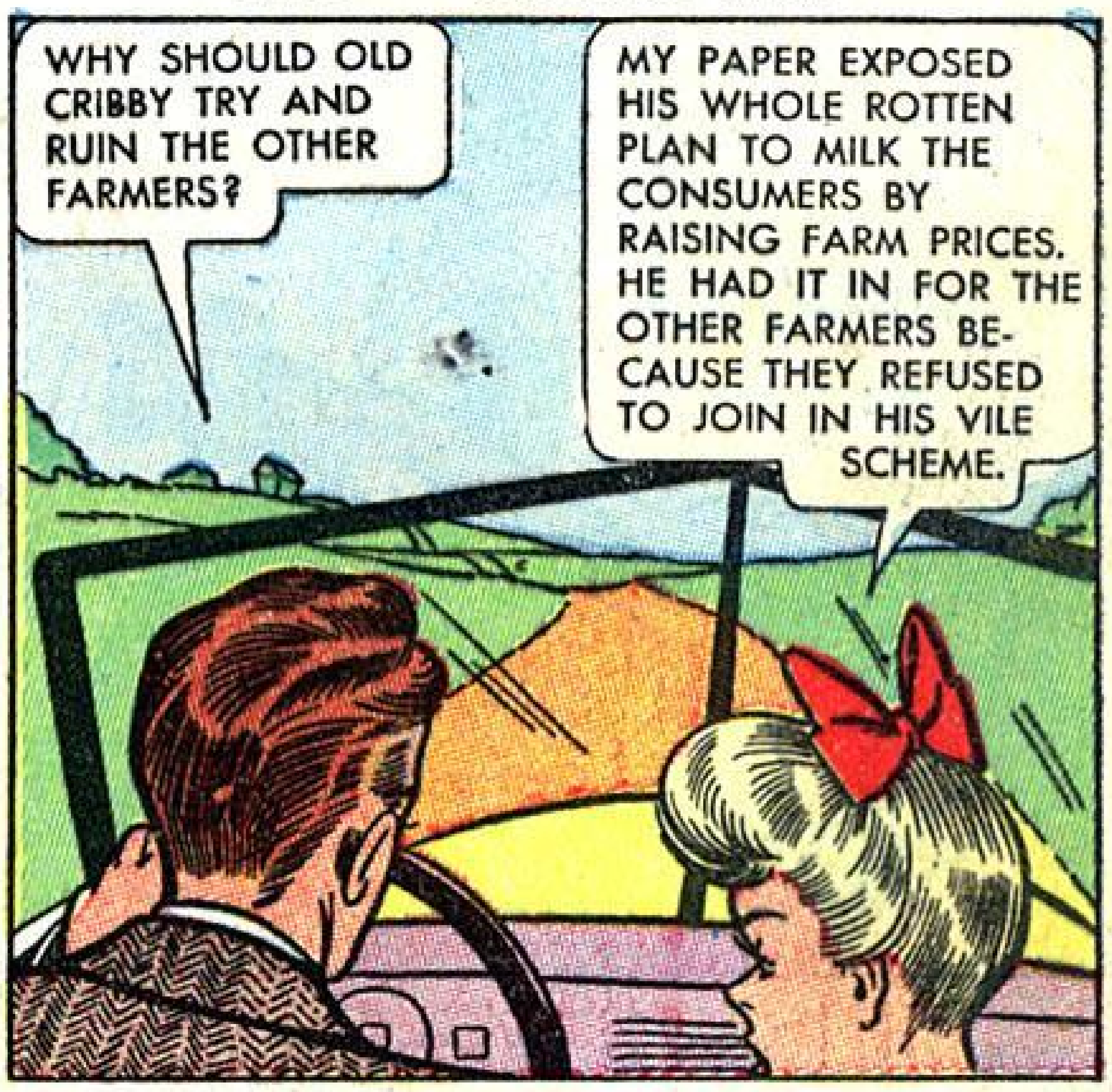
THE PERSERVERING BETTY'S QUEST ENDS.

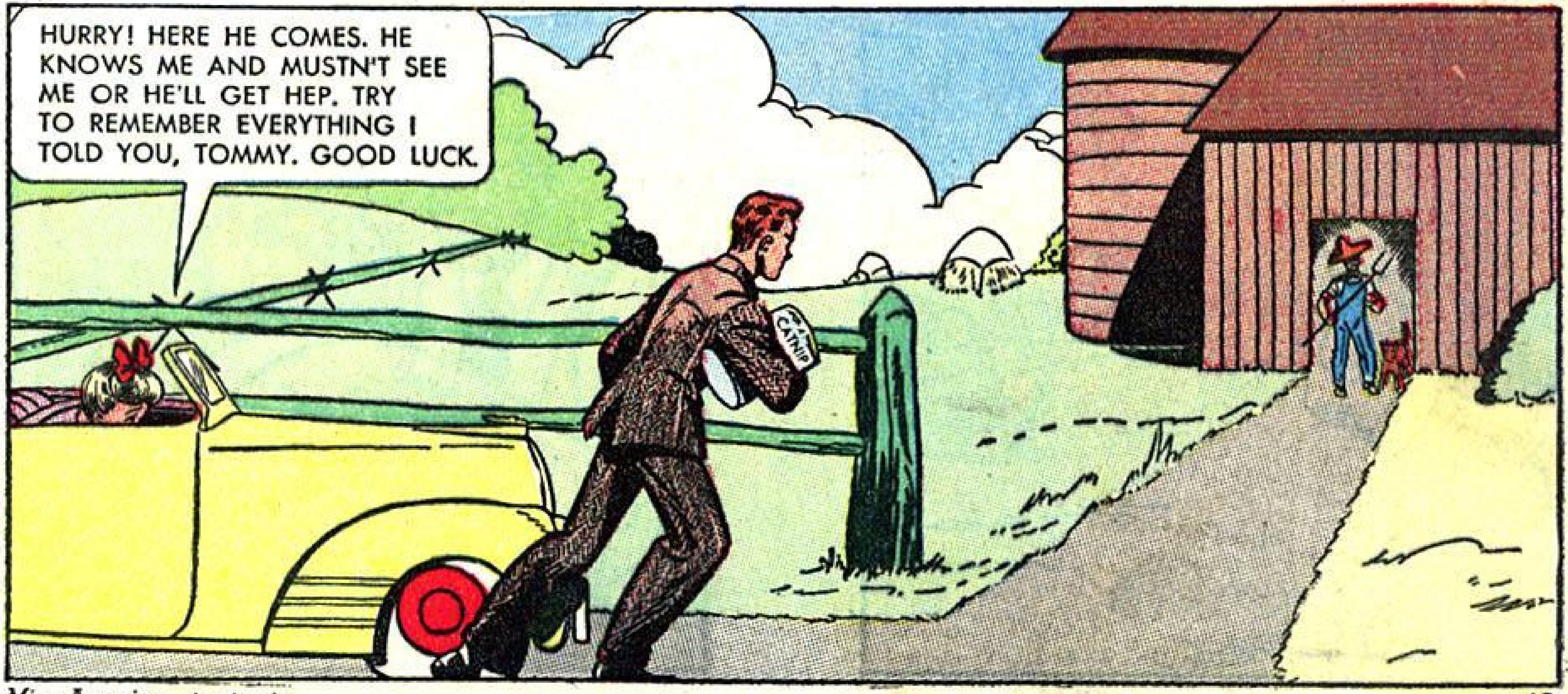

A CATNIP SOLUTION? SURE, I REMEMBER. MADE UP TEN GALLONS FOR A SQUINT-EYED, MEAN-LOOKING OLD CUSS, 'BOUT A MONTH AGO.
SQUINT-EYED! (GULP) THAT'S OLD SI CRIBBY.
HILLSIDE DRUG STORE
SODA CANDY

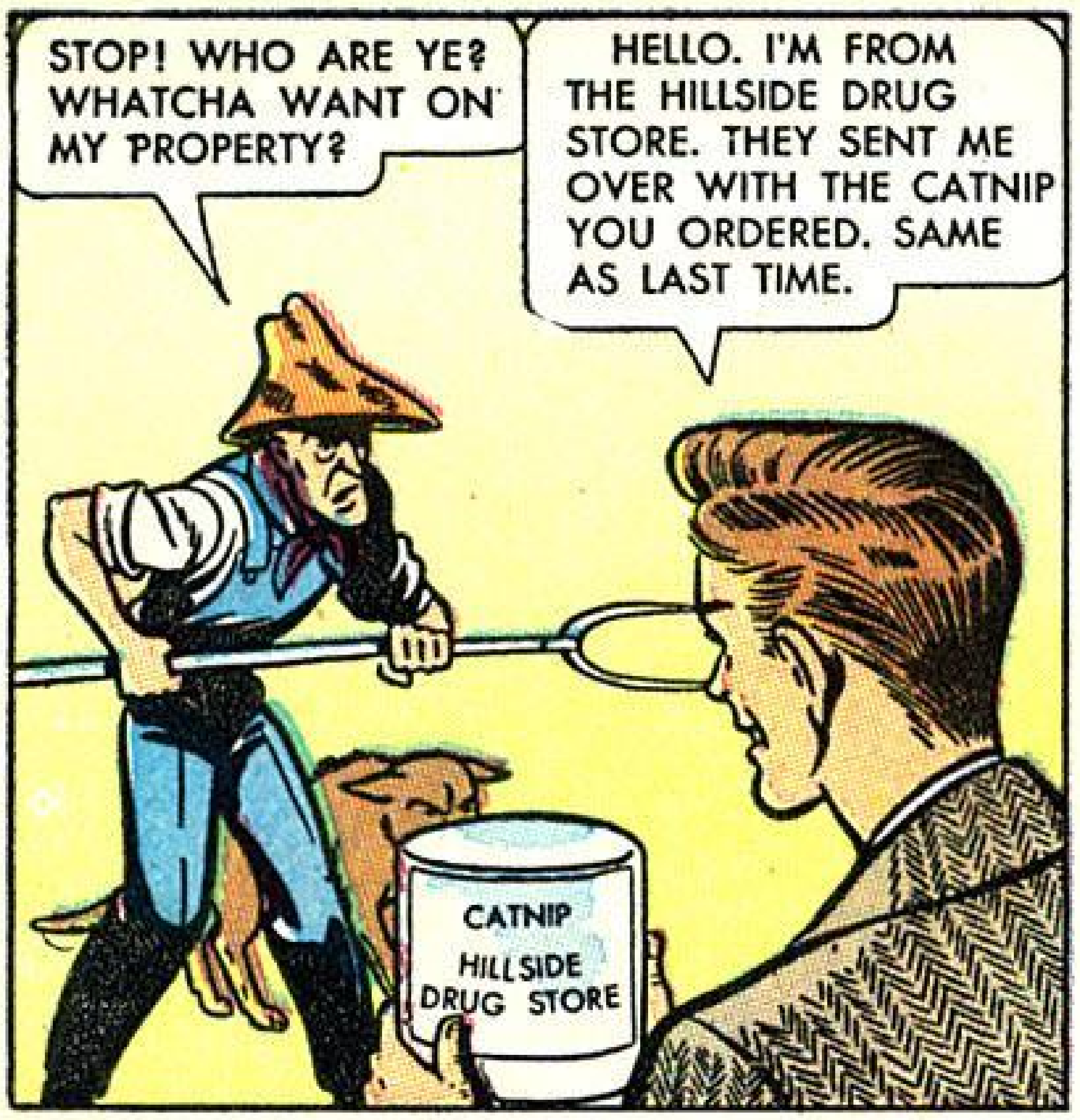
BETTY'S AGILE MIND INSTANTLY FORMULATES A PLAN AND SHE ENLISTS THE AID OF THE COOPERATIVE AND KINDLY DRUGGIST.


THERE YOU ARE, MISS. AN EXACT DUPLICATE. CAN, STORE LABEL AND ALL. DON'T FORGET TO MENTION THE STORE IN YOUR PAPER.
I WON'T, AND THANKS. LET'S GO, TOMMY. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
CATNIP HILLSIDE DRUG STORE
SCREEN STARS

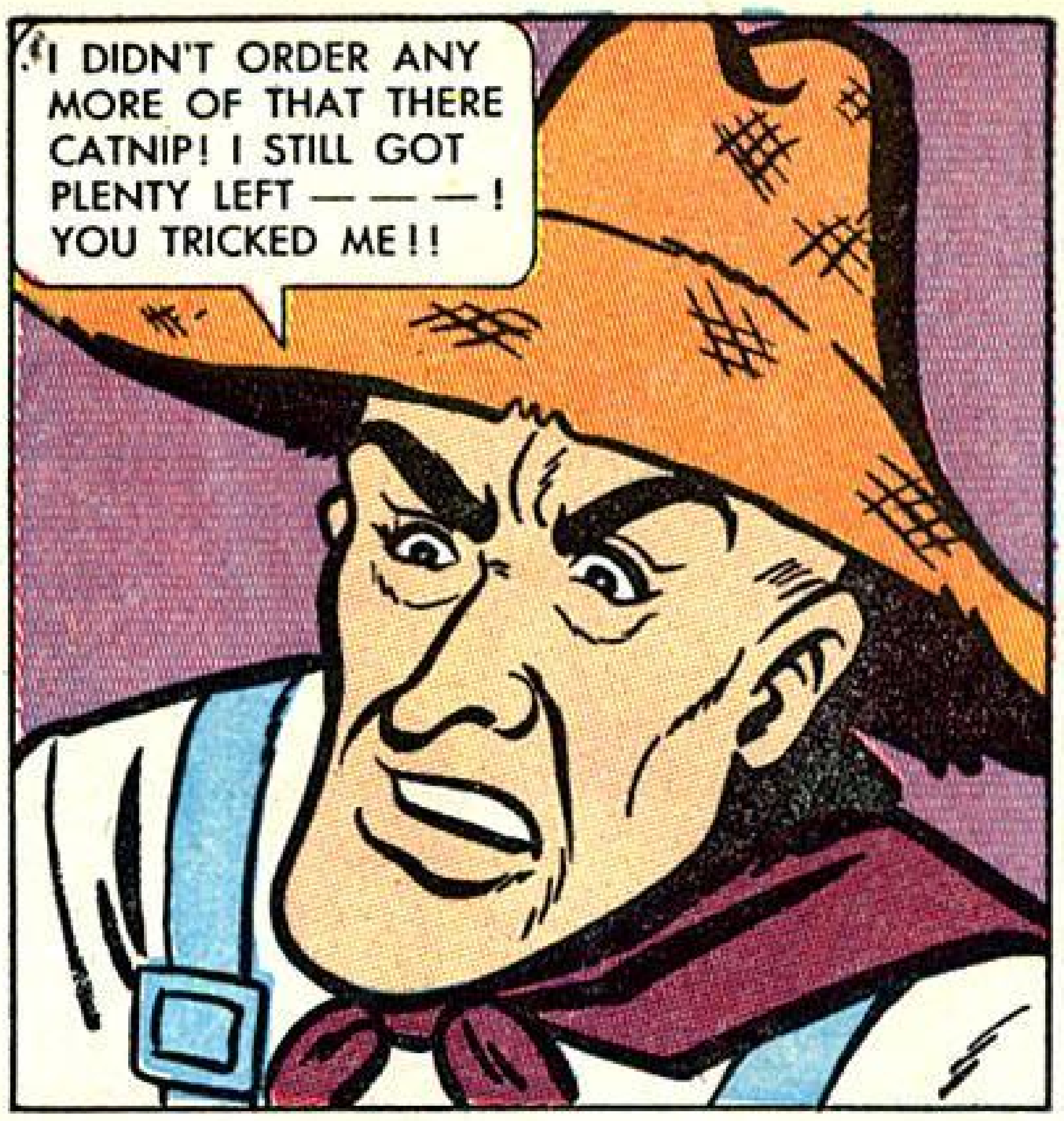
LATER — — THE CRIBBY FARM.

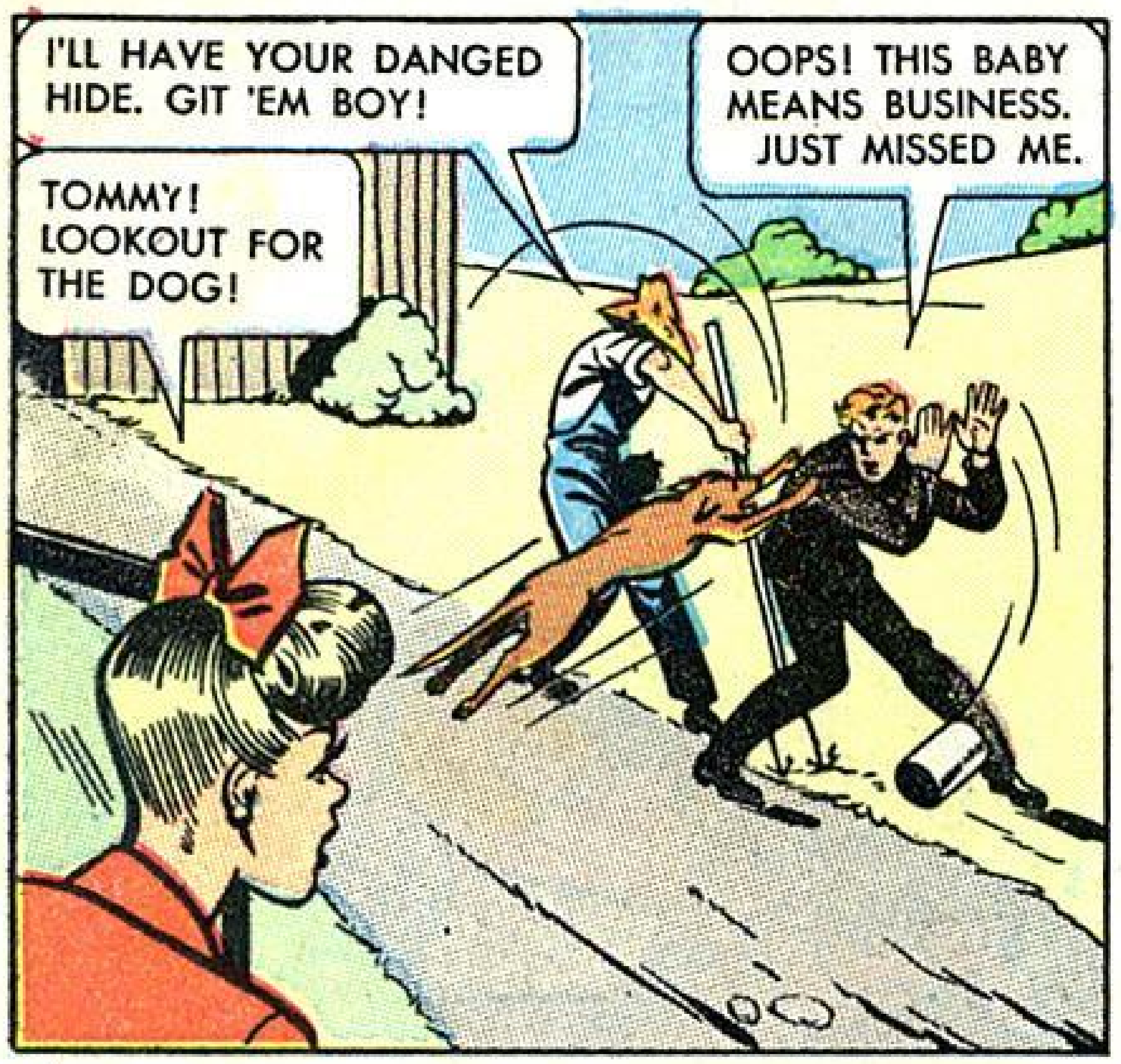

WHY SHOULD OLD CRIBBY TRY AND RUIN THE OTHER FARMERS?
MY PAPER EXPOSED HIS WHOLE ROTTEN PLAN TO MILK THE CONSUMERS BY RAISING FARM PRICES. HE HAD IT IN FOR THE OTHER FARMERS BECAUSE THEY REFUSED TO JOIN IN HIS VILE SCHEME.


HURRY! HERE HE COMES. HE KNOWS ME AND MUSTN'T SEE ME OR HE'LL GET HEP. TRY TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU, TOMMY. GOOD LUCK.
CATNIP

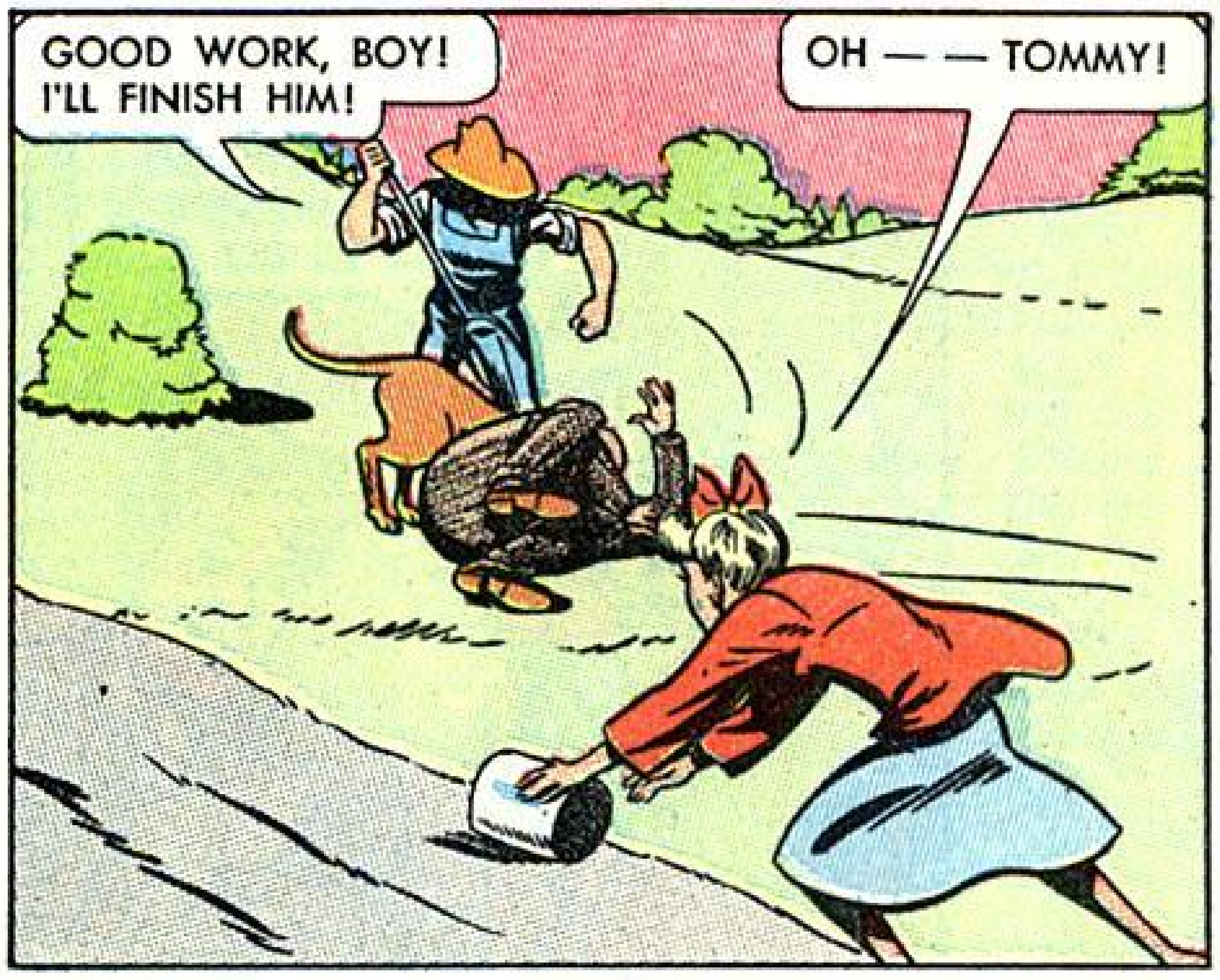

STOP! WHO ARE YE? WHATCHA WANT ON MY PROPERTY?
HELLO. I'M FROM THE HILLSIDE DRUG STORE. THEY SENT ME OVER WITH THE CATNIP YOU ORDERED. SAME AS LAST TIME.
CATNIP HILLSIDE DRUG STORE

CRIBBY REALIZES TOO LATE THAT HE WAS BAITED INTO A DANGEROUS ADMISSION.

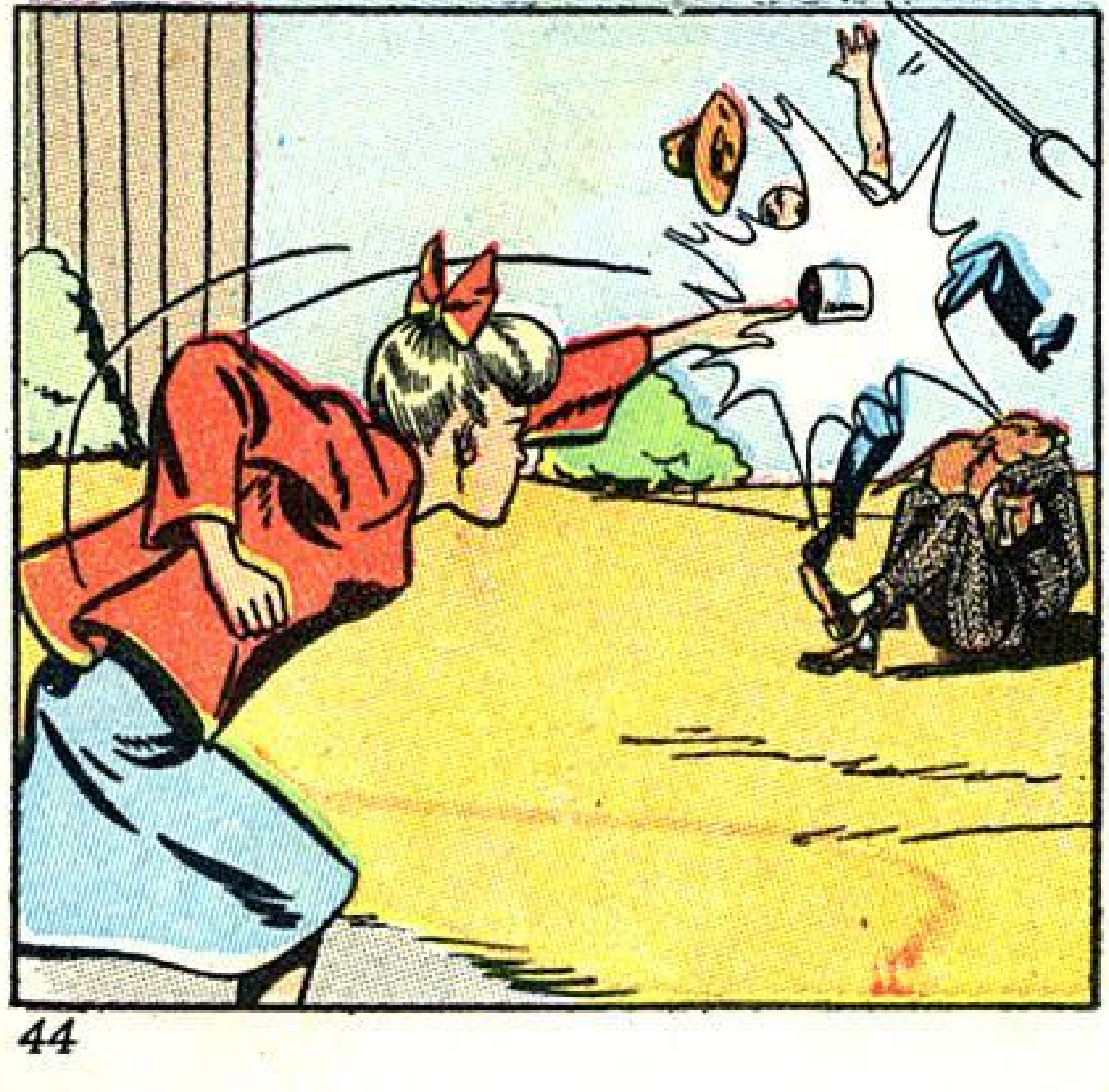

I DIDN'T ORDER ANY MORE OF THAT THERE CATNIP! I STILL GOT PLENTY LEFT — — —! YOU TRICKED ME!!


I'LL HAVE YOUR DANGED HIDE. GIT 'EM BOY!
OOPS! THIS BABY MEANS BUSINESS. JUST MISSED ME.
TOMMY! LOOKOUT FOR THE DOG!

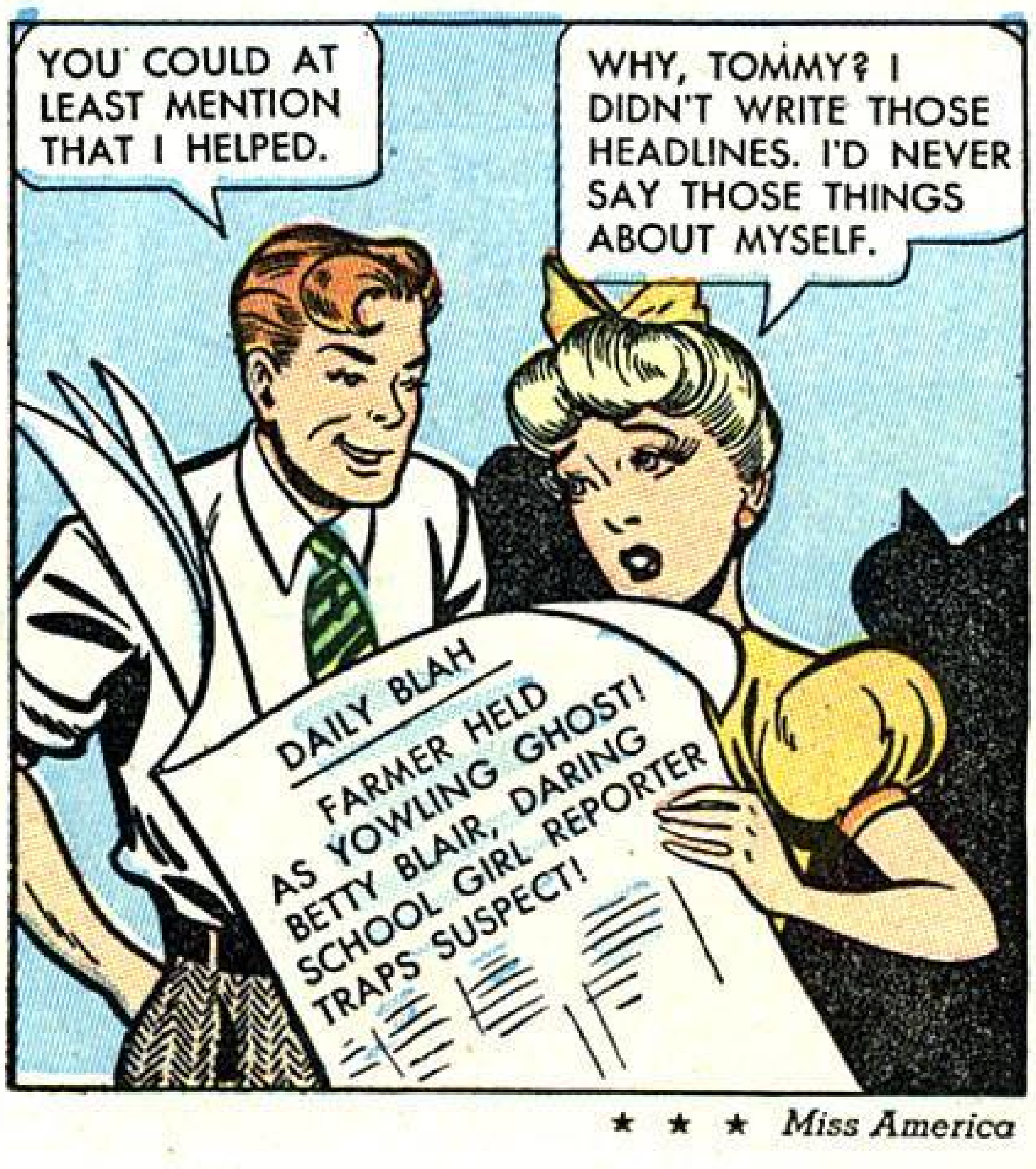
TOMMY IS KNOCKED OFF HIS FEET BY THE SUDDEN ATTACK OF THE DOG— —


GOOD WORK, BOY! I'LL FINISH HIM!
OH — — TOMMY!

BETTY ACTS SWIFTLY AS THE PITCHFORK DESCENDS WITH MURDEROUS FORCE AND THUDS INTO THE GROUND ONLY INCHES FROM TOMMY.



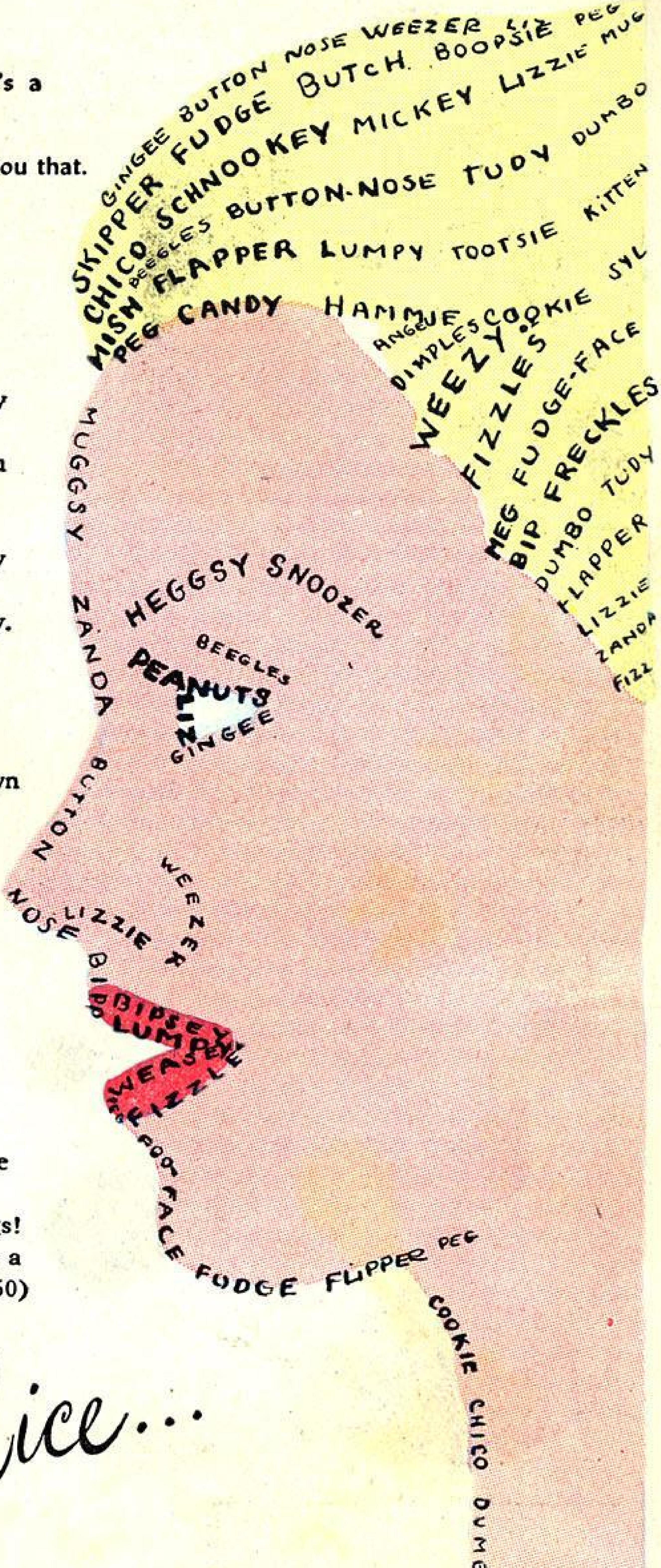
THE NEXT DAY...


YOU COULD AT LEAST MENTION THAT I HELPED.
WHY, TOMMY? I DIDN'T WRITE THOSE HEADLINES. I'D NEVER SAY THOSE THINGS ABOUT MYSELF.
DAILY BLAH
FARMER HELD AS YOWLING GHOST! BETTY BLAIR, DARING SCHOOL GIRL REPORTER TRAPS SUSPECT!

Names are Nice...

Hey there, Fizz, Foo-Face, Beagle, Mish! There's a definite philosophy of nicknames and here it is. After you've read it, you'll *smile* when they call you that.

By Julie Easton



GINGEE BUTTON NOSE WEEZER LIZ PEG
SKIPPER FUDGE BUTCH. BOOPSIE
CHICO SCHNOOKEY MICKEY LIZZIE MUG
BEEGLES BUTTON-NOSE TUDY DUMBO
MISH FLAPPER LUMPY TOOTSIE KITTEN
PEG CANDY HAMMIE
ANGEIE DIMPLES COOKIE SYL
WEEZY
FIZZLES
FUDGE-FACE
MEG
BIP FRECKLES
DUMBO TUDY
FLAPPER
LIZZIE
ZANDA
FIZZ
MUGGSY
HEGGSY SNOOZER
BEEGLES
PEANUTS
LIN
GINGEE
ZANDA
BUTTON
NOSE
LIZZIE
WEEZER
BIP
BIPSEY
LUMPY
WEASEL
FIZZLE
POO FACE
FUDGE FLIPPER PEG
COOKIE
CHICO
DUMBO

YOU saunter out your front door, feeling perfectly streamlined and capable of coping with whatever charming developments fate may have in store today.

Hand resting dovelike on the porch railing, you pause in a poised ladylike way to survey the landscape — which by a stimulating coincidence just happens to include that new redheaded boy who just moved to town!

Drama! He looks in your direction interestedly. You widen your eyes with appropriate surprise. Fancy meeting him practically right on your own doorstep —

Then it happens. Again — again it happens!

One of your girl friends comes bicycling down the street, throwing her voice around exuberantly.

"Hey, Muggs! How's about a set of tennis?"

Muggs! You no longer feel streamlined or even poised — and how can you feel ladylike? Glamor takes a powder and you rue the fateful day your parents named you Margaret. Not that you don't like Margaret as a name. Of course you do. It's pretty, BUT so much can happen to it. Peg, Meg, Maggie — and Muggs.

If you were going to be tagged with a nickname why couldn't it have been something dreamy and poetic like Margo, for instance? But Muggs!

Out of the murk that covers you, you manage a sickly grin

(Continued on page 50)

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 4

she be properly thrilled!

* * *

Dale Evans no sooner completed her role in "Don't Fence Me in" with Roy Rogers, than she was signed to do "Along the Navajo Trail" with Roy. The lucky girl!

* * *

Joan Leslie is now dating Johnny Miles, who was Jane Withers' one-time steady.

* * *

Barbara Whiting, so cute in "Junior Miss," is going to Metro for "Huck Finn."

* * *

Dick Powell sold his interests in the Powell Motor Scooter before he and Junie Allyson named the day to be Mr. and Mrs. But first he gave one to Junie, who's using it.

* * *

I was over at Alan Ladd's the other night, and Sue played some of Alan's new recordings. Golly, he's wonderful! Laddie's voice will really send you. He's going to sing in "California," with Betty Hutton.

Bob Walker is making "What Next, Corp. Hargrove?" out Metro way. And the story goes that the studio had to pay $100,000 for just using that title!

Greer Garson, "The Queen," has Clark Gable, "The King," drinking tea every day at four on the set of "This Strange Adventure." They're as smooth as cream together on the screen. Gable plays a rough bosun of a Merchant Marine freighter. Greer's a beautiful but prim and proper straight-laced librarian. But when they meet, things start happening.

* * *

Smart girl, fourteen-year-old Ann Rossen, daughter of cameraman Hal. All she wanted for her birthday was a party, with Van Johnson as a guest. Hal told Van on the set of "Early to Wed," and Van attended the party. The hostess and her guests are still talking.

* * *

Betty Hutton writes that when she met the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in New York, "I got all goose-pimply, just like a bobby-soxer."

* * *

Dane Clark lamented out loud that he hadn't had a shower for six months, because the shower didn't work at his house and he couldn't get a plumber. So the other day he received a letter from Cleveland, Ohio, that said, "Will install for you, for free, nearly new and perfectly working shower bath, if and providing you will sponsor a screen career for my eight year old son."

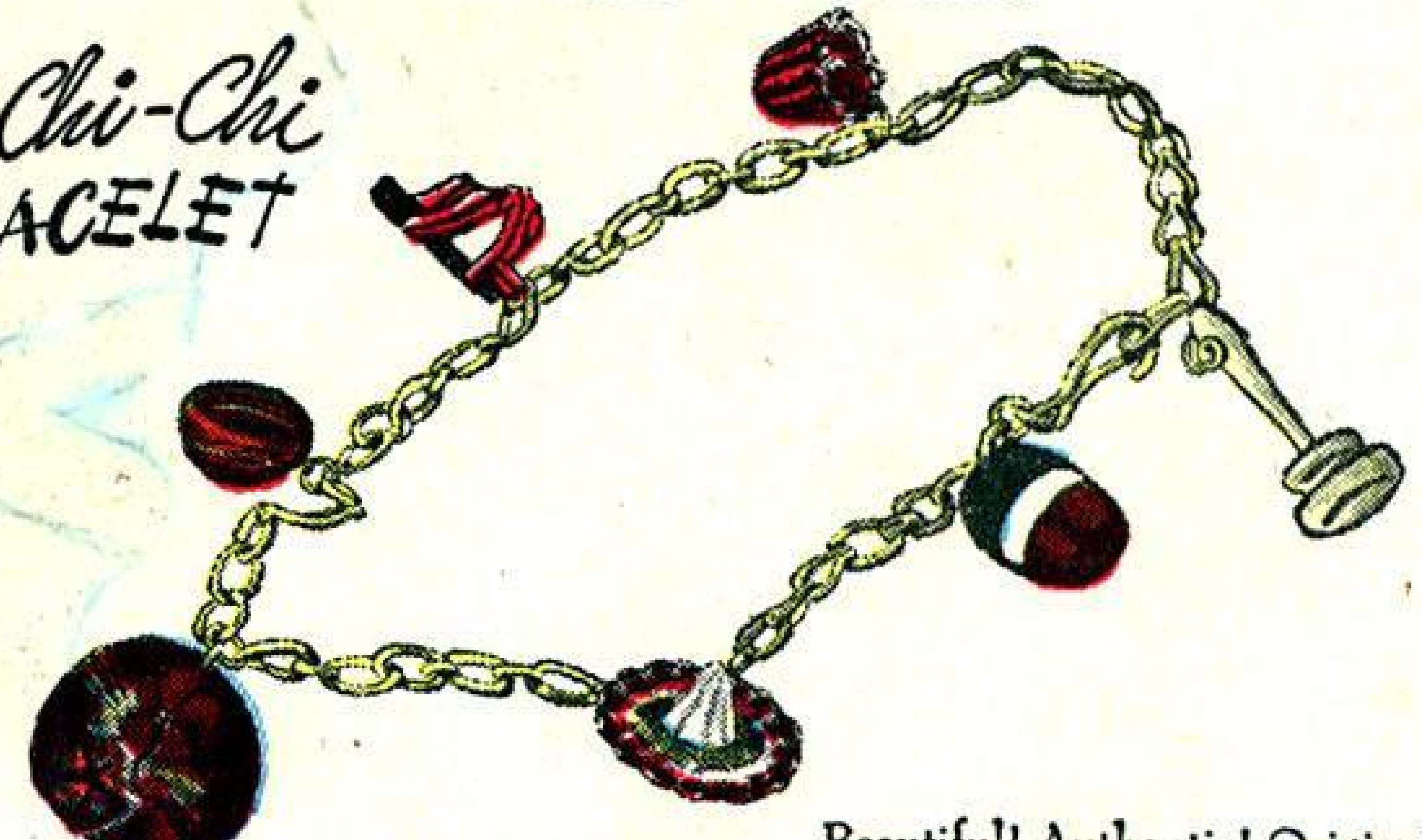
* * *

Robert Alda, Warner's new star of "Rhapsody in Blue," received a comb and brush set for his birthday from his young son age seven, with a card that read, "From me to you for me to borrow because I know you already have one." Enterprising, huh?

* * *

It's Dick Haymes who reports that a friend of his is very serious about patronizing home industries. Even when he has an operation he insists on a local anaesthetic!

Si! Si!—THE NEW Chi-Chi
MEXICAN CHARM BRACELET



Beautiful! Authentic! Original!

CHI-CHI is an exciting new charm bracelet that will add a festive touch to all your outfits—sport or *special!* Seven lucky little charms! Every one handmade, every one hand-decorated in Old Mexico! Order yours now!

$1.00 plus 25c for tax and mailing

CLIP THIS COUPON

Tropical Trader
24 South Michigan Avenue
Chicago 3, Illinois

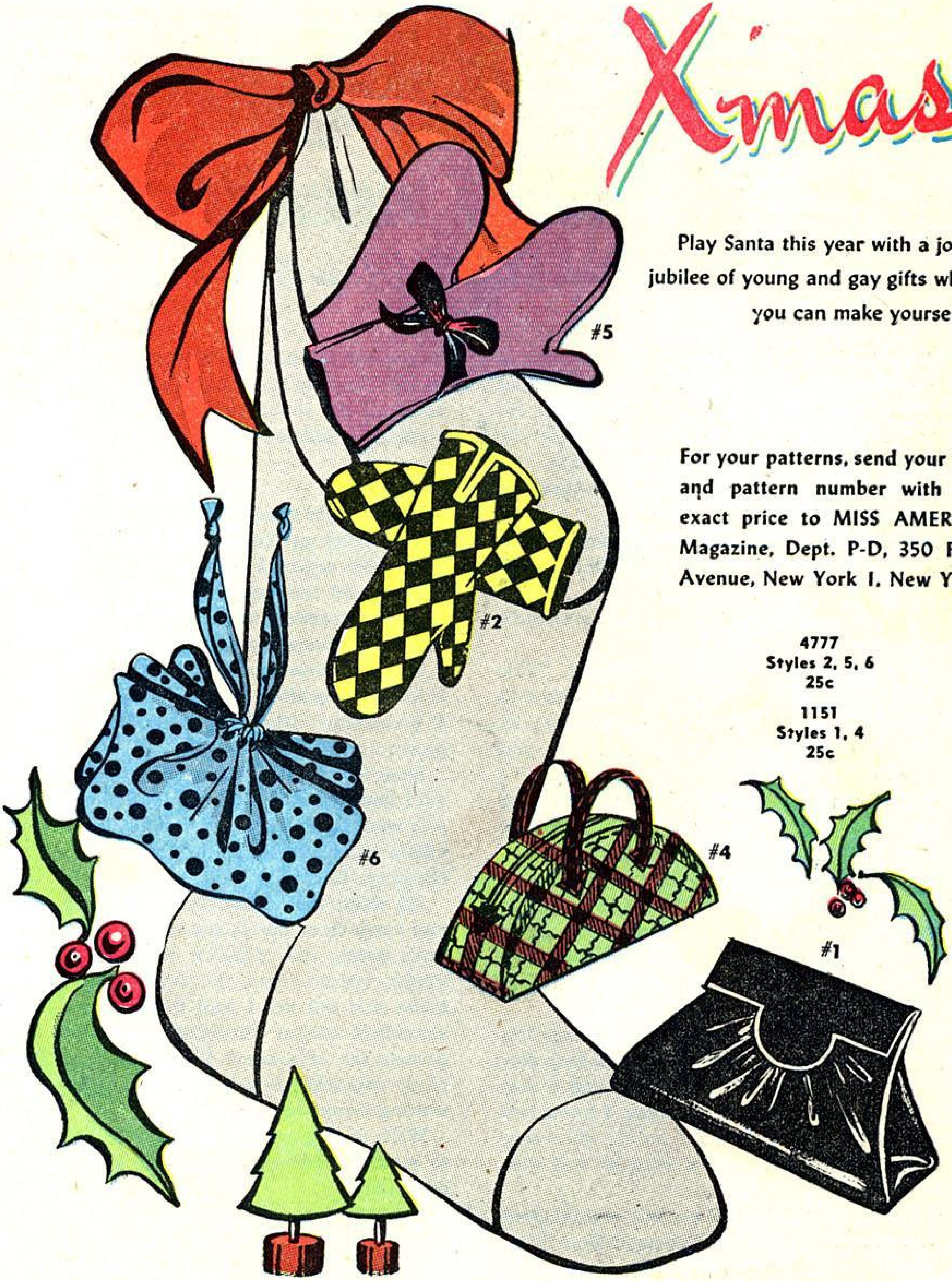
Please send me________CHI-CHI Charm Bracelets.
I enclose check or money order for $________

SEND TO

NAME________________
ADDRESS________________
CITY________________STATE________

Stocking up for Xmas

Play Santa this year with a joyful jubilee of young and gay gifts which you can make yourself...



For your patterns, send your size and pattern number with the exact price to MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. P-D, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York I, New York.

4777
Styles 2, 5, 6
25c

1151
Styles 1, 4
25c

the BROKEN windshield

by Diane Staffelback-(age 15)

"THERE'S the mail man, Bud. Bring the mail in the house, will you please?" Bud's mother called from the kitchen. For the first time in his life, Bud needed no urging. He dashed out the door and went tearing down the front walk.

"Hi there, Mr. Winters!" he shouted. "Anything for us today?"

"Sure thing, Bud. Five letters, and two are from Jim. Bet your mother will be glad to see them."

"She sure will! Thanks a lot."

Bud walked back to the house much more slowly then he had left it.

"Gosh, it's got to be here," he thought. "This has just *got* to be it. Boy, here it is! Addressed to me, Mr. Bud Harfield! I knew Jim wouldn't let me down." Bud's thoughts raced madly on, and he tripped on the front step.

"Doggonit, anyway!" he muttered to himself as he brushed off his trousers. He looked up to see his mother standing at the door, hands on her hips, having a good laugh at his expense.

"Don't tell me we're going to have to teach you to walk all over again. And where's the mail? Is there anything from Jim?" she asked anxiously.

"Here it is. There's a letter to you from Jim, and one for me, too."

"But Bud, Jim always writes to you in *my* letters. I wonder why — but never mind. I keep forgetting you're almost grown up now and it *was* very nice of Jim to write two letters. I know he's awfully busy —" She wandered on into the house to read her letters and cry a little bit and wish Jim were here.

"My gosh. You'd think I was still a child. And here I am, sixteen years old," thought Bud. Then he grinned, thinking of his letter and took the stairs in four leaps up to his bedroom. He flopped down amid all the rubbish of an average boy's room, settling himself to read his mail. Jim had written:

Dear Bud,

Well, and to think that my kid brother is actually growing up! When you wrote me that letter asking for advice I knew that at last you were throwing off the rompers. Don't worry, we'll lick this thing together, in the good old Harfield style, and come through with flying colors.

First, we must consider whether the objective is worth going after. I'm glad you have good taste. If I remember little Cathy correctly, she must have grown up into a humdinger.

Now, let's consider the enemy and get the setup. As I understand it, the prom is 3 months off and you want to go with Cathy. And she prefers this villain (and colossal football player I hear) Bob Kingsley. Check?

All right, here come the orders, and see that you carry them out to the letter. *Lay off Cathy!* Start dating that sidekick of hers, Betsey Canninger, instead. Also, run over to Jean Parsons' house and tell her I said to mold you into the smoothest dancer she could ever hope to see (except me, of course.) You can tell her it's one of my cute schemes to be sure she's sitting at home waiting for me to come back.

Well, pard, you've had your briefing. Go forth to meet the enemy, and let me know how you come out.

Good luck,
Jim.

This month's prize winner has her heart set on a career as a writer. We think you'll enjoy her story of how a young man can capture a girl's interest.

Bud ran his fingers through his hair. "Holy cow, now I see what he means. I sure am dumb. Why didn't I think of making Cathy jealous by going with Betsey? Of course, Betsey's not my type. Never did like blondes." Bud said this with the calm assurance that goes with a taffy colored crewcut. Cathy had coal black hair, so thick and curly you wanted to touch it. Yes, brunettes had it all over blondes; Bud had decided that a long time ago.

But the Canninger kid was exactly the one to give Cathy a good bite of green apples. "She's pretty and she's Cathy's best friend. And with Jean Parsons teaching me, I'll soon be the smoothest dancer in our crowd." With these assuring thoughts, Bud went happily down the stairs, whistling a gay tune.

A few weeks later he wrote:
Dear Jim,

Pvt. Bud reporting, sir! All orders were carried out as commanded, with one exception, and I'll get to that later. The situation is now well under control.

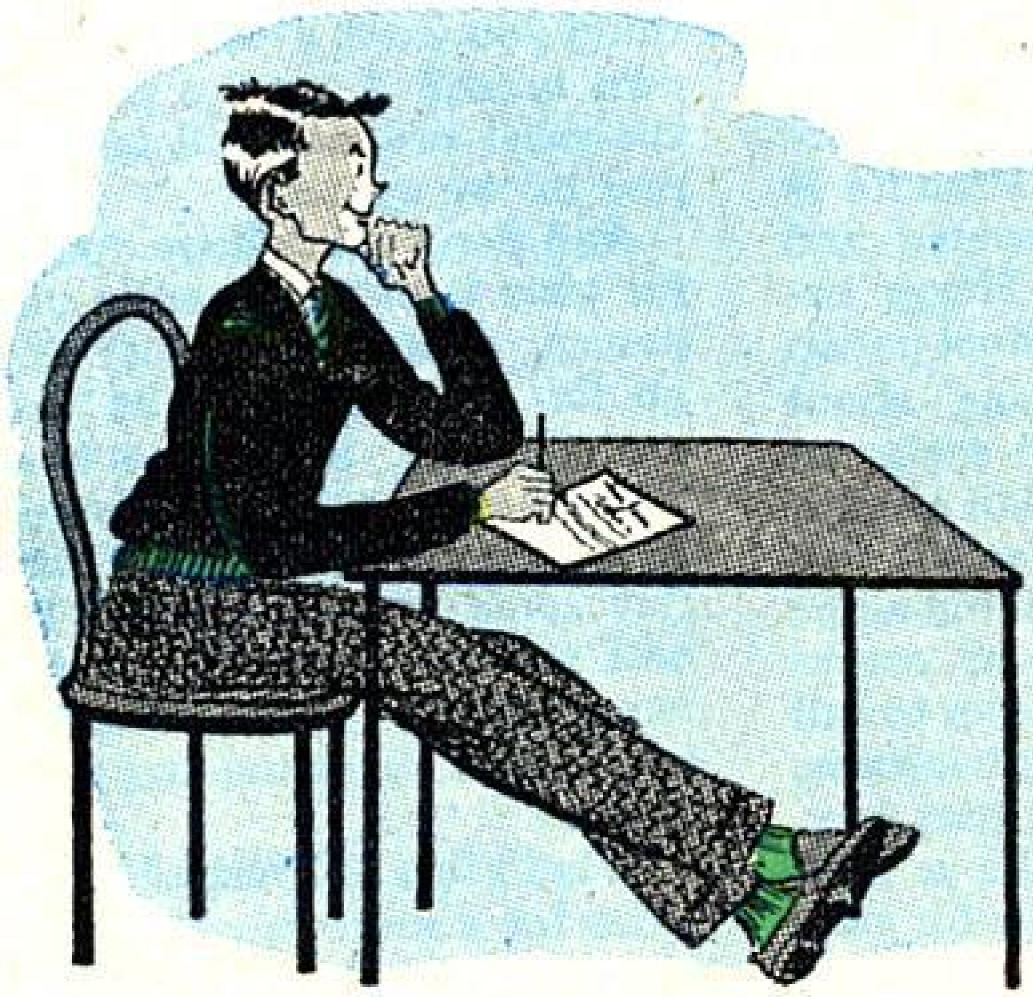
You know, Jim, you were right about everything. I started the campaign off by dating Betsey, and things just worked out fine from then on. And I'm a pretty good dancer now. I'm not bragging about myself but about my teacher Jim. You certainly are lucky to be engaged to a girl like Jean.

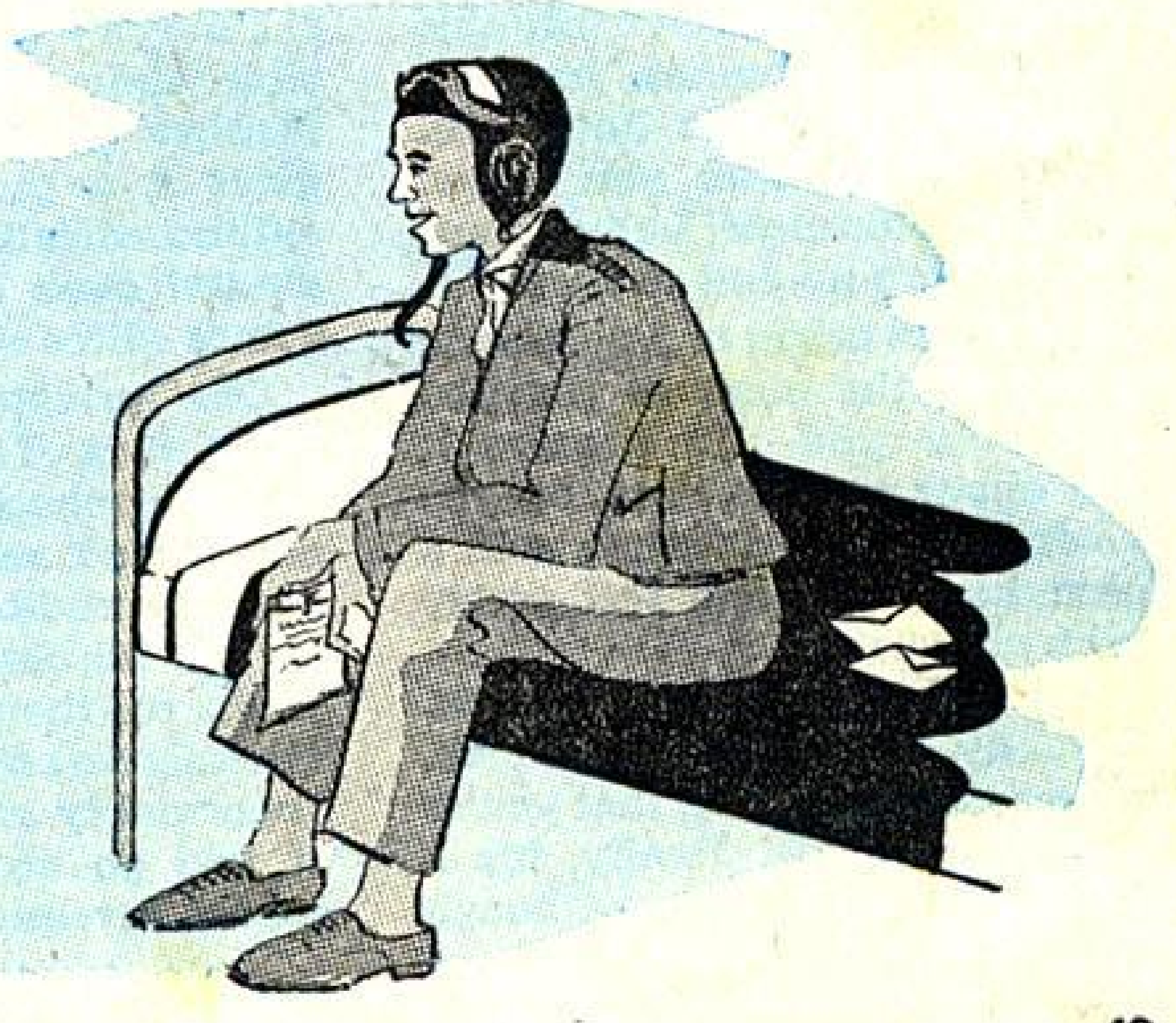
Last week I took Betsey to a show, and afterwards we stopped in at "The Igloo" to slug the jukebox and dance a bit, and who should we meet, but Cathy and Bob Kingsley! Well, we sat in a booth with them, and pretty soon Cathy wanted to know why I hadn't asked her to dance. Of course I did, and while we were dancing, she told me that she had decided to take the invitation I made last February and go to the prom with me instead of Bob Kingsley.

Jim, I should have been the happiest boy in town. That was the thing I've been waiting all this time to hear her say, and here I was, dancing with her and hearing her say it. She had on a red dress that made her hair blacker than ever, and she really was a cute dish. But just then I looked over at the booth and saw Betsey. Betsey was wearing a blue dress and she looks beautiful in blue that way, when it just matches her eyes! And her blond hair was shining like a halo on an angel or something.

Well Jim, all of a sudden something clicked in my poor, weak brain. I turned back to Cathy and

(*Continued on page 63*)





TOMORROW'S WORLD

From page 38

who are able and willing. Wages must be commensurate with a decent standard of living in order to eliminate the necessity of mothers and children engaging in gainful occupations to assist the father in maintaining the standard of the home.

World peace is a primary essential to the success of any plans for the future world. Man is fundamentally a social being and just as surely as tolerance, cooperation and a proper attitude toward the rights and privileges of our neighbor are requisite for a life of concord here at home, so also in international affairs we must take part in a world peace organization based on law and order. Isolationism is a thing of the past. If we do not cooperate with the other countries of the world in this peace organization, we may have to fight them. Another war would upset all our planning. We must be free to concentrate on the domestic and social problems in America.

Given this kind of a world, we, the youth of today, will take our proper place in the world of tomorrow.

TOMORROW'S WORLD

by Marilyn Ann Tinkey

I want a world it will be fun to live in. I want people and nations to be honest and kind to each other. I'd like to have a world where there are enough shining hospitals to take care of the sick, modern schools and playgrounds for all children, nice homes for everybody and where factories simply hum because they are so busy turning out refrigerators for India or linoleum for China or wonderful gadgets for American girls.

In my ideal world, children will learn love — never hate; independence, not blind obedience; generosity instead of thirst for revenge. No Hitler movement will train youths to kill. Boys and girls all over, may join such organizations as the Scouts to teach them to do things and to become good citizens. Every child will be given an opportunity to find the work he or she likes best and will be given the education needed to do that work well. There will be no master race, just folks working together. The only war will be against disease and poverty and ignorance.

It may not be possible for us to have such a perfect world but we can work and plan for it and try to be worthy citizens of the world we do live in.

I'm still in high school. My job now, is to learn as much as I can, keep informed about current events, work and play hard, stay friendly, healthy, and clean so that I will be ready for TOMORROW!

We are happy to announce that the winning manuscripts will be displayed at the MISS AMERICA booth at the Women's International Exposition at Madison Square Garden, November 13 to 18, an annual event where women's organizations of all sorts demonstrate their interests and achievements. MISS AMERICA's readers will know that they, the teen-agers, have made a worthy contribution in their aspirations for Tomorrow's World.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

From page 45

and a half-hearted rejoinder, without the ambition to refuse either nickname or tennis. What's the use? By this time, the new boy has ambled on down the street, probably on his way to meet some dream gal called Elspeth (and never Lizzie) or Louise (but never Weezer).

Well, while you go ahead and bat that tennis ball viciously into the net, we'll delve into this matter of nicknames, handles, monickers or what-have-you. Think of the ones you know. Taffy, Button-nose, Lolly, Beans—oh, there's no end to them!

Often the origin of a nickname is lost in the mists of playpen days, but you can acquire it just about any old time. Maybe you're more or less stuck with a permanent one, and feel pretty grim about it.

Well, don't be. Grim, we mean. Actually, if you're nicknamed, it's a sign you belong, that you're one of the gang. Really, it's a sort of compliment, although you may not think so at first.

All those other girls you know who have nicknames aren't unpopular, are they? (Except for a sad-sacky few, perhaps.) Actually, they're likely to be the most popular. That's practically a statistical fact. If you're skeptical, take a poll and see!

What's in a name, anyhow—except letters? After you get used to having a nickname and the novelty wears off, what possible difference can it make? Neither you nor anyone else gives it a thought. Peanuts is enthusiastically nominated and elected class queen. Heggs becomes editor of the school paper.

One private warning about nicknames. They *can* make an already unhappy person unhappier. Don't make a misfit feel worse by adding an unkind name to her burden. And of course you're too thoughtful ever to call attention to anyone's misfortune, abnormality or defect that way. If you go around like a mad genius, inventing names for your friends, be sure they're endearing ones. Then your friends will return the compliment.

Finally, make up your mind that nicknames are really lots of fun. For instance, tracing the origin of nicknames can be a fascinating and hilarious game. Try it sometime when time hangs on the ropes at a get-together. You know, truth or consequences, where'd you get *your* monicker? From a slap-happy incident, a childish mispronunciation, something you wore, a shorty of your own name? A wacky prize for the most original will add real zest to the contest.

And don't think boys don't go for girls with unromantic nicknames, either. They just don't go for girls who can be made unhappy by them, that's all! There's every reason in the world to anticipate that one sparkling day some smooth football hero will murmur earnestly in your ear, "Muggs, you're solid with me. How's about making it permanent?"

What's in a nickname? Mainly spice for a more interesting life!

Glengarry
Glengarry 100% wool SPORTSWEAR
Glengarry 100% wool SPORTSWEAR
Glengarry 100% wool SPORTSWEAR
. . . complete outfitters*
to that great
American Institution
. . . the Sweater Girl!

*And we do
mean outfitters!
Say "Glengarry"
when you mean
color, variety, and
heavenly fit.
At all good stores.

GLENGARRY SPORTSWEAR · 224 So. 5th St., Philadelphia 6, Pa.

Teen Timing...

It's about time someone came right out in the open to show us how it feels to be kept waiting . . . Makes you get goose pimples when you see the result of your pokiness in black and white . . .

By Peggy Collins

DOWNSTAIRS, the doorbell peals. You give a startled shriek, leap out of the tub all a-drip, scramble frantically into your terry cloth robe—and wail downstairs at your family:

"Will somebody answer that? It must be Dick—oh dear—and I'm not half ready!"

Aren't you? Oh dear, indeed! Because if there's anything on this green earth your Dick detests—and Tom and Harry, too—it's having to cool his heels in your living room while you painstakingly put on those finishing touches.

It's not that your living room isn't comfortable or that your family aren't pleasant people. It's just that—he hates to WAIT.

Put yourself in his place. Pretend it's leap year and you're going over to *his* house, maybe for the first time, to call for him. You're all set. You're looking forward to the evening. You've made a real effort to get there on time, so you won't keep your date waiting. You've done your part.

Well, you arrive on the dot. BUT he doesn't meet you at the door. His mother does. He isn't ready, apparently. From the apologetic look on his mother's face, no telling how ghastly long he's going to be.

Somehow you find yourself in the family living room, edge down on the first vacant chair, which turns out to be plenty uncomfortable, and there you squirm.

Then—you become aware of eyes converging upon you from every corner of that well-populated room. Level fatherly eyes over a newspaper. Wide, inquisitive small brother eyes. Older brother eyes, giving you the old once-over lightly. So this is Dick's date—well, well! You are painfully aware that Dick's family are forming silent conclusions to be spoken later in frank family privacy. Is your hat on straight? Is your slip showing—are your seams arrow-true? You naturally suspect the worst because by now your original self-respect is thinning.

His mother, kind soul, tries to help out with a few well chosen questions about the weather, where you are going, and aren't you John Webster's daughter? You swallow, hunt around for your voice, find a croaking substitute, and reply. Yes, its slushy underfoot all right, *you're* going over to Sue Thomas' party, and yes, you are John Webster's little girl (and how you wish he was here right now to lend a hand to his perspiring offspring!).

Dick's father, passing the buck in the way of all males, retires behind the paper so he won't be drawn into this dull question-and-answer game. One less pair of probing eyes, and you are grateful—until you discover later that they reappear from time to time for disturbing quickies.

Older brother yawns out of the room. Obviously he feels you have no assets which make up for the overwhelming liability of youth. He is in no mood this evening to give the cradle even a tentative rock. Mother is called (*Continued on page* 59)

Would you like to wait, while your date fussed with his bow-tie upstairs? Of course not! And you can be sure he doesn't enjoy the "pre-date wait" either . . .

Teen

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Low-down on the up-beat 'bout singers and swingers who make your favorite tunes . . . So lend an ear for music as Pat gives out with his special sharp notes . . .

Ann Rutherford and Jo Stafford give Melvyn Douglas their attention during a "Report to the Nation" rehearsal.

Eileen Barton at MISS AMERICA's "Highlighting Your Charm" show. Our radio reviewer likes her new program.

Frankie wouldn't sing about his heroism entertaining our troops overseas . . . but his fans did . . .

Jam Session

by Pat Parks

DID you ever wonder, as you unwound yourself from Christmas twine and wrapping paper, how a traveling band celebrates the day of St. Nick?

Musicians are people too, you know, and they get just as much kick out of gifts and tinsel as you and I.

Of course the show must go on, and no matter how many holidays line up on the calendar, there are the same one-nighters, dances, and stage shows to be played. In fact, everything's the same . . . except that it's Christmas time. And Christmas *will* be celebrated on the bandstand no matter how far musicians may be from home.

In fact, many name bandleaders finance trips for the whole band, bringing wives and families to where the band is playing for Christmas . . . and it's a rare band that doesn't have the most terrific Christmas party you ever saw, with gifts and fun galore.

Yep, it's Christmas time, even in Swing Street!

Notes and chords: Jo Stafford remains in the East to star on her radio program with Russell (*Continued on page* 73)

XMAS CONFECTIONS

From page 23

REFRIGERATOR NUT COOKIES: Stir in ½ cup finely chopped walnuts after egg has been added.

Your friends have a special treat in store for them when they bite into your

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

4 cups Rice Krispies
⅓ cup shortening
¾ cup peanut butter
¾ cup Sweetose Golden Syrup
1 egg
1 cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Crush Rice Krispies into fine crumbs. Cream shortening and peanut butter together. Add sugar gradually, creaming thoroughly. Add Sweetose Golden Syrup, beat well. Beat in egg. Sift flour, baking soda, baking powder and salt together. Stir into creamed mixture; add Rice Krispies; blend thoroughly. Form into 1-inch balls. Place on lightly greased baking sheet. Flatten with fork dipped in flour to make criss-cross pattern. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 8 to 10 minutes.

Makes 3½ dozen cookies (2¾ inches in diameter).

CANDY—the sweetest gift of all—makes a perfect gift 'specially at Christmastime. Everybody loves candy, 'n' everybody will enjoy your confections. Did you ever eat candy made with cornflakes? There's a new taste sensation in

CHOCOLATE BURRS

½ pound sweet or semi-sweet chocolate
2½ cups cornflakes

Melt chocolate over hot water and pour over the cornflakes. Toss lightly and drop by teaspoonfuls on to buttered baking sheet or waxed paper; set in a cool place to harden. That's all there is to it, and boy, are they swellegant! Makes about 38 candies (1-inch in diameter).

PINEAPPLE MINTS are especially good Christmas candy —try 'em 'n' see if you don't agree.

PINEAPPLE MINTS

2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin
2 cups sugar
1⅓ cups canned pineapple juice
8 drops oil of peppermint
Green coloring

Soak gelatin in ⅔ cup pineapple juice for 5 minutes. Put remaining ⅔ cup juice in a large saucepan; add sugar and heat to boiling. Add dissolved gelatin. Continue boiling slowly for 20 minutes. Remove from fire, cool slightly; add oil of peppermint, and just enough coloring, drop by drop, to make a delicate green shade, and stir well. Pour mixture into an 8-inch square pan, rinsed in cold water, to a depth of about ¾-inch. Allow to stand in a cool place (not a refrigerator) to thicken for at least 16 hours, until candy is firm. With a wet, sharp knife loosen edges of pan or dip pan very quickly into hot water to remove candy from pan and turn out on a board lightly covered with powdered sugar. Cut into cubes or sticks, and roll in powdered or fine, granulated sugar.

Makes about 40 pieces.

CARAMELS made with Sweetose are delicious, delightful and so delectable, they taste like *more.*

½ cup Sweetose Crystal or Golden Syrup
1 cup sugar
½ cup condensed milk
½ cup milk
¼ cup cream
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place all ingredients, except the vanilla, in a saucepan. Cook over low flame, stirring constantly until a firm ball is formed when a little of the candy is dropped in cold water (246° F. on a candy thermometer). Remove from the stove, add vanilla, and pour immediately into a slightly greased pan. When firm cut in squares with a large, sharp knife. Wrap each one in waxed paper.

Makes about 36 pieces.

Wrap 'em nice 'n' neat:

Be on the lookout for Christmas wrappings and small fancy boxes, bright and gay, in which to wrap your cookies 'n' candies. Line them with waxed paper, fancy paper, or pretty lacy paper doilies. Wrap each cookie individually in waxed paper. This will prevent it from breaking. When packing candy place a sheet of waxed paper between layers, and another on top.

Can't you just hear the "ohs" and "ahs" while your Christmas delicacies are being eaten?

A very Happy Holiday Season to you—the sweetest Christmas ever—to last the whole year through!

SWING IT, SISTER...

It's a smart gal who wears a **MIGHTY MIDGET** Wallet on her belt, or swinging from her finger.
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MIGHTY *Midget*

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270 West 38th St., New York 18, N. Y.

A LUCKY COIN-CIDENCE

By Roddy McDowall

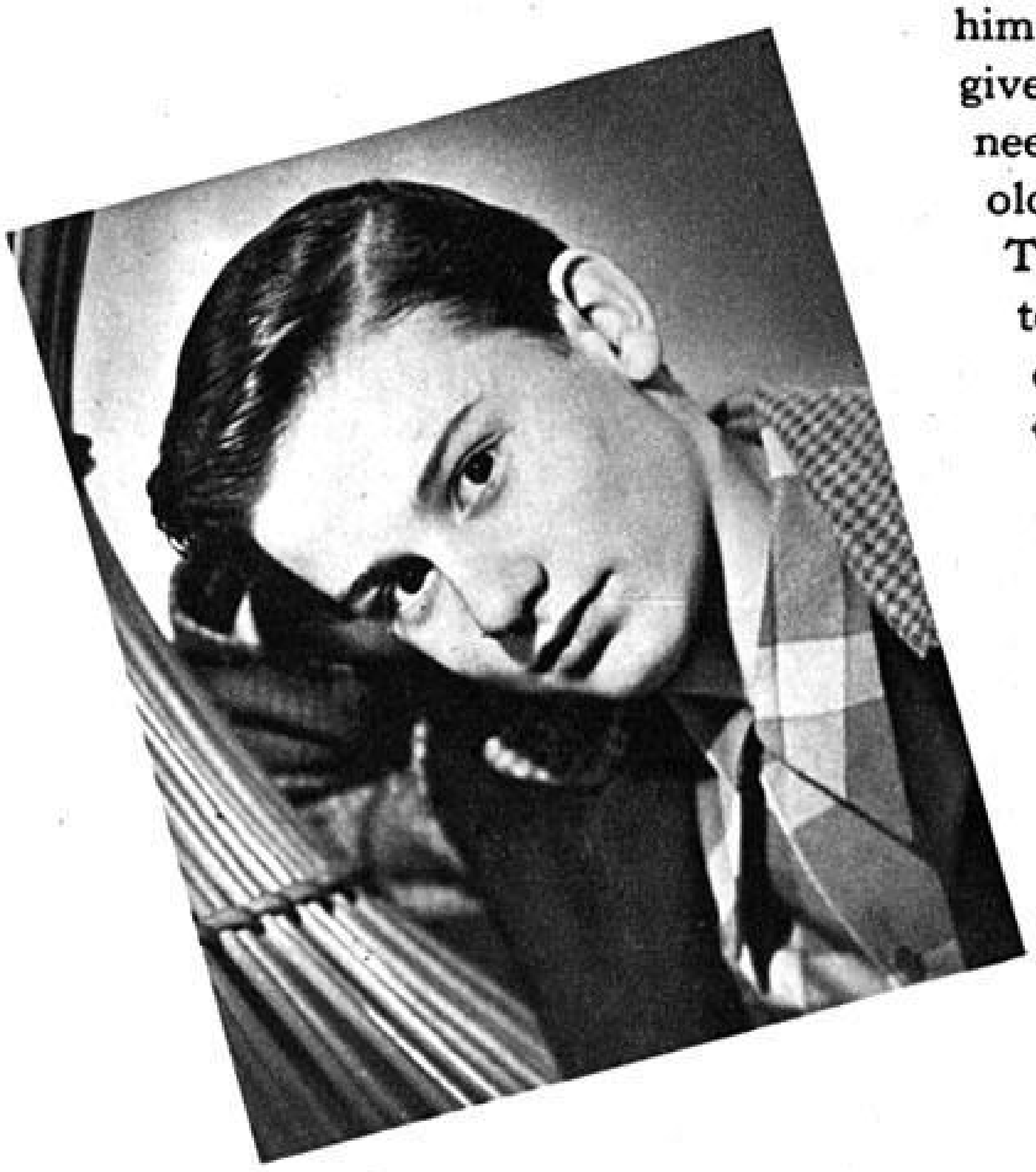
All about a strange old coin, that went to war, and . . . well, here's charming Roddy McDowall, 20th Century-Fox star of "Home Stretch", to give you the fascinating facts . . Believe it or not!

THIS story begins in England, during the winter of the blitz. I was working at the Welwyn Studios in a picture called "Just William". It wasn't too easy to work at anything in those days because the bombers had a way of coming over at odd times which was—well, disconcerting. And I was pretty young and I might as well admit it—I was scared.

During that same picture a young electrician named Albert Smith and I got to be quite friendly. He taught me new games between takes and was really awfully nice to me. I liked him a lot.

Well, one day, Albert came over to me and said, "So long, Roddy. I'm called up. I am going to sea. It will be good to get away from the bombings for a while," he added. Of course that was just a joke because the German submarine blitz was at its height then, too.

But I told him he was lucky and that seemed to give him an idea. "Tell you what I'll do, Roddy," he said. "I'll give you this lucky piece. Here in London, you'll be needing it more than I." And he handed me a strange old coin.



Time went on and my mother and sister and I came to America. I brought the lucky piece with me. Of course I prized it very highly.

One night about a year later, I was serving as bus boy in the Hollywood Canteen and someone tapped me on the shoulder. "Hello, Roddy," he said. It was my old friend, the electrician, now Albert Smith, AB. He was in Hollywood on leave from his ship, and he was to sail again soon, for Europe.

"We're going into action, the word is," he said.

"In that case," I said, "take this with you. It's been good to me."

I gave him back the lucky (*Continued on page* 68)

From page 8

dental chair, so often every year.

Next, if you have crooked teeth but haven't yet started getting them straightened, don't put it off any longer. Dentists like to begin this work when you're just a chit of a child, sometimes even before the baby teeth fall out. But they can do a bang-up job on you right now. They use simpler, lighter braces than they used to, adjust them more frequently, and send you flying through the straightening process with practically no discomfort.

Here's another important thing: Suppose you have a badly decayed or unsightly tooth just where it shows. Or you break a tooth, skating or playing hockey or horning in on a baseball game with the boys. Your dentist can replace a lost tooth so expertly that neither you nor anyone else can tell the difference. Or he may be able to slip an undetachable porcelain jacket over the offending eyesore. Many of the movie stars with gorgeous teeth and dazzling smiles have had defective members jacketed like that.

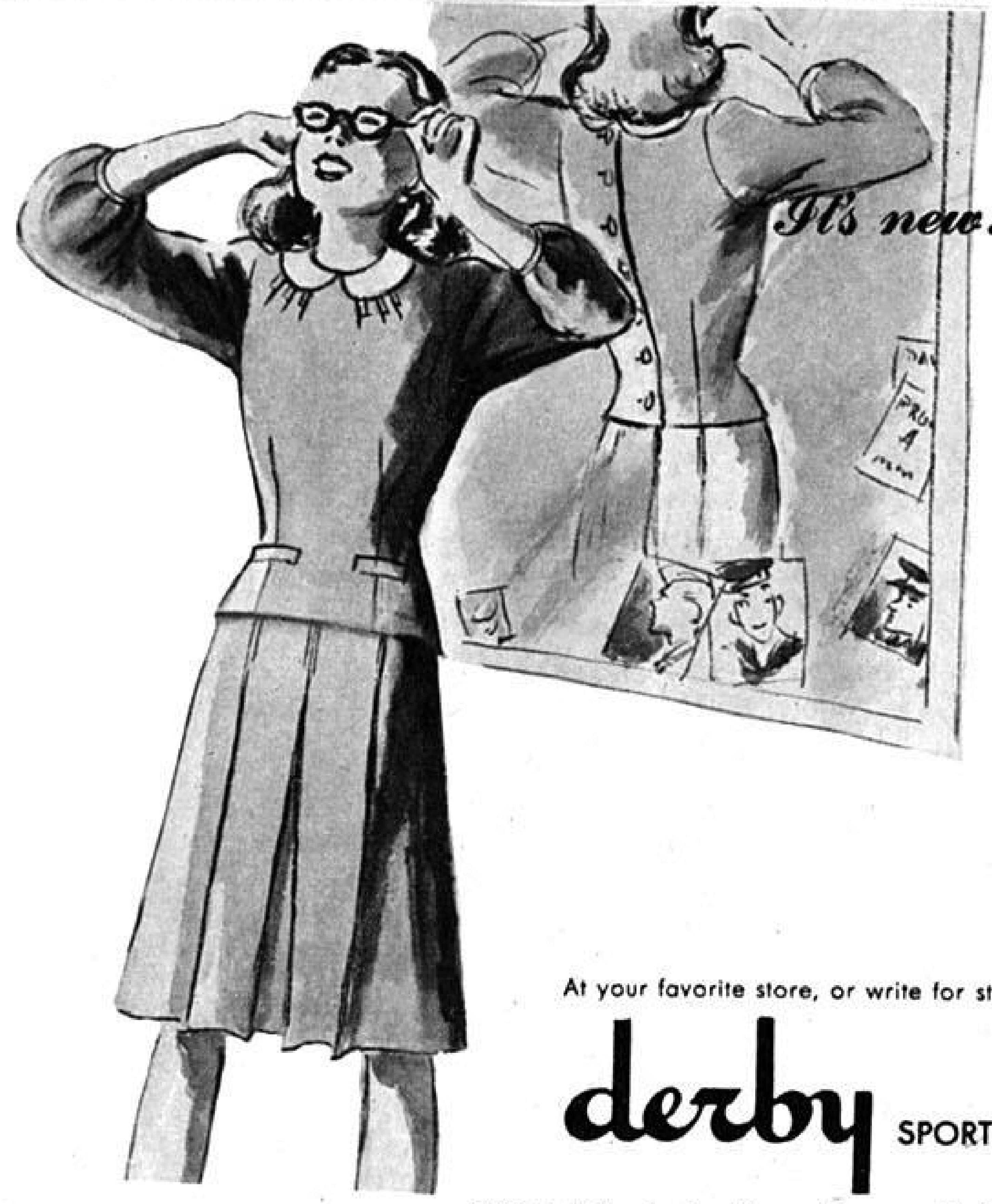
However, if you rush to your dentist with a badly broken tooth, don't be impatient, should he ask you to wait a little while for the *permanent* jacket. What he's concerned about is the nerve—he doesn't want it to die in the process of getting a new cover. As you grow older, the nerve will recede and become smaller and then he can put the jacket on more safely. Meanwhile he won't let you go around wearing a cracked tooth in the front of your face. He can cover it with a temporary plastic cap so nobody'll be the wiser about your mishap and you won't have to feel the least bit humiliated.

Yes, your dentist can do a lot for you. But he'd be the first to tell you there's one very important thing he can't do. Fortunately you can do it for yourself. I mean, cleanse your teeth properly every day. And don't you ever, my young beauty, say you're too tired to clean those pretty pearls at night. Brush them three times a day—down on the uppers, and up on the lowers. Try to keep the pressure even all over the surface of your teeth. One leading dentist says he can always tell whether a patient is left or right-handed, just by looking at the teeth. Teeth on one side always show they've been brushed harder than the teeth on the other side.

Most dentists also advise you to use dental floss between the teeth. Keep a short grip on the floss, they say, and go carefully, not to make the gums bleed.

Incidentally, if your gums bleed when you just brush your teeth, it is probably due to tartar deposits. In other words, you need a little session with the dentist and his diminutive cleaning picks and whirring emeries. So hop over there and let him remove that unpleasant tartar. And if the bleeding should be due to something more serious, he'll discover what the trouble is and treat it pronto.

All set, beauty-lovers? Keep those pearls clean and shining by proper care at home and visit the dentist often.



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FOR GIRLS ONLY

by Laraine Day

Laraine Day, MGM's brilliant and beautiful star, devotes a great deal of her busy, useful life to teen-agers (she writes and directs stage plays for young people), and gives sound advice to your problems...

DEAR LARAINE: I am in my first year of high school and just an average girl. Last year the kids in my class began to chase around terrible, but I minded my mom (who is a swell person) and didn't let it affect me. Then I started going roller skating and met a nice boy. I got that "old feeling"—puppy love. So it hurt when this boy started going with a girl everyone says is "hot stuff." I don't want to be common, but how can I get my boy friend back? G.B.

It's not easy to have your boy friend snatched from right under your nose, G.B., but if you'll be honest and fair, there *is* a way to get him back. Sit down and search your secret heart. The girl might be "hot stuff", but then again this reputation might only stem from being vivacious, exciting, lots of fun and extremely feminine. Examine yourself. What does she have that you haven't? Be honest, now! Are you fun to be with? Are you a good sport? Do you make the boy feel he is clever, amusing and important? The next time you go skating, turn on your charm. Be more enticing and gay than the other girl and your boy friend will sit up and take notice. Be careful not to show off or put on an act. Just be your own sweet self, with a little glitter added. Remember, though, that some boys—like some girls—just naturally have a roving eye. If he's that kind, let him go. For that kind of a boy, the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence.

Dear Laraine: I was thirteen March 5th and since then boys have been asking me to go out with them to the movies. Am I too young to make dates? Rita.

Dear Rita: Yes, I do think thirteen is too young for dates. That doesn't mean you couldn't have the gang over at your house or go to dancing school parties and so on. But thirteen is a little young for unchaperoned dates. I know it is exciting and fun to have that first date. It's wonderful to be noticed by a boy for the first time and get that grown-up feeling. But you don't want to feel old and bored by the time you are sixteen, do you? Save some of the fun for later. There are lots of years ahead!

Dear Laraine: There is a teen-age girl in our town that none of my crowd likes. We don't invite her to our parties because no one likes her. One night we were having a party and this girl and her (*Continued on page 71*)

TEEN TIMING

From page 53

to the telephone.

That leaves you practically alone with small fry and you realize with a tobogganing heart that the worst has happened—or shortly will.

Herbie says hello. Well, you can answer that one. "Hello, there," you say brightly, reminding yourself bravely that you are very fond of children. Very. You have to keep reminding yourself of that, as a matter of fact, in the next century-long half-hour. There's a good deal of give and take. Small brother gives and you take.

One of the first questions he asks is: "Is that a hat?"

Eyes reappear momentarily over the evening paper, withdraw hastily. Father, it appears, is going to leave you strictly at the mercy of his offspring. You are on your own.

You say yes firmly—and you hope kindly—it *is* a hat.

Saucer-eyed and evidently still doubtful, he says, "Oh." Choking that down, however, he is soon willing to let bygones be bygones and pass on to other subjects. You are rapidly becoming willing to pass on, too, particularly when he comes to that horrific one, "Are you in love with Dick?"

"Jeepers, no!" you gasp, your face an emotional rainbow.

Slightly indignant eyes peer over the newspaper. You realize belatedly that you may have been too vehement. You shouldn't, after all, have sounded as if Dick were the last person on earth you'd ever go for. But—after all—what a question!

You close your eyes and remind yourself for the teenth time that you are very fond of children. But are you? Let's face this thing. Also another nauseating thought. Was Dick like this at Herbie's age—heaven forbid! But if so, does some remnant of this fugitive from the Gestapo lurk beneath Dick's outwardly disarming exterior?

You see Dick in a new and unflattering light. You wonder

PERSONALITEEN QUIZ

Are you a good friend?

You can't expect to have good friends unless you *are* a good friend. How do you measure up? Following are twenty questions, the answers to which will indicate how good a friend you are. Count five points for each "Yes" and zero for each "No." A score of eighty to one hundred indicates that you are as good a friend as anyone would want to have. Sixty to seventy-five means you are an average sort of pal. If you score below sixty you're not too desirable a friend and you ought to try to bring your score up.

1. Are you as willing to listen to your friends' stories of their experiences as you are to tell them of your own?
2. Do you help your friends with the studies in which you are especially proficient?
3. Do you lend freely possessions which for the time you yourself are not using?
4. Do you permit your friends to decide what you should do together in the way of amusements as often as yourself decide?
5. Can you honestly say you are not envious of the good fortune of your friends?
6. Do you visit your friends frequently when they are ill? (Provided, of course, the illness is not contagious.)
7. Do you refrain from flirting with your girl friends' boy friends?
8. Do you feel free to criticize your friends for habits or clothes, etc., which you know are not right for them? (This does not, of course, include nagging or constant repetition of criticism.)
9. Do you compliment your friends when compliments are deserved?

12. Do you keep secrets?

11. Do you avoid gossiping about or to your friends?

12. When you find a good place to shop, or a good place for a vacation, etc., do you share it with your friends?

13. Do you welcome well-intended criticism of yourself.

14. Do you avoid, as much as possible, playing favorites among your friends?

15. Do you lend a helpful hand when you can?

16. Do you understand that the number of gifts a friend gives you is not an indication of the value of friendship?

17. Are you truthful with your friends?

18. Are you loyal?

19. Do you avoid dominating your friends?

20. Do you answer your friends' letters promptly, and do you remember their birthdays?

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All you have to do, is write on coupon below your name suggestion, your own name, your address and name of your school.

The contest is open to all girls between 12 and 17 years of age (except members of the family of any person connected with the manufacturer or his advertising agency). If more than one contestant makes the winning suggestion, prize will go to the one showing earlier postmark on envelope. All suggestions must be received before midnight, February 1, 1946. The decision of the judges shall be final.

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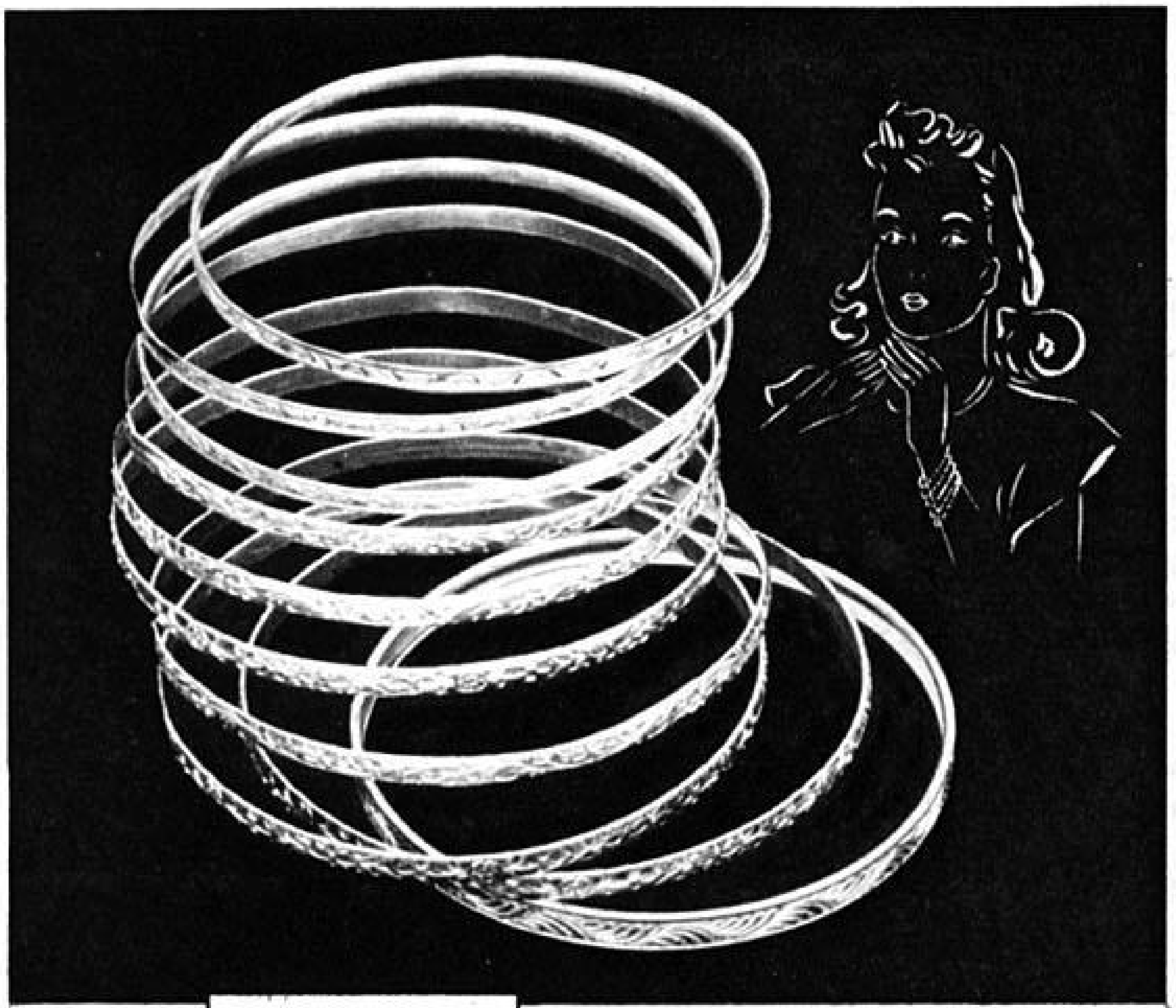

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if you have made a good choice for this evening's fun.

Herbie starts in again. Heaven knows what he was going to ask you, but just then Dick appears—smiling, unperturbed, unmindful of the tortures you have been undergoing for his sake.

In fact, he is so cheerful that you don't care at all if his hair is well-combed, his teeth gleaming white, and his shoes mirror-shiny. You just long to wring his neck.

You tell yourself grimly that he's going to have to be awfully charming, practically irresistible in fact, all the rest of the evening to take this awful first taste out of your mouth. And you ask yourself passionately, "Why, in the heavenly name of Frank Sinatra couldn't he have been on time?"

So put yourself in your date's shoes the next time you're tempted to daydream among the bubbles, experiment with nail polishes, try different hair-dos at the last minute, or finish that story before you start getting ready to go out.

That goes for lesser occasions, too. "Better late than never" you may have sung out blithely—and tritely—dozens of times when you breezed in somewhere late. But how do you know your long-suffering friends aren't secretly thinking, "Better never than late, keed!" Just who do you think you are, that people should be just drooling with joy to see you whenever you choose to appear? Honestly, now!

Remember how it was when *you* had to wait forty-five minutes for Mary Sue on the school block that windy day, how tired you got from shifting your weight from one weary foot to the other, how strained your eyes became from looking in all directions for her, how embarrassed you felt to have people see you standing there so long?

And how about that party you gave? You needed a certain number for the tables of games and couldn't start until everyone was there. Well, Betts Cameron and Don Slater arrived a whole hour behind time, breezing in as if nothing were wrong. You could have strangled them, couldn't you—and smiling a welcome came as hard as history lessons.

That goes for getting to school, too—uh, huh, and right here don't throw this magazine down. Be a good sport. This'll be painless—well, almost! Funny how morning always seems to come when you're least prepared—so soon after going to bed, too. One moment you're wrapped deep and soft in forgetfulness, or capering through some super dream—the next, your alarm is jangling brutally.

You know what happens. Ten minutes become fifteen, fifteen shoot into thirty. You awake with a start. You're late—or certainly will be if you don't shake those slim young legs of yours. You don't have time to get dressed decently or eat breakfast—you just gulp the orange juice your mother thrusts at you—and fling out the door, forgetting, of all things, your English theme, due today. Result—not only are you late to school and therefore in the doghouse, but you feel like a dog too, with hair uncombed, neck half-washed, wrong pair of shoes and—woe, woe—that English theme at home when it's called for!

"Better late"—oh, never! Better on time. Never be late, if you can possibly avoid it, and usually you have to admit you can. It's all a matter of timing. You know how important that is in music. Well, it is in life too. Plan ahead what time you should start to be ready to leave. Don't think you can make up time by putting on steam at the last minute like an express train. At last-minute rush knots shoe laces, starts runs, powders your collar, makes your heart thump-thump, costs more time than it possibly saves.

Organize your hours, you sharp Miss Americas. Budget your minutes. Get places on time—not puff, puff, but with that subtle, graceful air of leisure. Master your time instead of letting it make a slave of you. You'll enjoy life so much more, and so will everyone who knows you—and you won't be late for your own wedding!

COUNT SKI

From page 21

of everything. Pebbles stormed off to her room, and that is where we came in.

As usually happens in most homes, Dad came in at six o'clock and Peb went down to greet him.

Dad took one look at Pebble's face and grinned, "How come you're glum, chum?"

Pebbles smiled wanly, "Don't be a buccaneer, Dad." And she turned up her lips to kiss him.

"Buccaneer? I don't get it?"

Smarty-pants Sari had to get in the act and murmur boredly, "The youngster means . . . that's too much to pay for corn . . . bobby-sox stuff, Father."

"Make like you're rationed, you ghoul," screamed Pebbles in a rage and no matter how hard she tried, the tears Niagra-ed down her cheeks.

"Hear! Hear! What's all this?" asked Dad.

"Well, Father," interposed Sari, before Peb could put in a word, "Bill wrote a letter suggesting that we meet him for a snow-weekend, but both Mother and I agree that Pebbles is too, too young to be away from home overnight, so of course she can't go."

"Hm . . . so *you've* made the decision. Well, maybe you're right. Probably Peb, is too young to stay away overnight . . . the same thing would then apply to you! After all there's only a couple of years difference . . ."

"FA-ther . . ."

"Now don't get uppity, young lady . . . either you're both old enough to take care of each other, or neither can go."

The Heavens opened up for Pebbles, while Sari smelled sulphur. "But Peb hasn't anything to wear," said Sari.

"Oh! She looks cute enough in her windbreaker and ski trousers . . . so let's have no more objections," said Dad sternly closing the argument. "Both of you go . . . and I want a detailed report of what's happened when you come back."

* * *

Tear a few pages off the calendar. It is now early Monday morning. Pebbles and Sari stand in the doorway of their home, having returned from their ski-holiday. Sari's nose is tomato red. Her eyes look like a professional onion peeler's. Her hair is mussed, her arm is bandaged. Little Pebbles looks as keen as an edelweiss.

Dad opens the door. "Good Heavens, what's happened to you?"

"I godda co'd, I'b bruised and beaten, I hate ebbyboddy . . . Oooh," shrieked Sari.

Dad hustled her up to bed where Mother fussed and made her comfortable. Grabbing Pebbles by her pigtails he marched her into the living room and sternly said, "Now young lady, start at the beginning and let's have everything . . ."

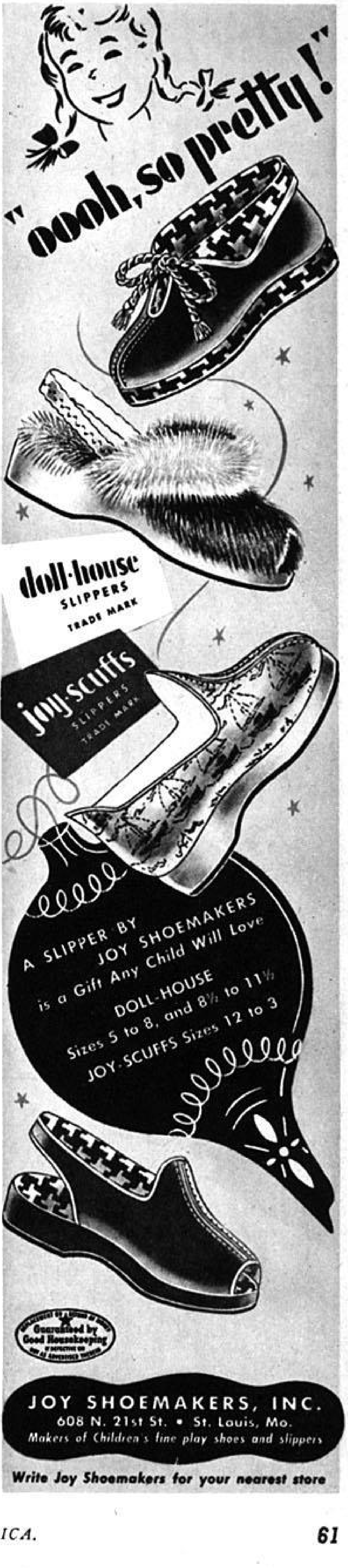
"Well," replied Pebbles grinning, "I think it started at Grand Central Station. Sari in mother's mink looked like a million ration points. She carried her skis over her shoulder like a rifle. That's when Bill met us. She didn't see Lt. Ski who was standing behind us and when Bill pointed him out, she pivoted. Clop . . . you could hear the smack clear out on Forty-second Street, when Sari's skis hit the lieutenant on the point of the chin. He fell flat on his back.

"'What a way to make a hit,'" said Bill, "'Skis in your hands become a secret weapon.'"

"The lieutenant grinned and showed her how to carry her hickories erect, and then we got on the train.

"When we got to the slopes, it was snowing, so I buttoned my lambskin coat around my neck. Sari left her mink open to show her bright new woolen frock, and as we got off the bus, we ran right smack into a snow-brawl. It was loads of fun, only a big chunk of snow got down Sari's neck, and lodged where she couldn't reach it. It melted before she could get it out, and . . . but draw your own picture, Dad.

"We hustled upstairs to get into our ski-togs and to join the gang on the slopes. I wore my turtle-neck sweater and that sailcloth ski-jacket that goes be-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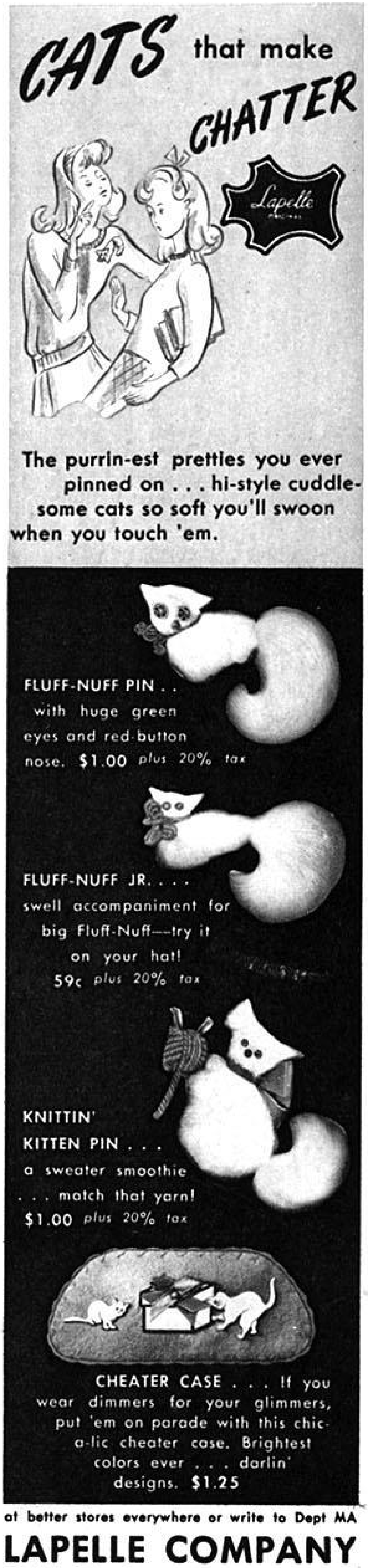

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low the hips to keep them warm. Sari wore her angora sweater with fuzzy gloves and fuzzy hose to match her fuzzy toque. She looked cute as a bunny and had all the wolves ga-ga . . . but both Bill and Lt. Ski had funny looks in their eyes.

"We found out why later. Sari doesn't ski well, and yet insisted on trying the tow and the slope. She didn't wear leather tow-gloves because it would hide her Tyrolean mitts. The moving rope ripped the gloves off her hands and burned them. Then her vorlage was something for the book. She stuck out way over her heels, and her weight was backward. Before she went twenty feet she tumbled head over heels into a pocket of damp snow, making a wet sitz-mark. I tumbled over her and Ski and Bill jump-stopped to help us up. The snow brushed off easily from my smooth sail-cloth togs, but it clung to Sari's angora. She got cold, so we went over to a bonfire. The snow melted and Sari started to sneeze. Everybody was solicitous and we rushed her off to the inn. But the moisture froze into icicles before we could get her there. To add insult to injury, she stuck out her ski-poles like porcupine quills and ripped a gash in Bill's best instructor's trousers. That didn't make *him* happy.

"Well, I got her to rest, and Bill and Ski and I went out for a langlauf . . . you know a trek through the hills. We got back ravenous and sat down to dinner with sister Sari dressed up like an Arlberg bird-of-paradise. I had slipped on a skirt and a pair of ski-mocs with soft knitted uppers and slipper soles. Gee! they felt good after heavy ski-boots. Sari wore her imported ski shoes with fancy lacings and metal toes. After dinner, some of the lads dragged out an accordion and we all started a square dance. It wound up as a rhumba, and Sis just had to show Ski some real Latin steps. Her boot caught on rough flooring, and Ski's shinbone got a crack that sounded like a two hundred yard drive. He excused himself and went to bed. The rest of us sat up and ate popcorn, drank hot milkshakes . . . they're swell, Dad . . . and sang songs until I felt grit in my eyes.

"Next morning I woke early, because we were going to picnic in the hills. Sari wouldn't get up, so we got another girl and the four of us had a glorious day of it. We expected to meet Sari for a late lunch, but when we knocked at her door, we heard wheezing and coughing. There was Sis, a perfect mess. She had a red flannel scarf around her neck and smelled to high heaven of menthol. When I opened the door she threw a pillow at us. Boy! What a cold that gal had.

"Well, Bill bundled her up and arranged for a car which took them to the train. Lt. Ski and I skied down to the station . . . we all said goodbye and promised to write and I guess that's all . . . and then we got home. Really, Dad, that's all that happened."

Dad grinned, "Okay, Peb, that's all that happened. I suppose that army ski insignia on your cap was given to you by Bill . . . ?"

Peb blushed to her ears, "Uh —not exactly. . . ."

"Acho-o-o-o—" came the resounding echo, "Oh! Oh! O-o-oh!"

"Skip it, honey," smiled Dad, "I think my other daughter needs some more ski treatment. . . . Let's fix up a nice hot mustard plaster," he chuckled, "that will make her fris-ski."

ENGLISH
A
Brad

"Gosh Geraldine, can't you let your homework go till tomorrow?"

BROKEN WINDSHIELD

From page 49

said, "I'm sorry, Cathy, but I've decided to take Betsey to the prom."

You can't kick me via V-mail, Jim, so I guess I'm safe until you come home. I know I'm the prize dodo and idiot of the century, but gosh, if you only knew Betsey. She tells me she remembers you.

The prom's next week, and do you know what Betsey's going to wear? A net formal, blue, the color of her eyes.

From your kid brother,
Bud.

The fortresses came streaming in to the airbase built on the tiny island in the Pacific. Captain James L. Harfield emerged from one of the planes and started wearily to his quarters.

"Hey, Jim! Some mail came in while you were gone. There are three letters for you."

"Thanks, Bill. That's the best news you could have given me . . . except that I'm being shipped home," answered Jim.

After reporting to the Flight Officer, he settled on his bunk and opened his letters. He read them carefully; Jean's letter first, then Mom's, and finally Bud's.

The smile which came on his face widened into a grin, and soon he was laughing out loud.

"So Betsey caught him, did she? She always was a smart gal," thought Jim. He sat down and began writing his younger brother. Smiling broadly, he added this last line:

"P.S. Tell Betsey I never have forgotten the time I broke her father's windshield playing baseball and how she explained me out of it."

When the letter had made it's long trip half way around the world Bud read the postscript to Betsy.

"Now I wonder what in the world he means by that?" he said, "Sometimes that brother of mine talks in riddles." He showed the letter to her.

And Betsey just smiled and said nothing, sitting there on the porch steps in a dress of blue that exactly matched her eyes. There are some things that a gal just doesn't tell a guy.

Are you in the know?

Too bad she doesn't care about—

☐ *Her competition*
☐ *Boogie-woogie*
☐ *The Three D's*

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—droons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks *will* tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, *now there's a deodorant in Kotex.* It's locked inside each Kotex and can't shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!

Which would you use?

☐ *The guest towels*
☐ *The Turkish towels*
☐ *The end of your slip*

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the *guest* towels—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, *use* them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the *different* kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*

Can you be picture-perfect—

☐ *With a shiny nose*
☐ *Without benefit of bangles*
☐ *In winter pastels*

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can *be* at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The patented *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for those flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. And thanks to that patented *safety center*, you get *plus* protection with Kotex.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Miss America Speaks

A very Merry Christmas to you all and may your suggestions for 1946 for this little corner of yours be as clever and useful as in 1945. Don't forget that MISS AMERICA Magazine pays $1 for every letter or picture published . . .

JILL FREEMAN, of New York, N. Y., certainly expresses all of our sentiments in her cheery little note:

"I like MISS AMERICA very much and hope it will still be a success in twenty years so my children and their's can read the best girls magazine."

We have another one of those tricky little lapel gadgets suggested by Josephine Hall, of Newark, New Jersey:

"Little leather-edge luggage tags with cellophane centers make fine lapel ornaments. Place in the tag under the cellophane the picture of your favorite movie star or your best friend."

And from Sandra Lefkowitz, Brooklyn, New York, cames a very original and attractive idea:

"Here is a super way to have cute cuff links. Just get some screws and nuts and paint them to match, or contrast, with your blouses. You can have a different pair for each blouse!"

Now that Christmas is coming many of us will be in need of extra aprons when cooking goodies, cakes, etc. Here are two ideas for these helpful aprons; the first is from Veronica Biansov, of Philadelphia, Pa.:

"You can make a fine apron out of an old shower curtain. Place one of your aprons on the curtain and cut the pattern, bind with colored *(Continued on page 67)*

Agnes Kippenberger
Dorchester, Mass.

Jeanette Irwin
Newark, Ohio

Shirley O'Gara
Providence, R. I.

Barbara Bombe
Ragsdale, Indiana

Pat Warnke
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Beverly Relvers
Vallejo, Calif.

HAPPY DAYS

From page 26

satisfaction she's likely to have is next day when she can declare loudly and triumphantly, "I had a super time last night. Jeepers, I certainly enjoyed myself!"

Happiness is a sort of by-product of living. Very often you find you're the happiest when you haven't consciously expected to be—and vice versa. Happiness can't be shanghaied or fenced in. Happiness is something that sneaks up behind you like a sprite, beckons suddenly, whispers gently in your ear. It's apt to come disguised, so very often you don't recognize it until afterward, when you remember some scene or happening and you say to yourself wonderingly, "Why, I was happy then!"

You awake some spring morning, with sunshine dappling your room. You stretch luxuriously, sniff the fragrance of dew-wet lilacs drifting through your windows—and you're happy! You haven't made any special effort—you just *are*, as naturally and inevitably as a puppy or a baby.

You've been studying like the dickens, slugging along, got a crick in your neck and a cramp in your writing hand from laboring on that term paper. Finally it's done. You straighten up, settle back in your chair—with a rewarding lift. A feeling of real accomplishment. You're happy! Surprised? Honestly, work well done is one of the main sources of happiness—though that fact comes as a nasty shock to most of us!

You're ambling along the street, going to the store on an errand or just sort of taking the air, when all of a sudden—there's Ruthie! Your face lights up and so does hers, warm glances meet, there's an effortless eager rush of greeting—and you're happy! Lots of happiness comes from appreciating other people.

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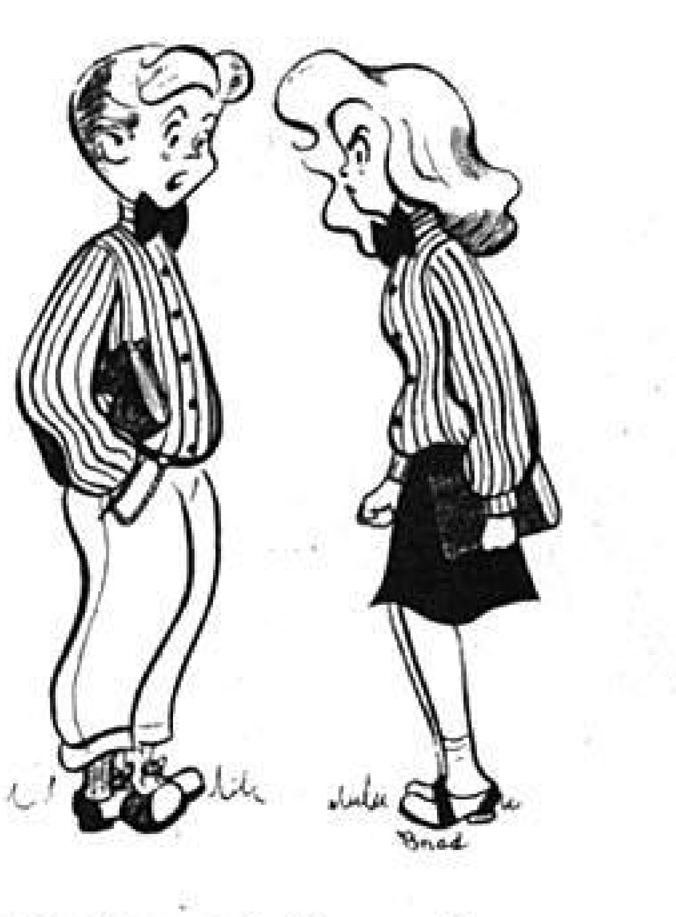
You get a long-awaited or wonderfully-unexpected letter. Some one says something sincerely nice to you. You're invited to a weekend party. You suddenly discover, thanks to your faithful mirror, that at long last you're filling out in the right places. Little things, pleasant things. You're happy, for minutes—or hours.

Happiness isn't obvious. You don't necessarily have to be doing things that are generally—and maybe stupidly—supposed to be *fun*. A quiet evening with a thrilling book, shared laughter at the family dinner table, planning a new dress, a hike in the country, a successful wrestle with a hard school subject—any of these things may unexpectedly bring you up—and up—to that clear mental peak called happiness.

Here's a tip for getting the most out of those shining happy moments and hours—and enjoying them all over again. A sort of game to play when you go to bed at night. Ask yourself, "What was the happiest thing that happened to me today?" You'll be surprised the trouble you'll have selecting *which*. The important thing about that game is that you'll be tasting happiness twice, establishing the habit of appreciation which is a quality of happiness itself.

Want to be happy? Well, then, don't try too hard! Relax. Forget about the precarious state of your own personal emotions. Try instead to bring happiness in some small way to some-one else. Stop being so intense about "having a good time." Lose yourself in a hobby, school work, club doings, family affairs.

Widen your interests, deepen your mind, open your heart. And all at once, when you least expect it probably, like flooding sunshine, happiness will surround you!



But my salesman told me mine was an original too!

REACH FOR THAT ERASER

From page 17

didn't you, decided to forgive and forget the whole wretched business. Just one of those things, you decided, wisely enough. No use brooding. Why let yesterday hang like a buzzard over tomorrow?

Yes, that's how it is when you make mistakes. You're more eager to let bygones be bygones, and you hope fervently that others will be tolerant enough to do the same and not keep throwing your past in your face. Because—well, *you* know you improve all the time, every day. You're much sharper today than you were two years ago, for instance. Yesterday's gone, along with those almost-forgotten mistakes. Let the grass grow over 'em, green and tall!

Why should Bob hold that ill-timed giggle over you forever, make up his mind permanently that you're ceiling zero? After all, you have your bright moments, too, f'goodness sake! And Janey—she ought to know you were just not feeling in the groove when you said those mean things. No sense in her going around for days, advertising her hurt feelings like a sandwich man, now is there? As for those other incidents, at least they got laughs, didn't they? Forget 'em now then, why not?

So you reason with yourself, and very intelligently, too. But how about vice versa? What if it's the other person? What if it's Bob who guffaws at your new hat, or Janey who snaps at *you?* Then what? Are you as easy on them as you are on yourself when it's your error? Do you give them the benefit of the doubt, another chance? Do you excuse, forgive and, best of all, forget?

That new girl in school, who doesn't have the right clothes or doesn't know what to say or do in a crowd—do you make merciless fun of her behind her back, just to have something to talk about, just to get laughs? Or do you smooth over her poor blunders, try to help her get the swing of things, point up her good features?

You more or less expect others to pass over your faults and highlight your virtues, don't you? You just naturally do because—well, you just instinctively *know* that that's the right fair thing to do. That's society at its best, anywhere, in school, home or the business world—helping, forgiving, forgetting.

Okay, you say. It fits. All very well for people who mean well, and err through ignorance, maybe, or carelessness, and just once in a while. Sure. But there's a girl in school who's really a drag—really mean and catty and—and just plain ornery. She's got it in for you, for everybody, apparently—makes life miserable.

Well, maybe so. But what made her that way?

You stare. Well, she just *is*, that's all. Born that way, you guess.

Now wait a minute! What made you disagreeable that day with Janey? You had a bad

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cold, you said, didn't feel well. And with Bob? Oh, you just tried too hard, that's all. You weren't thinking of his joke so much as of how you looked gazing up at him so alertly, what impression you were making. So you overdid it.

How does all this apply to the aforesaid school pest, The Drip? Here's something to remember. Disagreeable people are *unhappy* people. Inside they're always in a turmoil. And the worse they feel the more disagreeable they are and the more disagreeable they are, the worse they feel! A pathetic vicious circle, isn't it?

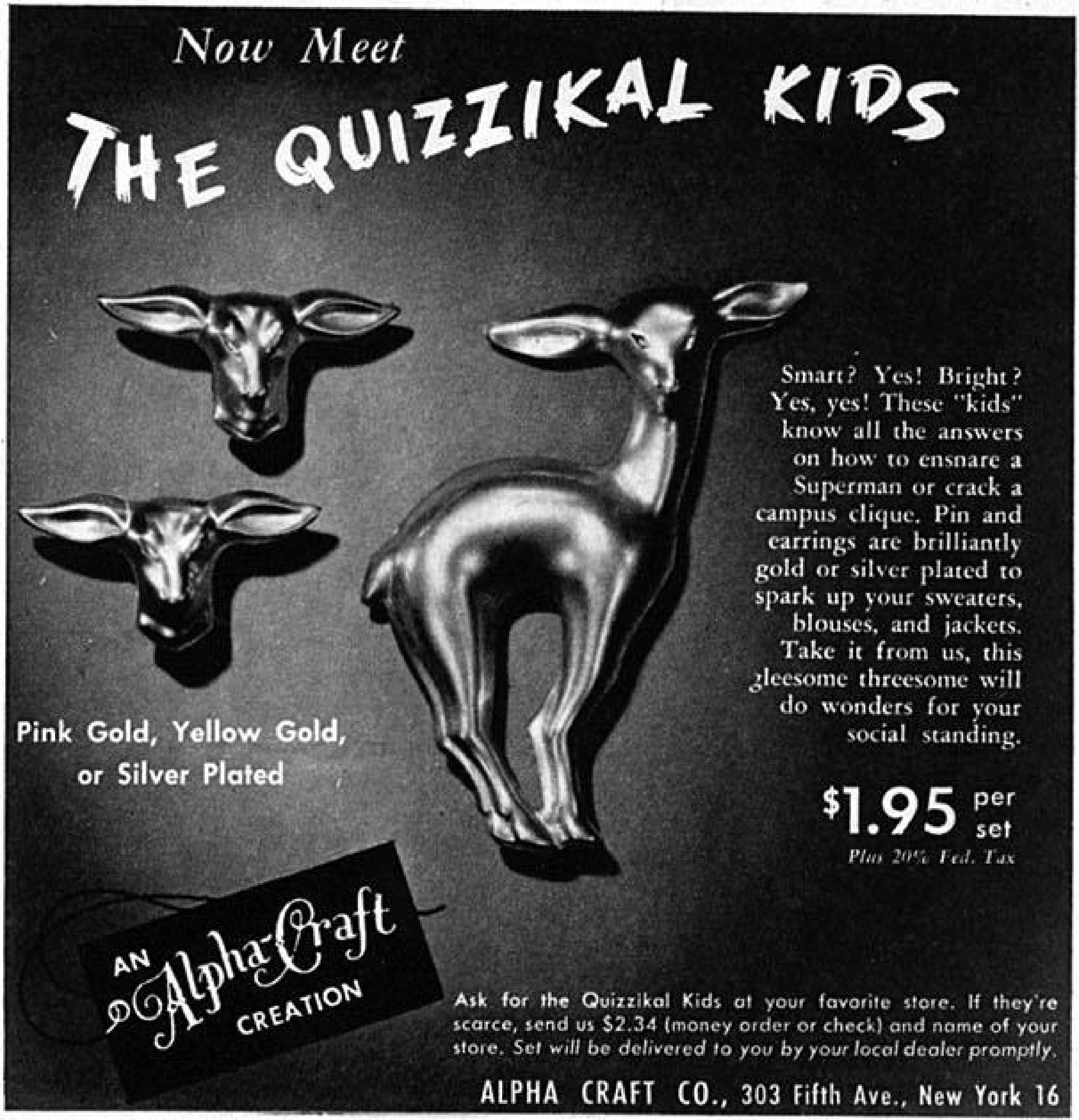
How it started isn't important. Maybe The Drip is self-conscious about her appearance, unhappy at home, physically ill. Maybe, once, she was terribly hurt herself and is unconsciously trying to strike back—the wrong way to remedy any thing, of course. But she doesn't know, poor thing. If she did she wouldn't *be* that way.

Well, so what? What can you do about it? A drip's a drip. You're no fairyland princess with a magic wand. You're just one of the unfortunate targets for The Drip's venom. What can you do to help her?

Ignore those poisoned darts she flings so viciously. Arm yourself with laughter—not scornful laughter, but good-natured what-does-it-matter laughter. Ignore the digs—don't hit back. If you do, that means you've absorbed some of that poison yourself and are also becoming a drip, heaven forbid!

And then—and then—after you've learned not to mind her disagreeableness, take the next step. Be pleasant to her, do little kindnesses. Say nice complimentary things, find her good points and dwell on them, to her and when you talk about her to others. Make it a new thrilling game—how to lose an enemy! The victory will be double. Two winners—you and The Drip—whoa, no-longer-a-drip. Try it. You won't lose!

The only sharp thing to do about mistakes, yours or others, is—forgive and forget 'em. So reach for that celestial eraser, take a good firm grip, and rub!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MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From page 64

rick rack. If any material is left over, make pockets and again bind with rick rack."

And the second apron suggestion is from Grace Adam, Coxsackie, New York:

"I make patchwork aprons and everyone admires them. Every patch has a history—taken from an old dress, etc. I use only material collected during the year. Right now I am making one from material collected in 1945 and '1945' will be appliqued on it."

A "Miss America" from Canada, Betty Lautner, of Toronto, has sent us a very nice letter:

"I'd like to say, and I know hundreds of Canadian girls will back me up, that Canadian teenagers enjoy MISS AMERICA as much as American girls do. Although we do not belong to the U. S. A. we certainly appreciate your, or may I say *our*, magazine . . . And here is a trick to brighten up your wardrobe: Two nail-head studded dog collars buckled together give you a new front-and-back belt which looks wonderful with sport and school clothes."

Here is another suggestion for using old shower curtains. It comes from Lorraine Fisher, Albany, New York:

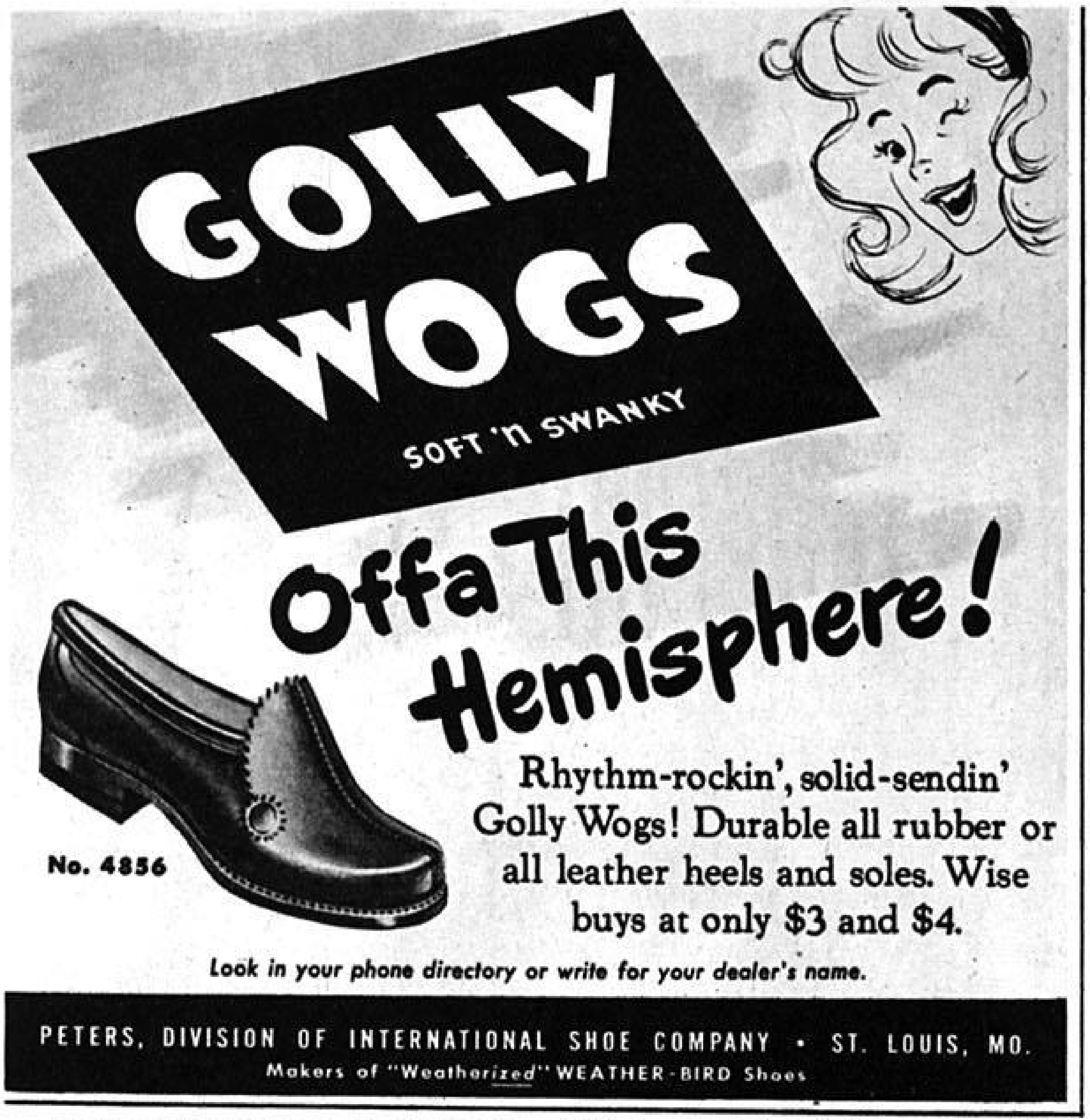
"Old shower curtains make fine bags for books on rainy days. Cut the curtain to fit over the largest book, sew up the sides and bind around with contrasting rickrack."

Judith Anderson, of Ontario, Canada, likes to keep snow and dust outside the house and sends in this suggestion:

"For a nifty doormat, nail pop bottle tops, face down, to a piece of wood—any size desired. Place the mat outside the door for a shoe scraper."

Rebekah Pensak, Brooklyn, New York, sent this idea for all handy knitters:

"If you have been knitting a great deal lately, I am sure this yarn holder will interest you. All you need is a funnel. Paint it any way you wish or transfer colorful pictures on it. Place your ball of wool in the funnel, putting the loose end through the mouth."



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Jo Ann Meininger, of Detroit, Michigan, tells you how to freshen up your worn suit jacket:

"Don't worry about the frayed edges of your suit jacket or the worn spot on the collar. Just remove the collar, lapels and buttons. Get some ten-cent button frames and cover them with a contrasting color. Put a narrow binding all around the edge of the jacket to match the buttons."

And here's a useful tip from Anita De Viva, New Castle, Pa.:

"Keeping glasses on securely is often annoying, especially if they are plastic-rimmed. Take two rubber bands and twist them on to the part that goes behind the ears. The constant pushing up that is so irritating will be eliminated."

And here are two beauty tips. The first is from Mildred Wilson, Richland Center, Wisconsin:

"To keep your hair out of the way when making up your face, cut the top off a stocking, slip it over your head, and then draw it back to the edge of your hair. No more stray curls will fall down and get in your way."

The second is from Gaynell Snowden, New Orleans, La.:

"To keep soap out of your eyes when washing your hair, put some cold cream on your eyelids and brows. It really works wonders!"

And here is a most useful suggestion from Janet Fittz, Orange, Mass., which will please us all:

"When your mother is busy and wants you to get a simple meal, here is a recipe called 'Blushing Bunny' which will serve four. One tablespoon of butter (or other shortening), 1 tablespoon of flour, 1 can of tomato soup, ½ cup of diced American cheese, crackers or bread. Melt the butter, add flour, then the soup. When thoroughly heated add cheese. Stir until melted and serve over crackers or toast." You'll love this one, girls!

Keep your thinking caps on, girls, and continue to send along your wonderful suggestions and clever hints. And don't forget to enclose a snapshot of yourself with each letter you send.

A LUCKY COINCIDENCE

From page 56

piece to take along with him.

That was in the summer of 1942. Then not so long ago I received a package and a letter. I opened the letter first.

"Dear Roddy," it read. "I've been in the hospital for over a year, but I am okay now. And so, I am sending this back to you. I think it is your turn to have it, since it's done its bit for me for the nonce. You see, it stopped a bullet with my number on it, on the beach at Salerno. Your friend, Albert Smith . . ."

I opened the parcel and there was the lucky coin, with a big dent in the middle of it. I shall keep it for a while, but someday I expect I may give it back to him. It belongs to both of us.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

OF MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE, published monthly at Chicago, Ill. for October 1, 1945.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Miss America Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daly paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amennded by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. Editor, Bessie Little, 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. Managing Editor, Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. Martin Goodman, 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. Jean Goodman, 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustees is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1945.

(Seal) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

LAME DUCK FOR DINNER

From page 11

"Who's in the soup now?" I groaned.

"Why," she said, trying to blind me with a winsome smile, "I've just heard from an old friend of mi—ours, Clayton Mills."

"Clayton Mills!" I exclaimed. "Your pre-pappy heartbeat! Now don't tell me he's ill and wants to convalesce here. Won't Dad just adore that!"

Mother laughed lightly. "Why, no, dear—nothing like that. It's just that Clay—Mr. Mills is a widower now and he's going overseas. He's with the government, you know and—"

"And he wants you to go along so he won't be lonesome."

Mother flushed and frowned. "Clayton Mills is writing in regard to his poor boy, Bronson," she said severely.

I clapped a hand to my feverish forehead. Here it came!

Mother simply oozed compassion. "It seems the poor fellow has nowhere to go."

"What do you mean—nowhere to go?" I asked suspiciously.

"He's due home for two weeks vacation before enlisting as an air cadet, but since his father's not going to be there—"

"He wants to come here?" I groaned. "Why here?"

"Clay—his father thinks it would be nice—old friends and all," said mother persuasively. "We don't want to be selfish about sharing the happiness of our little home."

"Don't we?" I asked. But I felt myself giving in, the way father and I always do against our better judgment. Probably it was the patriotic thing to do, but I was not prepared to like the son of the man who had almost prevented my mother from marrying my father—after all!

"He's just eighteen—so young," said mother dreamily. "A mere baby. What he needs is plenty of relaxation in a good home atmosphere, wholesome cooking and lots of understanding."

Which was exactly what we had to offer, unfortunately. Mother could even make wieners almost taste like pre-war steak—just one of her many talents. Bronson Mills was coming out of a boarding school into heaven, practically. I only hoped he'd appreciate it, but I doubted it. Lame ducks are about the best complainers there are.

THE DAY before Bronson's arrival the telegram came. Great-aunt Louisa had fallen and broken her hip. She's very old and lives alone and, although she has nearer relatives, mother was the one she wanted now. Of course. People always wanted mother. I wanted her myself.

"You'll get along fine," she told father and me encouragingly as we sat glumly watching her pack. "You can eat out again and—"

"But what about this Bronson Mills?" I wailed.

"Oh." Mother looked blank, then rallied brightly. "Why, I think this would be a splendid opportunity for you to learn to cook, dear."

Father half-rose. "Please, Elinor," he said, "remember the last time—"

I also half-rose. "Mother, you know by this time I'm simply not the domestic type." My spine simply jellied.

"You've just never had the proper incentive," said mother blithely. She suffers from the delusion that nothing is impossible if you put your mind to it.

"But this isn't the time!" I moaned. "With a guest coming and all—"

"It's exactly the time," said my mother. "I know my little girl will rise to meet the challenge."

WHEN FATHER and I brought Bronson Mills home from the station I had to admit that he wasn't as bad as I'd expected Clayton Mills' son to be. He was tall, lean and brown, and looked just enough older than he was to interest some girls I knew.

Right off, he flopped into the nearest chair and stretched his long legs, looking about him appreciatively.

"Mmm, nice," he sighed. He flashed me an admiring smile. "I can practically smell 'em now—those home-cooked meals your

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mother described in her letter." He closed his eyes, sniffed blissfully.

Father and I exchanged glances. Bron still had his eyes closed. "Roast chicken with giblet gravy. Salmon loaf. Fresh rolls. Apple pie with cheese . . ." he drooled on.

"There's a super inn on the edge of town," I said quickly. "It's called 'Westward Ho' and—"

Bron waved it away scornfully. "No restaurants for me, thanks. I'll take the real thing."

I decided definitely right then and there. I disliked Clayton Mills' son just as much as I'd thought I would.

When father managed to rouse the lazy goon out of our best chair and up to his room to unpack, I staggered kitchenward, immersed in gloom so thick I kept sort of bumping into it.

I looked at the stove pleadingly. It glared back. I opened the oven door, to just sort of get acquainted. It almost snapped shut on my hand, and, honestly, the stuff on the cupboard shelves simply leered.

Why—oh why—hadn't I hung around when mother was performing her miracles, instead of playing softball with the kids? Well, it was too late now.

The kitchen door opened. I tried to rearrange my anguished features quickly, but it was only father. He carried a large book. It was "One Thousand and One Handy Recipes." It was so heavy I dropped it on my foot.

My father laughed. Actually. "Fate is catching up with you at last, tomboy," he said between revolting chortles.

"With you, too, maybe," I replied coldly. "Don't forget your digestion is practically in my hands."

He turned faintly green, and had the sense to sober and help me pick out a recipe to shop for.

But it seems you don't do it that way nowadays. These hectic times you shop first, then hunt for a recipe to fit what you come up with out of the general confusion.

Bron was waiting at home, all rested, clean-shaven—and hungry. He helped me carry bulging paper bags to the kitchen, dove into them eagerly. He commented enthusiastically on every single purchase from radishes to filet of sole, which we had to get instead of chicken.

"I can taste it now," he sighed, a "feast fit for a king—and a queen!" He beamed at me.

I tried to glow back politely, but I felt chilled to the eyebrows. His next words confirmed my worst suspicions. "A real American kitchen—seems wonderful to be in one again!" He patted the stove companionably, and honestly I could have sworn the thing wagged back. Then he sat down expectantly.

Everything sort of blurred. I mean, working in solitary behind closed doors would be bad enough, what with trying to decode recipes and tame that stove, but with this Bronson Mills watching—well, I just sort of fell apart inside. I didn't know where to begin—or how.

I just had to have time to pull myself together for the ordeal. I faltered lamely, "Will you excuse me a minute?"

Upstairs, I simply collapsed on my bed. It was at least half an hour before I gathered courage to crawl back downstairs. There was no way out. I was in for it. Dad had gone back to the office for a few hours, but he was due home soon and—well, both men in the house had to eat . . . something.

No sign of Bron in the living-room or library. Maybe I could sneak unseen to the kitchen. As I staggered toward it, I was tormented by the delusion of cooking odors. You know, like mirages thirsty men see in the desert.

Then Bron came through the kitchen door. I tried to smile.

"Look," he said, flushing, "I hope you don't mind. I hate to be nervy but—"

I steeled myself. On top of everything else, this drip was going to ask me to whip up some favorite dish like popovers or lemon pie.

"You see," he stammered, "you looked like you didn't feel well, maybe, so I just went ahead and started things—"

"You—WHAT?" I gasped.

"I started dinner," he said apologetically. "But don't worry. I know how. Cooking's a sort of

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hobby with me. I used to do it for Dad and myself, and I got pretty good at it."

He steered me into the kitchen. There, on the stove, pans bubbled and steamed busily. The filet was all breaded, ready for the oven. Those appetizing smells hadn't been just imagination!

Bron went on earnestly, "This was the one thing I dreamed about doing when I got back. I used to plan meals I would cook—you aren't mad about it, are you, Josie?"

"Mad!" I breathed. "I think it's wonderful!"

"Why, I believe you honestly mean that," he said gratefully. "Most women hate to have men puttering around their kitchens."

"It doesn't bother me a bit," I said.

"Josie," he said, "you're a really sweet chick. I bet you wouldn't even mind if I got all the meals while I'm here."

It was just like Christmas, except that Bron is taller and much handsomer than Santa.

"Bet I wouldn't either," I said.

And, no kidding, Bron can cook! His apple pie is right up there with mother's. And his cheese omelet—well, I can't help dreaming what a wonderful husband he'll make some lucky girl.

I WAS FROZEN WITH FRIGHT

From page 25

"scared." You may even have noticed it in yourself. If not, watch how dry your mouth gets the next time you are suddenly called to see the boss or the principal in his office.

With those crime suspects in India it works the same way. They all believe firmly that the Rice Test is infallible, although they don't exactly know why. The innocent ones have nothing to fear, so they have no trouble chewing their rice. But the guilty one is so scared that his mouth gets all dry with fear. And this, in turn, gives him away.

But fear has nothing to do with being a coward. Some time ago Nora Stirling, New York radio commentator and writer, told the following adventure to a newspaperman who was interviewing her:

"I was caught in the middle of Fifth Avenue between lights, with cars swishing by with only inches to spare. A car pulled out of line directly for me and my girl friend. There was no place for it to go but over us. I buried my head in my friend's shoulder and prepared to die—really stiff from fright."

You certainly would not call her a coward. It has happened to many a girl that she was "scared out of her wits," or "struck dumb." There seems to be no remedy for it. It even happens in the animal world. Did you ever hear the story of the little bird "hypnotized" into immobility by the snake? It is a true story, only there is nothing hypnotic about it. The bird is just paralyzed with fright, the same way Miss Stirling was, and it can't move a wing to save itself.

So the next time you are scared, think of Phyllis and of Nora Stirling, and also of the little bird. Then you will understand that fear is something we can not always control, and that being scared does not make you a coward.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 58

girls friends were outside looking in. This made my crowd dislike her even more. What should we do? G. A.

Since you asked for my advice, I'll give it—and frankly. There may be some definite reason you do not like this girl. Perhaps she lies or cheats or steals. But it is entirely possible that you just don't like her, period. If this is the case, it might be wise if you'd put yourself in her place for a moment. Young people can be very cruel. This girl may be lonely. Your treatment of her may have made her very self-conscious. It is a terrible feeling not to be wanted, to feel people do not like you. If you are the fine girl I think

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Nebraska—Donna Jean Lausten, 2718 19th St., Columbus. Age 14

New York—Loretta C. Bradley, 103-23 Avenue J, Brooklyn. Age 15. Anita Schilare, 2065 69th St., Brooklyn. Age 16

Pennsylvania — Irene Shwarto, 5120 Melrose St., Philadelphia. Age 15

Utah—Noreen Hicken, Box 486, Heber City. Age 13. Joan Hicken, Box 57, Richmond. Age 12

England—Audrey Vera Chadwick, 15 Arbor Ave., Burnage, Manchester 19. Eng. Age 18. Ann Hanlon, The Fruit Store, Mill Lane, Upton-by-Chester, Chester, Cheshire, Eng. Age 18. June Davis, 70 Gelsthorpe Rd., Collier Row, Romford, Essex, Eng. Age 17.

Scotland—Alison C. D. Stevenson, 25 Lygon Rd., Newington, Edinburgh 9, Scotland. Age 15½

Wales—June Evans, "Underwood", Dale St., Menai Bridge, Anglesey, North Wales. Age 18. Olive Evans, "Underwood", Dale St., Menai Bridge, Anglesey, North Wales. Age 18.

I know this column is going to grow and grow and grow and that it will mean lots of pleasure and the opportunity to learn many things about girls all over the world. Be sure to write your ages in your letters.

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you are, you'll stop this business of snubbing her. Make a special effort to know her. She may be entirely different than you now believe. Even if she has irritating mannerisms, they might disappear if she felt wanted. You have popularity and friends so you can afford to be generous. Make her welcome and give her a break. You might be pleasantly surprised.

Dear Laraine: I am fifteen but I have a problem most fifteen year olds don't have. Last November I took sick and have been out of school on the doctor's orders. I had an attack of meningitis and it caused me to lose the hearing of one ear and part of the hearing in the other. It also caused one eye to turn in (I now wear glasses), and it affected my sense of balance. I can't dance any more nor do any of the things I used to do with my boy friends, so naturally I don't have any. My girl friends do not come to see me any more, either. I am very much alone. I hoped this summer I would be well enough to do things but the doctor still said no. Can you help me? I need help very badly. Barbara.

You have a really tough problem, dear Barbara, and I won't dismiss it lightly by saying next year you will probably be able to do all the things you want to do now. Next year is a long way off when you are fifteen. Your days right now are uneventful, and the point is this: you should go about making them exciting. For one thing, it would be fun to have some pen pals. There may be other lonely girls who would love to write to you to get letters in return. If any MISS AMERICA readers would like to write Barbara, just write to her care of my column to: Miss America, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. I will forward the letters. Also, when I was your age, Barbara, I used to get a great kick out of clipping coupons from magazines and sending them in. I'd wait impatiently for the mail to bring me back booklets, samples of nail polish, creams or lipsticks. It was lots of fun and an easy way to go shopping. It's also fun to read books. You could have someone go to the library for you and bring you home the books you never seem to have time to read when you are busy. It might be a lark to start a sewing group, with Christmas in mind. If you invite the girls to your house, if you are gay and charming, finishing the evening off with cokes and cookies, they'll come again. Or organize a Red Cross meeting at your house. The point is: for a little while you'll have to bring activity to you, since you can't go out and get it for yourself. As for boys, perhaps your mother could put in a standing invitation at the local USO for two teen-age boys in the service to come to dinner on Sundays. Those boys love home atmosphere and they love a pretty girl, whether she can dance or not! If you start *systematically* planning a busy life, you'll love it, little one. Don't get discouraged. Lovely June Allyson, one of our youngest, brightest stars, wore braces on her legs until she was fifteen. It didn't affect her life nor her good times. She studied more, perhaps, because she couldn't run and play with the other girls. But she also developed such a sense of humor and made it so much fun for people to come to see her that they beat a path to her door. That's your ticket, Barbara. Start your plan this very day. And next month write me and tell me how it worked out, will you? One last thought: for your temporary deafness, how about a hearing aid? They are making some wonderful ones these days!

Dear Laraine: Being the old-

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est of a family of five, I do not have much spending money. Seventy-five cents a week does not go very far with movies and confections. I want to earn money, but my father will not let me go to work except to mind children, but no one needs anybody to watch their children. Will you tell me what to do? Rosalie.

Facts are facts, Rosalie. You must do what your father says until you are of age. If he doesn't want you to work except to mind children, that's the way it will have to be. However, don't dismiss this possibility so lightly. Your problems of new clothes and spending money would be over if you could earn something. Therefore, I would make a house-to-house canvass. Prepare cards in advance, very neatly printed, saying you are available to care for children. Tell them you know how to look after children since you come from a family of five. State your rate per hour, your phone number and your address. Young married people with children want to go out evenings in your part of the country just as much as any place else in the world. If you really go after the work, you can get it. You'll have extra money, and your problems will be taken care of. Good luck!

And here's a charm tip: Ever feel shy and bashful with not the slightest idea of how to start talking to a stranger? It's simple—just ask a question. Nothing too personal, just something to get the conversational ball rolling. Like: What did you do today? Or: Where do you live? Or: How long have you been here? The easiest way to make conversation is to get the OTHER person started talking! I'll be seeing you!

LARAINE.

THREE new blouse designing contests, sponsored by MISS AMERICA Magazine and Sally Mason, Inc. . . . Sharpen your pencils NOW and dream up your special design for a "dressy" blouse, the theme of the First Contest. Watch for the rules and the application blank for this contest in the January, 1946, issue . . . Start the New Year right and be a WINNER!

JAM SESSION

From page 54

Bennett's orchestra and Larry Brooks. Jo looks wonderful these days. She's lost 40 pounds in the last year!

Eileen Barton's new "Teentimers Show" is a step in the right direction. . . . "I Want A Little Doggie" was made the official song of National Dog Week.

Louis Jordan has done another picture. . . . Johnny Johnston is a crackerjack golfer. . . . Phil Brito has quit his war job. Throughout the war he worked full time in a Jersey plant as a lathe operator besides handling his singing chores!

Vaughn Monroe has an ideal radio package ready for the right sponsor, a completely different band style set off by Vaughn's vocals. Audition records are terrific!

Atom bomb blew news of Frank Sinatra's rescuing a drowning youth out of the papers. Sinatra fan clubs spread the word across the country via their efficient grapevine, though. . . . The Charlie Spivaks celebrate their wedding anniversary on Christmas Eve.

Corky Corcoran will have that band sooner than you think. . . . Ditto Buddy Rich. . . . Perry Como's switch to rhythm singing on "I'm Gonna Love That Gal (Like She's Never Been Loved Before)" was his smartest move to date. Disc is on every juke box these days!

The Andrews Sisters will probably have switched radio programs by the time you read this. . . . They'll also do a series of pix built around the "Eight to the Bar Ranch" idea. . . . The Four Kings are regular on the "Ozzie and Harriet" radio stanza now.

Chuck Barnet's band is more

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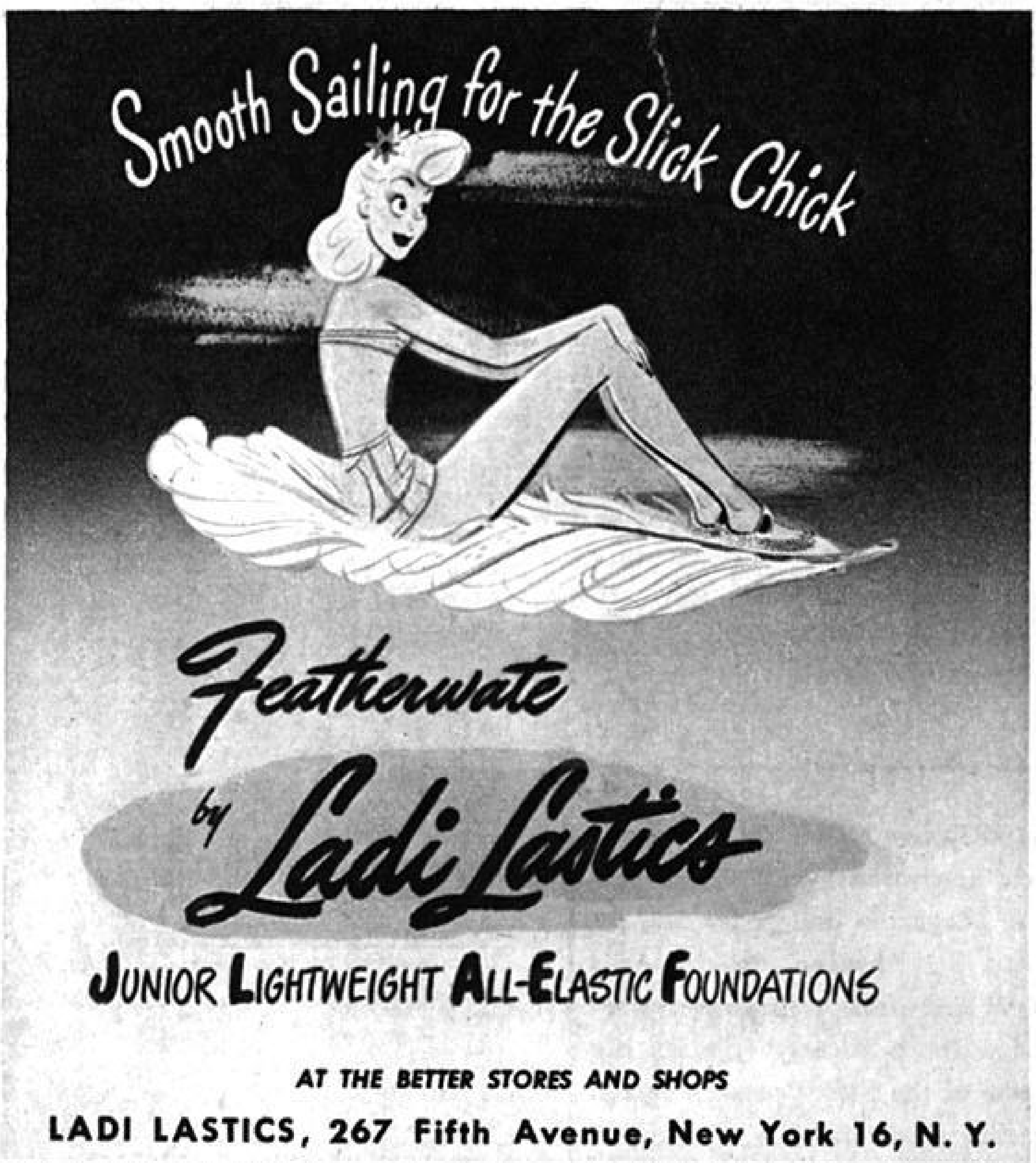

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frantic than ever. A terrific outfit and maybe one day it will be recognized for its true worth. . . . I like Charlie's latest song title, "A Moax at Sherman Oaks."

Capitol Records has done a series of six 'history of jazz' albums under the supervision of Dave Dexter. They're good, good, good!

Mel Torme and his Mel Tones have done a record with Eugenie Baird, the Bing Crosby discovery who used to sing the words with Glen Gray's orchestra. Eugenie's singing is similar to Jo Stafford's . . . and that isn't bad! As for the Mel Torme Mel Tones, their singing is out of this world!

George Evans, Sinatra's press agent, says that he and Copacabana manager, Monte Proser will build Joel Herron into a name bandleader.

Randy Brooks has made his first records and they're now available on Decca with Marion Hutton singing as co-star. . . .

Stan Kenton on the high road now. It looks like his band is finally aimed at the top. . . . The Benny Goodman sextet salary is equal to that of the entire Benny Goodman band. Stars like Slam Stewart, Teddy Wilson, and Red Norvo don't come cheap!

Record raves: Betty Jane Bonney's best to date is "Ho Hum" and "I Can Make You Love Me." Especially fine is the "Ho Hum" side. Catch also the excellent orchestral accompaniment by Russ Case. He's the same lad who did Perry Como's sensational "I'm Gonna Love That Gal."

Sammy Kaye comes through with recorded "Promises" and "I'll Be Walkin' With My Honey (Soon, Soon, Soon)," no relation to "Good, Good, Good." As usual, it's good Nancy Norman-Billy Williams thrushing.

Evelyn Knight at last has gotten a piece of material suited to her singing style. It's "The Lass With The Delicate Air" and it may make her into a star overnight. Toots Camarata backs her.

Sinatra sings two toppers, "The Charm of You" and "You'll Never Walk Alone." Both are tough to sing and Frank puts them over well.

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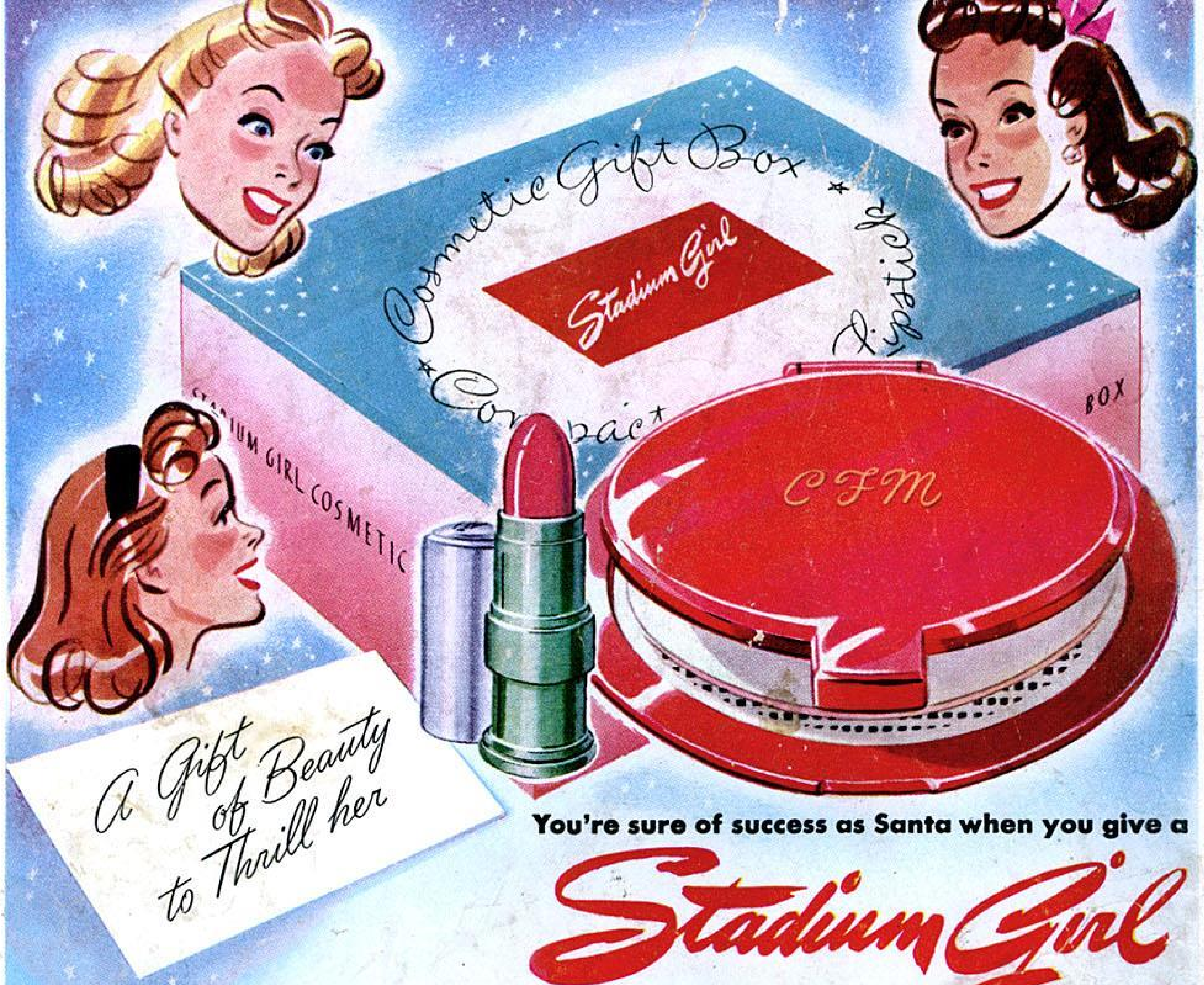

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